Saturday Review

OF LITERATURE

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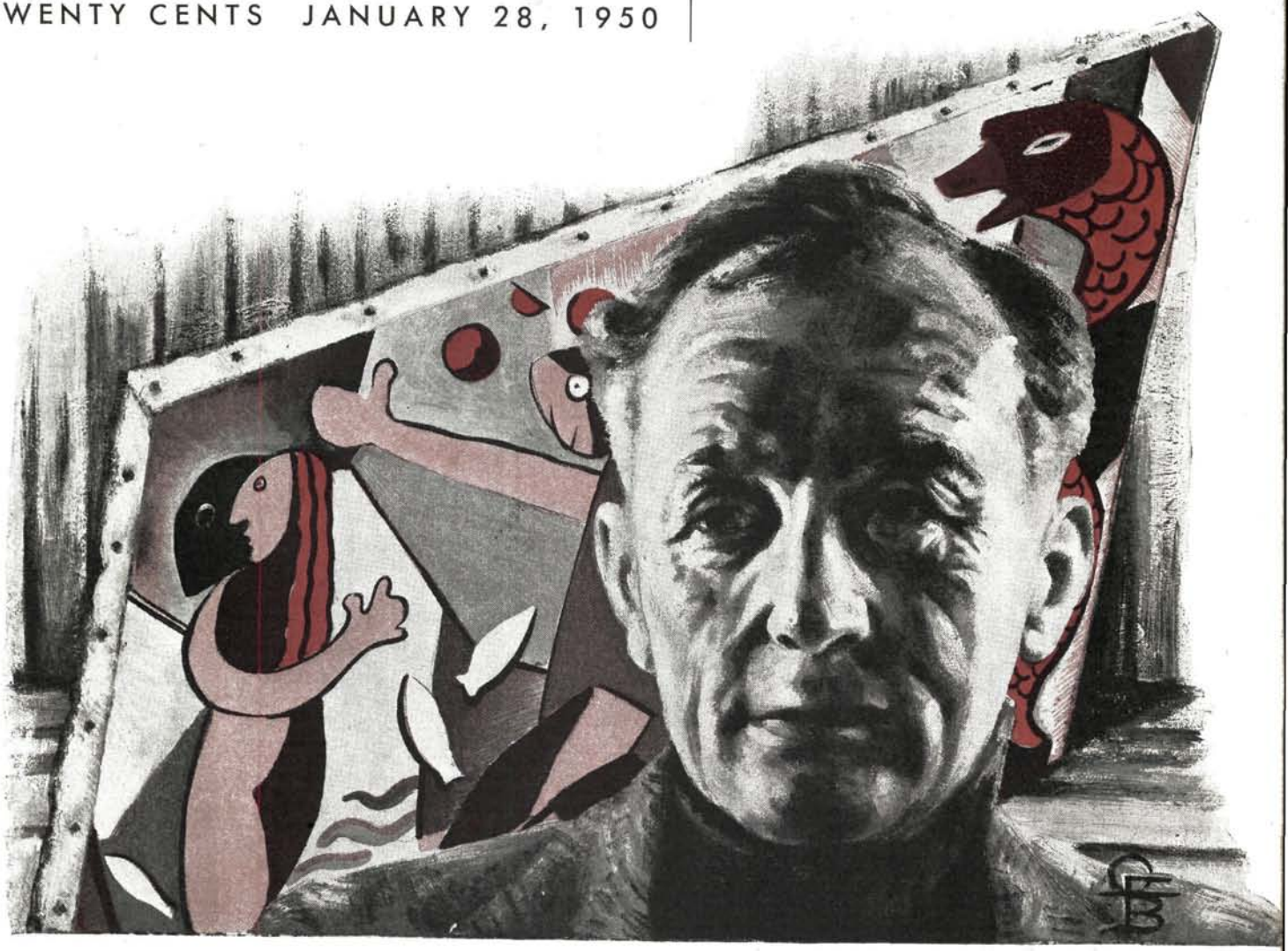

Joyce Cary, author of "The Horse's Mouth." (See page 9)

The Death of The Sun

By IRVING KOLODIN

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To market, to market to buy

59 million pigs

A side light on the American meat industry

59 million pigs born on America's farms last spring are coming to market.

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American Meat Institute

Headquarters, Chicago • Members throughout the U. S.

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Cover Drawing by Frances O'Brien

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TRADE Winds

E. B. WHITE'S "Here Is New York" and Herb Caen's "Baghdad by the Bay" are worthy tributes to the two American cities that have captured most completely the imagination of the world and the passionate devotion of their own citizens. At opposite ends of the country, their topography, architecture, and principal business interests oddly at variance, New York and San Francisco have this in common: a tang in the air, an insistent undertone that makes people gayer, more tolerant, more determined to savor life to the full. Both Andy White and Herb Caen have distilled this magic ingredient into their writings. It is no accident that their books are selling as well the country over as in their own bailiwicks.

"Here Is New York" was written all in one piece on a mercilessly hot afternoon at the Algonquin Hotel, with White typing away against a deadline for *Holiday* magazine. It attracted so much attention in *Holiday* that Harper's prevailed upon White to let them bring it out in book form. Only fifty-four pages in length—with plenty of leading and margin at that—"Here Is New York" gives it readers more of the "feel" of Manhattan than they could find in a 1,000-page guidebook. "By comparison with other less hectic days," concludes the author, "the city is uncomfortable and inconvenient, but New Yorkers temperamentally do not crave comfort and convenience; if they did, they would live elsewhere." What they do crave and what, in fact, they could not live without is the certain something Mr. White has captured in his haunting hymn to a marvelous metropolis. . . .

UNLIKE E. B. WHITE, Herb Caen did not write "Baghdad by the Bay" in one inspired stretch. Caen's book is a collection of anecdotes, sketches, and impressions culled from hundreds of his columns in *The San Francisco Chronicle*. They reveal humor, style, accuracy, modesty, and good taste—the five qualities, oddly enough, most lacking in some of the "journalists" who perform similar chores in the Broadway sector.

No book about San Francisco would be complete without some new stories about Bill Saroyan; Caen has a dozen of them. Best concerns the day he returned in triumph, a famous playwright, to Conragen's grocery store, where he had clerked briefly in his youth. He lingered quite a while; when he left excited neighbors rushed in to ask Conragen, "What did you both talk about?" The unimpressed grocer declared, "I was too busy to talk to him at all"; then added in a sudden burst of temper, "That Saroyan—all he does is eat up the fruit." . . . A more substantial San Franciscan is Herbert Fleishacker. Caen claims that Fleishacker was idling along a path near India's Himalayas in 1930 when he suddenly sniffed the air and announced, "I smell animals around here." A trapper promptly popped out of the jungle and said, "Come and see my new fall collection of tigers and lions. Money back if you're not satisfied." "I'll buy the lot," said the banker, and then and there was born Fleishacker Zoo, one of San Francisco's proudest landmarks. Herb adds that a youthful visitor to this zoo was recently heard complaining, "Mommy, I'm tired of looking at monkeys and elephants. Where are the fleishackers?" . . .

CHINATOWN is an intrinsic part of San Francisco. Tourists flock there for color; few realize that its seemingly impassive and phlegmatic populace staged—and won—the first organized strike in a city that has known so much labor strife since. A crew was erecting a house on Montgomery Street with granite blocks shipped from China and marked in Chinese so they could be fitted together properly. A wise coolie suddenly realized that only he and his countrymen could read the markings, engineered a wildcat strike, and won a general raise in record time. . . . It was in Chinatown, too, recalls Caen, that an American haberdashery opened a new branch with a big sale featuring green hats. In three days not one hat was sold. Then a kind soul took pity on the manager and explained the Chinese tradition whereby a Chinese who wears a green hat is telling the world his wife has been unfaithful. . . .

Caen easily wins the double-pun-of-the-year blue ribbon with his tale of a group of chess enthusiasts who fell into the habit of playing exhibition matches in the spacious lobby of one of the town's better known hostelries. Kibitzers multiplied and so did players. The amiable proprietor finally lost his temper and ordered the whole kit and kaboodle ejected one day. At the height of the disturbance somebody asked innocently, "What's causing all this excitement?" The answer—

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take a deep breath—was, "It's just the manager pulling his chessnuts out of the foyer." . . .

IT'S ALL VERY WELL, I know, to go on this way about New York and San Francisco, but the man who regards the miles that separate them as just so much distance to be traversed in a DC-6 is missing one of the best things this country has to offer: the opportunity to meet the real American people. They're in the little towns and cities off cosmopolites' beats. Every place I go to lecture—under the efficient auspices of the Lee Keedick Bureau—they seem to get nicer!

In Battle Creek, for instance, a group I never had met before drove me twenty miles to Marshall and back just to acquaint me with the fine food and sumptuous establishment of Win Schuler, an ex-football star who, in fifteen crowded years, expanded a twenty-nine-seat grill to a restaurant famous throughout Michigan. Big-city bonifaces could profit by studying some of Schuler's crowd-pleasing innovations. . . . From George B. Dolliver, the droll and Apley-like editor of the *Inquirer-News* (Battle Creek waits to see what he says about a book, play, or concert before deciding whether or not it has enjoyed them), I heard some of the fascinating history of the town; Paul Eggleston, formerly of Simon & Schuster, Dr. Virgil Rogers, superintendent of schools, his wife, Judy, "Becky" Barnhart (most beauteous of Keedick's lecturers), and librarian Helen Warner filled in the details. . . .

THE BROTHERS KELLOGG are the principal characters in the Battle Creek success story. They were doing very nicely indeed with an expanding sanitarium when Brother W. K. began dabbling in breakfast foods on the side. The public was ecstatic about both his crunchy products and his high-powered exploitation methods, but Brother J. H. was not. They fought, divided—and made millions, J. H. with his sanitarium (part of it is now the famous Percy Jones Army Hospital) and W. K. with Corn Flakes and other breakfast foods. They remained at swords' points until the death of J. H. (W. K. is still alive). . . . Shortly after the Kelloggs fell out a young man came to Battle Creek to regain his health and sold suspenders on the side to keep up his own bank account and his neighbors' pants. One of his customers was W. K. Kellogg, and a single interview convinced him there was a lot more money in breakfast foods than in suspenders. His name was E. W. Post, and his Post Toasties were soon selling almost as well as Corn Flakes (they are a big part of General Foods today). In time it was so important for a breakfast food to bear the legend "Made in Battle Creek" on the box that the National Biscuit and Ralston Companies erected plants there just to keep in the swim. . . . The Battle Creek of 1950 is dominated, of course, by Kellogg and Post millions. Over the city there hovers the pleasant aroma of freshly baked biscuits. Furthermore, it is a great stronghold of the Seventh-Day Adventists, who help make the scene more varied but force the thirsty to resort to all the hokus-pokus of speakeasy days when they crave anything stronger than lemon crush. . . . I came home from Battle Creek convinced that somebody should use it as the background for a lusty novel. Bob Haas added, "What a cereal story it would make, too!" . . .

I WANDERED from the North Shore Day School in Winnetka to Augustana College in Rock Island to Constitution Hall in Washington. . . . In Charleston, West Virginia, my plane landed on what looked like (and until recently was) the top of a mountain. I never did get to see the plant that manufactures virtually all the nylon used in the world today, but Mrs. Sydney Kleeman, Dr. Austin, Lieutenant Bill Miller, Mary Chilton Chapman, and Frank Knight showed me just about everything else. Wonderful people! And Innis Davis, at the Diamond Bookshop, let me see a letter from a grateful lady who had heard her review several books the previous week. "Thank you for your enthusiasm," it said. "I'm sure all of us who heard you will be more reluctant than ever to read the books!" . . .

IN AN AIRPLANE I encountered heavyweight (and how!) Max Baer; in the Pump Room, John Mason Brown; at Fanny Butcher's, Mignon Eberhart, and, winging homeward, Sir Francis Meynell, founder of the Nonesuch Press, who shouted over the drone of the motors, "Have you heard the story of the big police dog who ran like mad every time a certain tiny pekinese hove into view?" "Yes," I said firmly, but evidently he didn't hear, for he continued. "The police dog's friends all jeered and called him 'coward,' but he explained, "You don't understand: she has the coldest nose in town.'" . . . Nothing broadens one like travel! . . . By the time you are reading this column I'll be off again to speak in a dozen universities between here and California, with enough copy already deposited with *SRL* to cover me until I come home. Next week's TRADE WINDS will summarize replies to the advertising questionnaire.

—BENNETT CERF.

About

BIG NUMBERS

200,000,000

copies of 800 titles will be released this year by 25c reprint publishers!

3,000,000

copies a month—that's the rate of sale of Bantam Books!

100,000

copies a month or more—usually much more—is the average sale of a "Bantam Best-Seller!"

What do these numbers mean?

They mean that more people will be reading more books this year than ever before.

They also mean that more people will be reading better books this year than ever before!

Surprised at this? If you are, perhaps it's because you judge quarter book publishing by a summary glance at all the books packed into a newsstand rack.

It's much too easy to underestimate mass reading tastes that way. But actual sales reports can give you the real picture. That's why we will publish our monthly Best-Seller list in the SRL from now on. For example . . .

The 8 Bantam Best-Sellers this month:

1. TWELVE O'CLOCK HIGH. Beirne Lay, Jr. and Sy Bartlett.
2. CANNERY ROW. John Steinbeck.
3. THE DARKER BROTHER. Bucklin Moon.
4. THE SUN ALSO RISES. Ernest Hemingway.
5. THE HELLER. William E. Henning.
6. CAPTIVE WOMEN (In the Hands of the Senecas). Walter D. Edmonds.
7. THE AFRICAN QUEEN. C. S. Forester.
8. THE CHINESE ROOM. Vivian Connell.

These Bantam Books are designated as Best-Sellers only if they enjoy a continuing monthly sale of at least 100,000 copies. This is a typical month's list, too.

And here are some other titles, each of which has been a Bantam Best-Seller in recent months:

- THE OTHER ROOM. Worth Tuttle Hedden.
- *A FAREWELL TO ARMS.* Ernest Hemingway.
- KINGSBLOOD ROYAL. Sinclair Lewis.
- STRANGER IN PARIS (Christmas Holiday). W. Somerset Maugham.
- THE STRANGER. Lillian Bos Ross.

Next time you look at a newsstand, remember that Bantam Books and Pocket Books in 1949 accounted for more than 40% of all the 25c reprints sold in this country.

These are the significant numbers in quarter books. They say more for and about the people who read 25c reprints than we ever could, even in ten times this space.

BANTAM BOOKS

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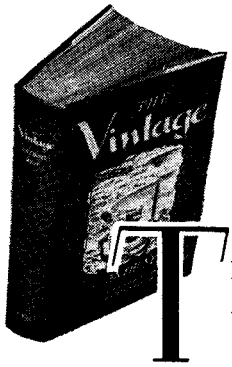

THIS MAY well be one of the most discussed books of the Winter season Before it was half finished, the manuscript had won both the Eyre and Spottiswoode Award and the Houghton Mifflin Literary Fellowship Prize. And its reception in England is typified by the review in *The Listener*, "We are taken possession of by a new and authentic imagination . . It is a long time indeed since I read a new novel which so much engages the heart and the conscience as well as the imagination and the intelligence."

It is the story of a journey after death between earth and eternity. It is about the understanding of life that comes to one for whom it is no longer a personal object. Here is one for whom life, stained by ambition, torn by love, is now a garment folded and put away. It is no longer shaped by need or warmed by haste That life once fitted a man so snugly, how can he wear eternity? That is the question of the book. It is called

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THE SUN.
NEW YORK, TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1833.
PUBLISHED DAILY,
AN HOUR CAPTAIN.
NIGHT EDITION
The Sun
LATE NEWS
THE SUN IS SOLD
DEWEY PLEDGES NO TAX RISE, HITS TRUMAN HEALTH PLAN
Truman Message Today Presses 'Fair Deal' Plan
Dewey Asks City Rent Law
Roy W. Howard Statement
Thomas W. Dewart Statement
WORLD-TELEGRAM BUYS NEWSPAPER AND ITS GOOD WIL

The face of *The Sun* on its first and last appearances—September 3, 1833 and January 4, 1950.

The Death of The Sun

IRVING KOLODIN

Louis Mélancon.

Irving Kolodin

THE SUN was a quaint old lady among great newspapers. She was graying and "sot" in her ways, as people as well as newspapers can be at 117. She had forgotten how to raise her voice (except in irritation with a changing world), but most of us loved her. Why did she die, so suddenly, when there was every expectation she would survive this illness, as she had others? And when she went, why did she leave anger and resentment behind?

To work for *The Sun* was, as much as local circumstances permitted, to enjoy the rating granted by an English butler of the classic story whose employer was being visited by the London press. "You are waited upon," the butler announced solemnly, "by three reporters and a gentleman from *The Times*."

We didn't feel like "gentlemen from *The Sun*" when we stood around in the dingy corridors of 280 Broadway on that unseasonably muggy, fog-bound morning of January 4, 1950. We were only unemployed newspapermen. When my venerable boss, William J. Henderson, hired me in 1932 as an assistant critic, he was seventy-seven. But what a vigorous seventy-seven! Trim in body, clear in mind, wise in spirit. These faculties all had ebbed when he put a bullet through his mouth five years later. *The Sun* shuddered. The news was played down. Despite Henderson's eminence as a critic, his superb service to the paper, the news was played down. It didn't become a "*Sun* man."

The blow that struck us didn't become "*Sun* men" either. It was sudden, impersonal. The early arrivers—I was not among them—learned the news from a notice on the bulletin board. They were advised what had happened as of "this day," and were assured that severance pay would be forthcoming. They also learned that they were eligible for unemployment benefits. My dog and I, on our morning walk, learned the news together from a neighborhood stand. *The Sun* was still struggling to rise for the last time, but the *World-Telegram* was there, proclaiming in large headlines:

WORLD-TELEGRAM BUYS THE SUN

To the country at large, *The Sun* was hardly more than one among a competing mass of papers in the New York market. It was known for its conservatism, above all else, and for an occasional editorial (there were not many of these in latter years) that would be widely quoted. It initiated some years ago a year-end section called "The Voice of Business," in which the inevitable optimistic forecasts of business prospects for months ahead were interspersed with substantial advertising. Many other papers emulated it. But the sun had hardly set on the paper's optimistic predictions for 1950 when it became one of the first casualties of the year. At the time of its death *The Sun* was second only to *The New York Post* in seniority in New York, and there are not many older elsewhere.

Through the confidence reposed by the staff in Keats Speed, one of the nation's top newspaper veterans, as executive editor, in City Editor Edmond Bartnett, and in the owners, occasional rumors of impending sale had always been discounted. Mostly they were attributed to the malice of Walter Winchell. The jocular rebuttal appeared more than once on the editorial page. "Yes, *The Sun* is for sale," it stated. "On every newsstand for five cents."

When *The Sun* and its staff were sold, it was not for five cents or any such meager sum. The news of the actual sale price was withheld from the public. No city editor would accept a story about the sale of Bob Feller to the Yankees that didn't mention the price, and if the Empire State Building changed hands or if Ingrid

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Bergman settled a marital discord, every newspaper in New York would insist on the full round figures. But the city editors had to content themselves with a blank in this case. When Roy Howard bought the "intangible assets" (his favorite commodity) and the "good will" of the *Morning*, *Evening*, and *Sunday World* in 1931 he is supposed to have paid the Pulitzer family $5,000,000. It remained for a news weekly to publish an estimate of $2,000,000 for *The Sun* purchase.

Mr. Howard had stated his philosophy in such matters in 1931 when the contest to break the Pulitzer will (which forbade his heirs ever to sell) was progressing in the Surrogate's Court of New York State. There had been the same "positive assurances" (I quote James Barrett, in "The End of The World") that the rumors were false. Asked at the time why secrecy was essential, Mr. Howard replied: "The publicity that has attended this hearing will inevitably communicate itself to the staff. It is obvious that it will bring a very serious confusion and disintegration in that organization. . . . People will not buy a dying newspaper. They will not advertise in it." Thus, the philosophical framework for the midnight meeting in the St. Regis Hotel on January 3, 1950, when 1,200 employees and many more ghosts of *The Sun* were severed from their past. Even the vice president and general manager of *The Sun* did not know it the day before.

It was a principal commandment of *The Sun* decalogue that "you don't get much money for working, but you're sure of a job as long as you live." This was sound enough for those who lived prior to January 4, 1950. But on any day before, one who looked about the dull-faced counting-room likeness of a city room (recently "streamlined" by the installation of fluorescent lighting) could see an accumulated weariness of servitors who had been carried for years beyond the time of utility.

The veteran Martin Green (a great newspaperman of the Harding era, already noted as "old" Martin Green when he and *The World* were sold) was there until a few years ago; the pallid Charlie Still; the ninetyish, gentle Chandler at the reception desk ("Boy!" rang the cry when copy was to be carried), the seventy-year-old Speed, whom everybody loved—all these reflected *Sun* paternalism. They also reflected *The Sun*'s lack of a pension system or a retirement plan. It had been broached by the non-Guild union, put off, and again put off.

For morale this was not very good—especially among the younger men of progressive impulse who had to be hired every so often. The pot of gold at the rainbow's end was the job of the fellow ahead of you, but it was sometimes awfully hard waiting. The tradition of being "moved up" was an ancient and, perhaps, honorable one. "*Sun* men" (that holy terminology again!) were rarely passed by for outside glamour boys. That this system of reward for service could be better blended with the necessary changes to keep the organization alert and functioning is a deep conviction of most ex-*Sun* employees.

Let it be said that *The Sun* was a superbly pleasant place to work. Wages were recently of a prevailing level with those elsewhere in the city. There was also a provision for two weeks' severance pay for every year of service, which saved a tragedy from being a calamity. Voices were rarely raised in the editorial rooms. You did your job, and nobody interfered. Rarely commendation, never blame—unless you hastily wrote "to better fulfill his obligation," and K.S. penciled a sly note that split infinitives were *de trop* on *The Sun*. The one change I can remember in editorial style in eighteen years of work was the mandate that came down early in the war that henceforth only the President was to be described as "Mr." Whether it was Eden or Toscanini or Einstein—he remained Eden, Toscanini, and Einstein in *The Sun*. Mr. Speed, however, called virtually everyone "Mr."

FURTHER in fairness to *The Sun*, I should mention that I never encountered objections or interference with anything I wrote. This may have been either trust or indifference. I state it, however, as evidence of the sweetest privilege that any writer can ask. If I offended some of Mr. Dewart's friends in the Metropolitan Opera Association (as I suspect I did on more than one occasion) no one "called" me on it. When I did arouse some ire in the president of that organization and he communicated it to Mr. Speed, an old friend, I was neither chided nor made uncomfortable. A soft answer to turn away wrath was all that was required when critical viewpoint engaged reader reaction. I inherited the strength of such worthy predecessors as Henderson, Thompson, and Huneker. The rest was my show.

Around the "slot" of the copy desk sat the eight or nine readers—Jerry Rand with a bright word, Herrick Brown with a friendly one, Rolfe Boswell with an informed one. The rewrite men at the scattered desks worked at tension before press time but there was ease and informality for long stretches in between. Cigarettes or pipes were now smoked in the city room after the historic change of a decade ago, when it was decided that more time was spent by office hands in the corridors for a smoke than at their desks. Mr. Speed alone clung to incontrovertible habit and took his cigarette in the corridor.

In the editorial rooms that faced City Hall Park (as did the Sports Department and my office and that of the antique editor) there were friendly, intelligent men, desks piled high with periodicals, Government reports, corporation statements, reference books,

(*Continued on page* 23)

Hokinson

(Died November 1, 1949)

By Melville Cane

HER subject womankind, her special model
The dowager in danger of a waddle,
That matron of a fairly ripe and round age
Whose inausterity pays off in poundage.

Hers was the art that launched a thousand hips
And firmly tucked the bulge beneath the girdle,
That picked those silly hats on shopping trips,
Those foolish frocks that scaled the social hurdle.

And hers the wit to catch the fatuous unction
Of Madam Chairman at some garden function,
And register the embarrassing inanities
Of females, willing victims of their vanities.

Her pencil, poised in mischief, camera-candid,
Scored cleaner hits than ever any man did,
And gentler, too, the satire and the mockery
More kind than Swift, more frolicsome than Thackeray,
As if to say: "One never can be tellin';
Yes, there but for the grace of God, goes Helen."

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Fiction. *Now that war and social evils are at last disappearing as the major themes in English and American fiction, it will be some time before any distinctive pattern can appear. This week's reviews deal with a variety of subjects. Joyce Cary's "The Horse's Mouth" is concerned with society's neglect of the living genius, in an almost overwhelming story of an old English painter. Jocelyn Brooke's "The Scapegoat" belongs to the horror school of Arthur Machen. Ralph Bates counters with an alluring story of the changing country life of England in "The Dolphin in the Wood." An American novel, Edward Kimbrough's "The Secret Pilgrim," recounts the colorful life and violent death of a young man in a Mississippi town. All of these novels are worth reading, but "The Horse's Mouth" is perhaps the only one destined for wide popular success.*

The Artist as a Lusty Old Man

THE HORSE'S MOUTH. By Joyce Cary. New York: Harper & Bros. 311 pp. $3.

By HARRISON SMITH

IT HAS taken a long time for Americans to awaken to the peculiar charm and accomplishments of the Anglo-Irish writer Joyce Cary. Up to the present time he has been received by the more astute critics with varying degrees of enthusiasm and a trace of bewilderment. "The Horse's Mouth," as the final volume of a trilogy, is like a spectacular towering statue erected on too light a base. Both "Herself Surprised" and "To Be a Pilgrim" had good writing, philosophy, and humor and were rich in three-dimensional characters, but with all their virtues they were not sufficiently compelling to arouse widespread interest. The first dealt with a hearty, country-bred trollop, Sara Monday, the second with a dying old man whose sharp but wandering memory looked back on the decline of England's wealth and power. In both novels there was a memorable character, an eccentric and voluble artist. In "The Horse's Mouth" Mr. Cary has now brought all of his versatile powers to bear on this remarkable figure.

Gully Jimson is sixty-seven when the novel opens, freshly out of a term in jail, without two shillings to his name, the maddest, wisest, and most talkative genius in modern literature. There is never any doubt in the reader's mind that Jimson's early canvasses, assiduously gathered in by a millionaire collector, are worth thousands of pounds and will eventually be shown in the world's greatest galleries and reproduced and hung in many a living room. In the meantime a worn-out and vital old man must sleep in doss houses and live on the crumbs of the charitable poor. Since he has no morality of any conventional kind, the hand of the law is always hovering over him. He must steal anything that can be hidden in his shabby pockets, for it may represent tubes of paint and a place to work, the means of putting his disordered visions of color and form on canvas, or a wall, or a fragment of paper. He is as mad as a March hare as he starves and stumbles through a world where he is a pathetic or tragic or comic figure, but when it comes to his only purpose in life, to continue to paint, he can outwit the Devil himself.

Nevertheless, this is not the conventional novel in which the reader's heart is designed to bleed for genius betrayed by heartless and greedy men. It is uproariously funny, a comedy led by a capering pantaloon, a Don Quixote in rags, a student of humanity who has neither dignity nor common sense, an artist who can transmute into visions the corpse of a dead horse or the quality of golden sunlight on the misty Thames. Genius or not, in his old age Gully Jimson is at least half-mad, so that his escapades during his heroic efforts to stay alive, keep out of jail, and play outrageous pranks on everyone about him give the novel a perpetual feeling of wild movement and excitement. At one time he is befuddling and stealing from his one-time patron, at another covering the walls of a beautiful living room in the absence of its owner with outrageous murals or making a nuisance and a fool of himself in the streets. But whatever he is doing he is always talking about art, life, nature, and the folly of men, walking encyclopedia of eccentricities and wisdom.

If "The Horse's Mouth" is essentially comedy, it is also an intensely

THE AUTHOR: Joyce Cary, whose early years were turbulent with Hibernian troubles and a Balkan crusade, has twice found heartsease: in the African jungle and, for the past thirty years, Oxford, England. Born in Donegal of a Devonshire family, dispossessed by the Irish Rebellion, he studied art in Edinburgh and Paris, history and law at Trinity College; then romantically enlisted with a Montenegrin battalion against the Turks. He was blown up in the Antivari casement explosion, arrested as a spy, and ended up with the victorious vanguard at Scutari in 1913. Quite a holiday, he reflects—not to be compared with his brief, drab efforts which followed on behalf of the Irish peasantry. Later that same year he joined the Nigerian Political Service and was ultimately sent to remote Borgu, where his tasks as magistrate and executive officer left him sufficient solitude for the writing he had long contemplated. Always a perfectionist, then as now he tore up much that he wrote. It wasn't until 1930 that his first book, "Aissa Saved," was published in England, to which he returned after World War I, invalided from wounds in the Cameroon campaign and attendant disorders. The Dark Continent provided fabric for his subsequent novels "The African Witch" and "Mister Johnson," Ireland for "Castle Corner," and four sons—not to mention twenty-two visiting nieces and nephews—for "A House of Children." Appreciative of his works on political theory, Colonial Office film units sent him in 1943 and 1946 to supervise movies made, respectively, in Africa and India. "The Horse's Mouth" is the last of a trilogy spanning sixty years of English life, which includes "Herself Surprised" and "To Be a Pilgrim." Said to have "less trouble with his ego than any other living author," Cary lives quietly in a sprawling old house, writing as he pleases without regard for popularity or the pound. His next novel may be any one of seventeen currently bubbling.—R.G.

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serious novel, for here the artist, who can so rarely in words interpret life or his work, speaks for himself with integrity and force. Deprived of all illusions by the tricks that have been played upon him in a civilization which does not know what to do with a genius until he is dead, Gully's harangues lead the reader on until the normal world in which he is circumscribed seems to stand on its head, and sobriety, virtue, and everyday common sense become absurdities.

The London that surrounds Gully and the shabby streets of its slums live in the reader's memory with the iridescence that covers a slimy pool. There are characters that are as familiar as if they had emerged from an eighteenth-century novel or from Dickens. The old bawdy woman who had once been the artist's lover, the writer who is attempting to capture enough of him to write his biography, the girl who moves into his almost roofless studio, the slum youth who regards him as an archangel out of the celestial temple of art, are only a few of the human beings who caper or move erratically around the central figure. It is difficult to decide which element is the most praiseworthy in this novel, or whether it is satire, comedy, or farcical tragedy. But it will live as the portrait of an artist in his old age. Certainly its lusty exuberance, its humor, depth of wisdom, and wealth of language, make it one of the most remarkable and readable novels to appear for many a season. It is astonishing that it has been neglected by American publishers for more than five years.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 345

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 345 will be found in the next issue.

KFC ZJSC-ZGPB AYPPGCQ

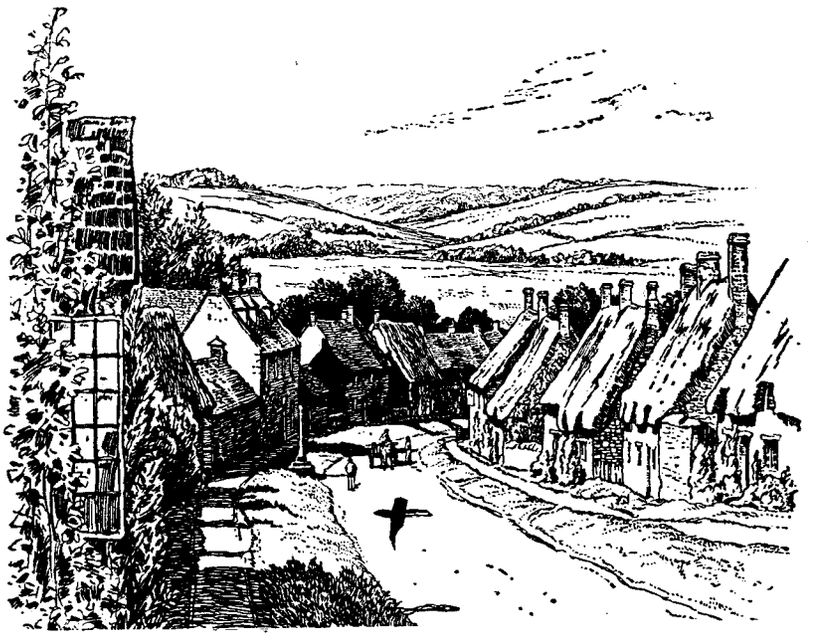
KFC QIW ML FGQ

ZYAI. —HMQF ZGJJGLEQ.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 344

Any man more right than his neighbor, constitutes a majority of one.

—THOREAU.



Boy and Man Upon the Downs

THE DOLPHIN IN THE WOOD. By Ralph Bates. New York: Random House. 349 *pp.* $3.

By WALTER HAVIGHURST

MR. BATES began life with the twentieth century, and in this novel he recalls both the enlarging world of an English boyhood and the growing complexities of the century his life has paralleled. The novel begins with a boy in a Southern English village—serene, self-contained, secure—and it ends with a man on an uncertain voyage past the coasts of Spain and Africa, where the shadows of history's greatest war were gathering.

That darkness was unlike the cloud shadows that moved over the wind-swept Downs of Roger Frome's youth. The first mood of this intensely felt novel is the ardent boyhood in a hill-girt village in the far-off tranquil years before 1914. When the author was first discovering that English earth and sky, Rudyard Kipling wrote:

God gives all men all earth to love,
But since man's heart is small,
Ordains for each one spot shall prove
Beloved over all.

Like Kipling, who was also a boy upon the Downs, Roger Frome early knew that no other place could touch him so deeply or hold him so close as the thatch-roofed village and the great escarpment of the hills.

The boyhood in this novel has the haunting mood of "A Shropshire Lad," and over it fall the same somber shadows. Lads go off to war—among them Roger Frome and his high-hearted, older cousin, Will Hooker, who is killed in France. A lad goes to prison for shooting the man who spoke darkly of Will Hooker after his death. But the shame that was spoken proves to be truth, and the golden times can never come again.

There is a rose-lipped maid, Ruth Bassett, who leaves Parva village for London. In time Roger follows and finds her in the midst of the strenuous political theories of the 1920's. They take a holiday together in the South Downs. There they discover some of the enchantment of their childhood, but only in moments and glimpses. Love runs a troubled course, like the world around them, and Roger knows that he must search the uneasy world for his place in it. ("In England I was a dolphin in the wood, wildly out of place.") He goes then on his restless voyage toward a destination he cannot foresee.

This richly varied novel is always alive and always vibrant. But it is clearest, firmest, and most evocative in its picture of a South country boyhood at the beginning of this troubled century. Though a man could not return, there is some virtue in remembering the old village clustered about its Common, the simple, earthy people speaking their archaic English, and the great reach of downland, where the shadows of clouds lie long on the hills.

Walter Havighurst, author of several works of fiction, is professor of English at Miami University in Ohio.

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Dis-U. N., 1965

DON'T INHALE IT! By Emery Balint. New York: Gaer Assoc. 222 pp. $2.75.

By John Cournos

THE title of this book is atrocious. The jacket is atrocious. (Incidentally, its proofreading is atrocious.) Its general appearance is such as to attract readers for whom it was not written and to repel readers who might be interested in its contents. The low-brow won't like it; the high-brow will revel in it, in spite of the horseplay in which the author indulges now and again, in spite of the two smoking pipes and the shaving brush which the gifted author foolishly employs as characters. The brand of tobacco with which he fills his two pipes is indeed a good brand at the price; the present reviewer is himself addicted to the very same brand.

These irrelevances, however, should not wholly act as the traditional bushel hiding the light Mr. Balint has to give us, for, these things apart, he has written a brilliant satire, at its best comparable with George Orwell's "Nineteen Eighty-Four." The year in which the present satire is laid is 1965. There are elements of science fiction in both. But whereas Mr. Orwell's satire attempts to describe the robot world of a sort of super-Stalinist totalitarian dictatorship, Mr. Balint's satire is dominated by the dis-United Nations and the chaos attendant on the disruption of the world by the explosion by Uncle Sam of the super-atom-bomb.

The scene opens on the world awaiting the Big Moment, when this bomb is scheduled to be set off in the North Pacific, off Korea and Siberia. Paul H. Hatch in person, newspaper king of the good old USA, who has usurped the office of President — "The Big Boss," he is called—is there on a battleship to watch the fun. To the disappointment of all, the expected mushroom does not appear, and at first there is the impression that the bomb was a dud. Actually, the explosion was a great success: "Instead of exploding into the chagosphere, the explosion had gone straight downward and had split the earth into two halves, as you or I would break an apple."

The results were fantastic. The lookout on the American battleship reported the Empire State Building where Vladivostok should have been, while Canada, by some trick of the explosion, found itself invaded by Russian troops, who had no idea how they came to be there. The Big Boss went to the Bughouse, otherwise Bellevue, which now really looked like a going concern, filled as it was with brass hats and top hats, to say nothing of a host of Nobel Prize winners. Indeed, the people were now "governed from a Bughouse, instead of the White House. And that, of course, is the most wonderful thing that could happen to any nation." It was something, too, to be governed by a Super-Common Man, such as the Big Boss was.

There was rivalry between the two earths revolving in dangerous proximity to each other and there was the problem of intercommunication. Of course, there were the usual Five-Year Plans: "Enough shoes should be made this year to give everyone a left shoe, and then the next year if the Five-Year Plan went equally well everyone would get a right shoe."

We are told that "the only good thing about the whole affair is that in the end we find no problem solved." Ultimately there was a new split in the earth; thus the destruction goes on, a pure product of common fear and progressive disunity. Reality and fantasy rub shoulders, scarcely identifiable one from the other. It is hard to define this book, far better to read it.

Uncle & the Druids

THE SCAPEGOAT. By Jocelyn Brooke. New York: Harper & Bros. 209 pp. $2.50.

By Edmund Fuller

FROM England comes this short novel of the psychological school with overtones of the supernatural. It has received high praise in the Old Country. It is a work of polished craftsmanship. But I find it disappointing.

The dramatic situation is promising. Duncan Cameron, thirteen years old, has lost his mother. He is a frail, nervous boy, in part the product of upbringing largely in the company of the widowed mother with minimum male associations of any sort. Now he must go to live with his sole relative, Gerald March, his mother's brother.

Gerald is the physical type, powerful and fit, an old soldier whose fortunes are now declining as a gentleman farmer. His house is the characteristic sportsman - bachelor's establishment, full of leather furniture, pipe racks and humidors, shaving gadgets and military brushes, sporting prints and photos of football groups. It is a place of cold morning baths and horses. To borrow GBS's division of British society, young Duncan is of the neurotic class, Uncle Gerald of the equestrian class.

The uncle, a reluctant guardian, determines that at the least he can make a man out of the boy. And, unexpectedly, Duncan, in spite of many terrors, takes quite well to the process. It is about here, for this captious reviewer, that the trouble sets in. Much could be done with the essential situation. The line of development Mr. Brooke selects is somewhat arbitrary. He begins to deal in terms of "the sense of danger which had assailed him as the train pulled in," "the silent brown mass of the wood impended heavily above the house, watchful and menac-

—From the jacket of "Don't Inhale It!"

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ing," and the field with the Druid stones that is "the bad place."

We must accept these cryptic notes as offered or there is no story. Along with them we are led into an abruptly discovered and inadequately explained kleptomania on Duncan's part. These factors, with the strong evidence of latent homosexuality, combine and drive toward one of those blurred emotional climaxes trapped out with dream sequences among the Druid stones in which, ". . . each figure as it advanced, could be seen to leave a silvery trail of slime, like that of a snail, upon the ground . . ."

Yes, perhaps, as is suggested, it has or strives for some of the qualities of "The Turn of the Screw," though this awakens in my mind the question of whether that is not a story vastly overrated. A much truer and more pertinent analogy is in the work of Arthur Machen, the technical master in the realm of the unspeakably horrible and evil "things" from the depth of good English earth. Brooke is the direct follower of Machen and does not, in my opinion, enlarge or extend the medium.

In fairness I must repeat that it is well written and competently managed within its premise. It contains some good scenes, especially several projecting the subtle stresses between the boy and his uncle on the question of masculinity. Some are going to like the book a great deal more than I do.

Inner & Outer Life of a Mississippian

THE SECRET PILGRIM. By Edward Kimbrough. New York: Rinehart Co. 314 pp. $3.

By Howard Mumford Jones

THE secret pilgrim of Mr. Kimbrough's title is, in Victorian language, the human heart, which journeys through life surrounded by a margin of loneliness that neither sex nor labor nor war nor art can ever quite break through. The novel is, then, the story of the inner and outer life of one Kinsman Todd, of Argo, Mississippi, from boyhood in the second decade of the century until the morning in 1932 when his enemy, Jay Fleming, cuts Kinsman's throat in the drugstore.

The book falls into two unequal divisions. The first and lesser of these is the better piece of work. It narrates the admiration of the small boy, Kinsman, son of the local doctor, for Ox Fleming, the profane and vigorous representative of lost frontier masculinity, whose own son, Jay, is fearful and self-seeking where Kinsman is courageous and self-forgetful. Ox is a powerful character, well realized. Well realized also is the boy's discovery of the painful and exciting world of adult values, including sex and death. The method of this part of the novel suggests Faulkner, since it is in the tradition of dated reminiscence.

The method continues but the mood changes. After service in World War I, Kinsman returns to Argo, entering, it seems to me, a world not actualized as the world of Ox Fleming is actualized. Southern ladies all beautiful and damned, all capable of the most obvious marital blunders, all yielding in moments of passion or of anger to the silken allurement of the flesh or of matrimony step out of the novels of Hergesheimer or of Scott Fitzgerald to form the female upper crust in Argo; and the males, notably when Prohibition closes down upon them, conduct wit combats of great verbal elegance. Against the dominant and cultured group is thrown the figure of Jay Fleming, consumed with envy, catspaw of vulgar entrepreneurs who are ruining Mississippi. I rather like Jay Fleming. He is a villain in thought, word, and deed, such as Scott or Dickens would approve.

The narrative is agreeably written. Mr. Kimbrough's style is everywhere competent and easy; the difficulty is that he creates too many echoes in his book. I found myself saying from time to time — yes, here is the Hergesheimer, here is the Fitzgerald, here is the Faulkner touch. This impression raises some interesting questions about the effect upon writers of the courses in composition which now stud our campuses, a subject too vast to be considered here.

"The Secret Pilgrim" is persuasive and entertaining, but it is not powerful or unique.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

MIXED METAPHORS

Fannie Gross, of Asheville, N. C., has lifted twenty metaphors from the Rubáiyat of Omar Khayyam, divided them, and mixed them up. Can you put them together properly? Allowing five points for each correct answer, sixty is par; seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 30.

1. Angel of	( ) Darkness
2. Bird of	( ) Death
3. Chequer-board of	( ) Earth
4. Couch of	( ) Eternity
5. Daughter of	( ) Everlasting penalties
6. Door of	( ) False morning
7. Fire of	( ) Fate
8. Hope of	( ) Fulfill'd desire
9. Leaves of	( ) Human fate
10. Master-knot of	( ) Life
11. Pain of	( ) Night and morn
12. Pastime of	( ) Nights and days
13. Phantom of	( ) Repentance
14. Realm of	( ) Some diviner drink
15. Roll of	( ) Spring
16. Sleeve of	( ) That after-life
17. Some letter of	( ) The darker drink
18. Vision of	( ) The vine
19. Winter-garment of	( ) Time
20. Yoke of	( ) Unpermitted pleasure

Fiction Notes

JOURNEY INTO CHRISTMAS, by Bess Streeter Aldrich. Appleton-Century-Crofts. $2.75. Mrs. Aldrich does up her package in flimsy wrapping but it's unmistakably Yule. Twelve short stories, some new, some old, make up her offering. The tears are hardly dry from one saga of sentiment to the other, but the tug somehow persists and wallow we will in sugar and spice. Iowa and Nebraska, replete with entrenched pioneers, rich with goodly simple folk, set the seasonal scene. Old folks make home with a capital "H" ready to receive their young. Sometimes they don't come. Sometimes they say they can't and then they do. Dreams are finally realized, perplexed souls find the light, and all the while the oyster soup is on the table, the cookie cutter whisks busily, and the tree groans

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under heavy tinsel. "Youth is All" and "The Man Who Caught Weather" stand out in welcome relief, reaching well into the New Year.

LOVE CAME LAUGHING BY, by Emilie Loring. Little, Brown. $2.75. Wendy Adair sees it through. No easy matter either. Fleeing from a South American revolution, she not only smuggles incriminating papers to the proper Washington authorities but she manages to shoot a cobra, thwart a gang of blackmailers, expose the enemy in her midst, and win the heart of the richest, handsomest, smartest, kindest, most chivalrous single man extant.

On the side she brings joy to her stepfather, reclaims her frivolous mother, baby-sits for a nearby Mom, and, sponsored, croons to the kiddies daily over a major network. Time for plenty of glamour, too; informed dining and superb dancing mark the late hours. Wendy is surely the best all-round girl of Rock Creek Park.

Glossy activity, languidly dramatic for all its gangling thrills.

—CATHERINE MEREDITH BROWN.

THE FIELDS ARE WHITE, by B. J. Chute. Dutton. $2.75. Andrew Collier gave up his career as an architect to take over his father's hardware factory out of a James Stewart-movie script loyalty to the old home town. Now part of the question is, should he take over the eager minor-temptress Virginia Monroe out of disloyalty to

(*Continued on page* 31)

Belles-Lettres.

The great writers whose lives and works are discussed in the first four reviews printed below clearly belong among the favorites of contemporary literary critics. William Shakespeare, whose career has already been the topic of fifteen books during the past twelvemonth, now evokes one more: Donald A. Stauffer's "Shakespeare's World of Images." André Gide, who has occasioned six recent volumes, has two new titles in the stalls, fresh translations of his "School for Wives; Robert; and Geneviève" and "Corydon." "W. B. Yeats: Man and Poet," by A. Norman Jeffares, and "The Golden Nightingale," by the indefatigable Professor Stauffer, are being joined by Hall and Steinmann's collection of criticism, "The Permanence of Yeats," which will be reviewed here shortly. Some four late Mark Twain volumes now have a companion in Dixon Wecter's edition of "The Love Letters of Mark Twain."

Normal & Abnormal Confessions

THE SCHOOL FOR WIVES; ROBERT; AND GENEVIEVE. By André Gide. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 241 pp. $2.75.

CORYDON. By André Gide. New York: Farrar, Straus & Co. 220 pp. $2.75.

By MORRIS BISHOP

THE chances of publishing bring us a pair of strange bedfellows: "The School for Wives" and "Corydon," which one might term "The School for Unhusbands."

The first part of "Corydon" appeared, in a private edition of a dozen copies, in 1911. Gide was restrained by his friends from publishing the book openly until 1924. It then caused the expected scandal; it ensured Gide's exclusion from consideration for the Académie Française, even for the Legion of Honor. He has nothing but the Nobel Prize.

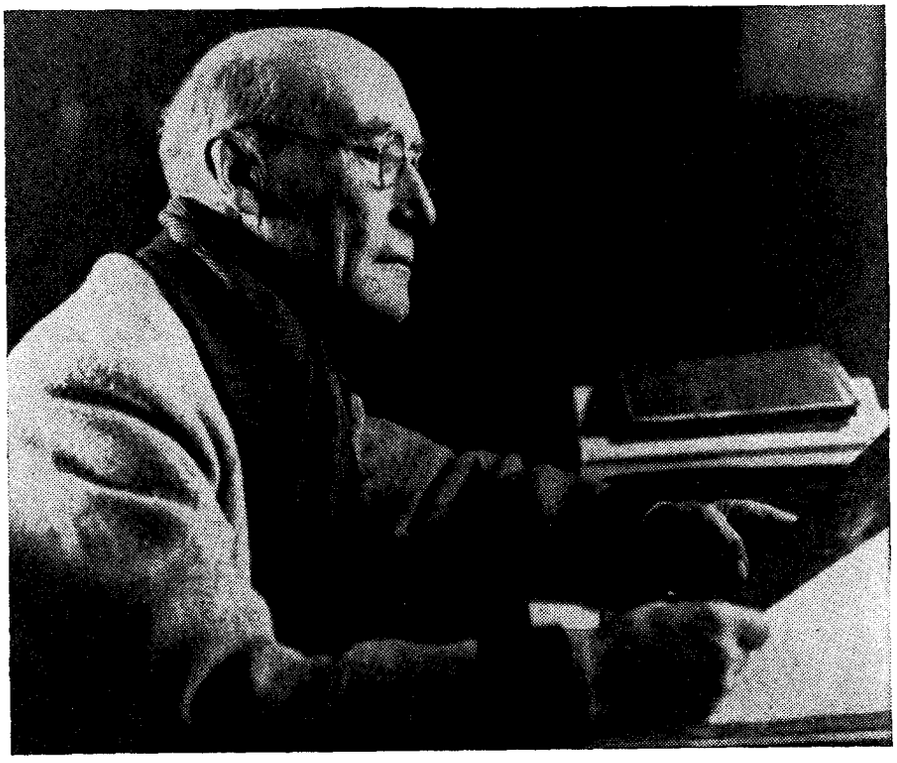
"Corydon" is a tract in defense of homosexuality. Gide couches it in the form of four dialogues. He supposes that he calls upon Corydon, a homosexual friend, that he presents the arguments of conventional morality as Corydon develops his troubling thesis. The dialogue is unfair, for Gide's "I" is an offensive imbecile, while Corydon has all the learning, wit, and courtesy. In the end, defeated, "without saying a word except 'goodbye,' I took my hat and left, convinced that in certain circumstances silence was the best reply."

To prove that love of male for male is normal, Gide adduces many examples from the behavior of insects, birds, domestic animals:

> Taking the word "voice" in its most metaphorical sense, I will still deny that [Nature] says to the male: "fecundate!" and to the female: "discriminate!" It simply says to both sexes: enjoy! It is the voice of the glands which demands satisfaction, the organs which crave employment—organs which have been formed in accordance with the requirements of their precise function, but which are guided by the sole need of pleasure. Nothing more . . . It is not always assured that the male will choose the female and achieve fecundation . . . The surplus of males is compensation for the imprecision of the instinct . . .

He comes then to humanity:

> Homosexuality in both sexes is more naive and spontaneous than heterosex



André Gide: "Desire rarely acquires precision on its own account. . . ."

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uality . . . Desire rarely acquires precision on its own account and without the assistance of experience. Homosexual love may be as pure and chaste as heterosexual love. I maintain that the peace of the home, the honor of the woman, the dignity of the family and the health of man and wife were more effectively safeguarded by the Greek way of life than by our own.

The criticism of the scientific basis of Gide's argument demands special competence. The publishers have wisely called in Professor Frank Beach, of Yale, who is both biologist and psychologist, to provide a commentary. Professor Beach grants that Gide's major thesis has been sustained by science: homosexual activities are not biologically abnormal and unnatural. However, "it does not necessarily follow that the behavior is socially desirable." He makes some sharp criticisms of Gide's reasoning and conclusions. (For a much more extended critique of Gide's theories, one may see Ramón Fernandez's "André Gide," Paris 1931.)

We who are not psychobiologists must be content with unscientific impressions. My chief impression, as I read the book again after twenty-five years, is that it is strangely anodyne. I am willing to accept all Gide's zoology, without seeing that the habits of cockchafers and goats prove much about the behavior of my friends. I can accept all his picture of Greek homosexuality, without comprehending how it provides any pattern for social life in these years. Homosexuality is certainly a constantly occurring phenomenon in animal life, including human life. Then what is all the fuss about?

The fuss is merely about the fact that Gide dared to say in public what everybody knew. To do so required courage. (Unless it was exhibitionism; *on aime mieux dire du mal de soi-même que de n'en point parler,* said La Rochefoucauld.) Gide brought upon himself the inevitable abuse because he felt it his duty to tell all the truth. In the introduction written for this present edition he says: " 'Corydon' remains in my opinion the most important of my books . . . My greatest merit lies in having written this book and in daring to publish it today."

Such an affirmation seems to me amazing. As literature, "Corydon" hardly exists. As a sociological pamphlet, it deserves much commendation, but I cannot believe that it has had any great social effect, nor that it will have. I doubt if the proportion of homosexuality to heterosexuality in France has increased since its publication in 1924. "Corydon" has certainly helped to bring social tolerance and understanding to homosexuals, but "Corydon" is only a phenomenon of changing opinion, not a cause. Opinion changed at the same rate in America and England without benefit of "Corydon."

"The School for Wives," I should guess, will outlast (though not outsell) "Corydon." Gide imagines the confession of a wife who has married a sanctimonious, puritan Catholic, not hypocritical but self-deceiving, seeking constantly his own advantage under the guise of altruism. "Robert imagines that he really has the sentiments that he expresses. And I think that even in the long run he actually does have them, that they come at his call—the finest, the most generous, the

—From "The Long Way Home."

most noble, always exactly those that it is proper—those that it is advantageous—to have." Gradually the wife ripens in understanding, penetrates to the noisome core of her husband's character.

To this confession Gide adds the counter-confession of the husband, wherein all the acts are revalued according to his system of ideas. (Incidentally, there is a curious delineation of the Book-of-the-Month Club.) Finally, Gide gives us the confession of the daughter.

The analyses of the characters involved are very shrewd and delicate, very rewarding. But the device of retelling the same story from three points of view is inevitably an awkward one. The reader, knowing all at the end of Part One, must twice turn back to watch the digging up and reinterment of characters. The device is a tour de force, with all the disadvantages of a tour de force.

The reader may admire Gide's intelligence while remaining unmoved by his story. It is somehow bleak, pale. As in most of Gide's fiction, the story is a fable, conceived to illustrate a moral proposition, and the characters have the air of personalized abstractions, without the rich inconsequentialities of life.

The translation of "The School for Wives," by Dorothy Bussy, is admirable in every way. The translation of "Corydon," while accurate enough, misses all the cadence and beauty of Gide's famous style.

To a Yeatsian Urn

THE GOLDEN NIGHTINGALE: Essays on Some Principles of Poetry in the Lyrics of William Butler Yeats. By Donald A. Stauffer. New York: The Macmillan Co. 165 *pp.* $3.

W. B. YEATS, MAN AND POET. By A. Norman Jeffares. New Haven: Yale University Press. 365 *pp.* $5.

By Mary M. Colum

AN INTERPRETATION of poetry that comes from a penetrating understanding of what it is seems to be about the rarest item in that rare genre, literary criticism. But here we have it in a book by Donald Stauffer entitled "The Golden Nightingale." Professor Stauffer is the artist scholar as was the late John Livingston Lowes. Too often the scholar is a teacher who may not have had much feeling for literature as an art in the first instance, or, if he happens to have it, he is in danger of acquiring a mentality impervious to poetry through having year in, year out to regard it as material for the instruction of students. Then the ordinary biographer feels constantly obliged to apply the Sainte Beuve critical formula, the identity of the man with his work, that the writer's work can be explained by his life. This critical principle often works well as regards novels or narrative writing, and sometimes even biography, but its application to poetry is dubious: there is really no way of translating back to the life experiences of the poet what lives in essence in his poetry.

Professor Stauffer makes no attempt to do this. There is a subtitle to "The Golden Nightingale"—"Essays on Some Principles of Poetry in the Lyrics of William Butler Yeats," and in the chapter called "The Progress of a Poet" he announces that he has disregarded biography and secondary sources and has concentrated on Yeats's own writing. "I have held in the main to his critical essays and to the lyric poems of his artistic maturity." Though the principles he has evolved would be useful in the study of many poets, he draws all his examples from the work of Yeats, whom he believes, as does the present writer, to be the greatest poet of his time.

Professor Stauffer states he was first attracted towards Yeats's poetry because of two qualities: his philosophical force and his humor. A sense of man's limitations, Professor Stauffer conceives, is inherent in humor. With this I disagree: a sense of man's limitations is inherent in any high literary talent, but it is not necessarily a part of humor.

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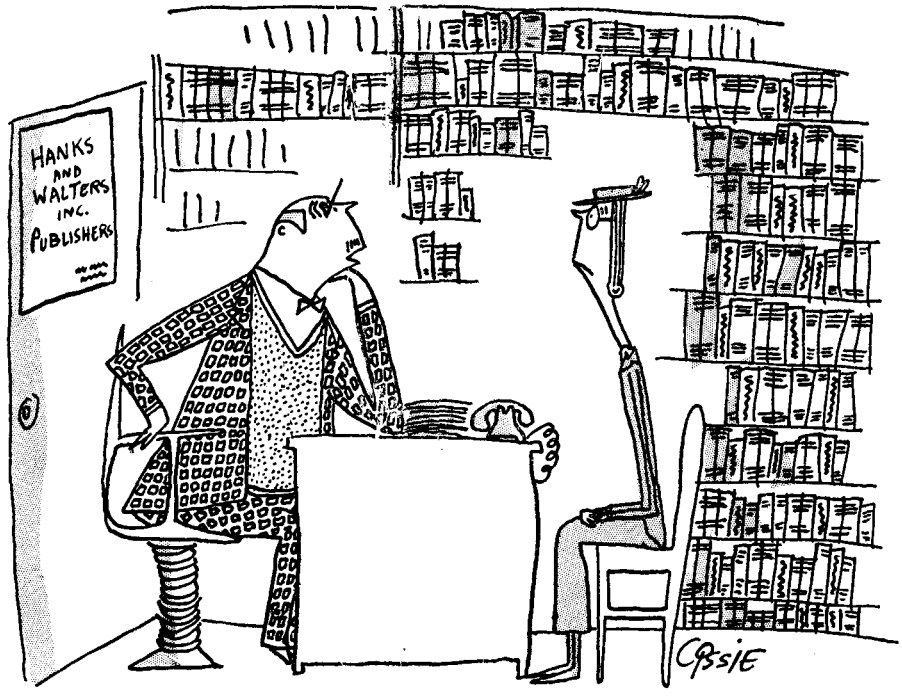
It is with the later philosophical Yeatsian lyric that Professor Stauffer concerns himself, and one can only describe his treatment as masterly. However, he is obviously one of those readers referred to by A. Norman Jeffares in his very fine book, "W. B. Yeats: Man and Poet," who came late to Yeats's poetry, and the readers who came late to it are inclined to discount his early poetry. It is more or less a fashion of the moment to disregard it, but the reader who has followed the whole work with understanding from the beginning knows that the early work is major poetry also, though of a different kind from the later. Professor Stauffer is also inclined to discount the plays, saying, "How could such a theorist write drama? The answer is, of course, that Yeats rarely did." In my opinion, he generally did. A major test of a play is its effect on the audience, and Yeats's audience listened to his plays almost as if they were enchanted. Professor Stauffer would surely change his opinion if he saw and heard them played as Yeats wished them. Apart from the plays, but for his theatre experience and the experience of listening to his own words spoken from the stage, he never could have developed the language, the dramatic impact of the words, in his later poems. Before his stage career began, his vocabulary, though effective, was small. William Archer, in his "Poets of the Younger Generation," estimated it at about 500 words but he tapped a new source as he worked for the theatre and was able to write, "I have come unto my strength / And words obey my call."

These two books are complementary to each other. "W. B. Yeats: Man and Poet" deals with all of his work and with the facts of his life, relating the life to the work where this can really be done without straining the credulity of the reader. Professor Stauffer's interpretation of both the life and the work indicate that he is either an Irishman or one extremely familiar with Ireland. He has had access to the library and the unpublished documents that Yeats left behind and he has made such an accomplished and dignified use of the material that it seems a pity that, without much judgment, it has been put at the disposal of other and less knowledgeable investigators.

The great men have their great air, as Thackeray said: Jeffares leaves Yeats with his great air, and for this his readers ought to be thankful. When he writes about the man he is able to make credible the great poet he was and when he writes about the poetry, he is able to make credible the powerful man with the multiple personality and multiple gifts who did so many different things in life and did all of them effectively. Now when so many youths and maidens are busily engaged in concocting theses or books on Yeats it may be disconcerting to state one's conviction that Yeats is the most difficult of all modern masters to comprehend. But it has to be said that Irish literature, except of the narrative kind, is likely to be difficult to an outsider. For one thing, no books exist that are of much help to a student, neither a good political history, a good history of literature, nor a work on the traditions, beliefs, and patterns that have gone into literature and into the character, psychology, and expression of the people. A writer like Yeats was heir to the most conglomerate and heterogeneous lore, social outlooks, and principles of any country in Europe. Many things which Professor Stauffer regards as peculiar to Yeats and his father are part of the intellectual and artistic inheritance of the country. In his elucidation of that curious work "A Vision" Professor Stauffer is really authoritative. Norman Jeffares plainly throws doubts on Yeats's own account of its genesis. The poet gave different accounts of it at different times and then suddenly started playing up the role that Mrs. Yeats's automatic writing had in its construction. Actually, every student of Yeats's work knows that there is not a thing in "A Vision" that could not have come out of the poet's own mind, his reading, and his writing. Some of the very sentences quoted from the "Communicators" were not unusual in his conversation or lectures.

Sometime, perhaps, a scholar will piece together all the evidence as John Livingston Lowes did in the case of Coleridge and find that the "Frustrators" and "Communicators" were all facets of Yeats's own personality. Norman Jeffares has cleared up a good many of the puzzles embedded in this work; for instance, he has shown that the twenty-eight phases of the moon that it is all related to comes from as accessible a source as Chaucer and the "tinctures" from books on Boehme that Yeats had studied, and so on. Mrs. Yeats was a good helpmeet but her part in "A Vision" can be overestimated and has been fantastically so by the author of a recent book. She was a young English woman about twenty-five years his junior whom the poet married in his fifty-third year, and until her marriage she had never been in Ireland. He became infatuated with domesticity and with being a pater familias. His marriage, it should be realized, did not add to his economic burdens—quite the contrary—and his creature comforts were well looked after. A man of immense emotional power, he had an apparent faculty for being in love, in different ways, with several people at the same time. Once attached to any person in love or friendship, he remained attached. There were many different kinds of relationships in his life and the comprehension of these is a strain on those commen-



"Your autobiography is charming, Miss Wilkins, charming—but I'm afraid it won't sell."

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tators for whom all relationships must be of an elementary biological kind.

There is no doubt but that his accounts of the composition of "A Vision" are bewildering, and sometimes even bewildering nonsense, but with those critics who believe that these accounts reveal a lack of integrity I cannot agree. As with many writers, the creations of Yeats's own mind had as much dimension and as much claim to belief as the creatures of everyday life. He would mention with approval that the doctor Balzac had called for in his last illness was a character out of one of his own novels. When questioned about his belief in his "Frustrators" or "Communicators," he would say blandly, waving his hand with a fancy ring on a finger, "Well, yes, perhaps they are created beings," meaning creations of his own imagination.

While Professor Stauffer's interpretation of "A Vision" and the later poems is not likely to be surpassed in our time, for he has meditated on them with all the insight and equipment of a first-class critical mind immersed in poetry, I am obliged to disagree with him in his conclusion that a comprehension of "A Vision" is necessary for the understanding reading of the later poems. Instead, I should say that for a reader sensitive to and fairly learned in poetry a real knowledge of Yeats's previous work is all that is necessary.

We are lucky to have, in the case of a great writer recently dead, two books of such competency and intellectual integrity. Norman Jeffares's, like Professor Stauffer's, is the book of a trained scholar and critic; he never makes a statement about Yeats's personal life without giving in the notes the name of the person who supplied the information, and this is certainly welcome after all the unsupported statements that have been passed as facts about the life of this poet.

The accounts of Yeats's attempts to find himself a wife would be hilarious if it were really possible to laugh successfully at anything he did. When he passed the fifty-year mark he became determined to marry, and if one lady would not have him, he asked another. And he hated growing old because it was only his body that was growing old—"this caricature, decrepit age that has been tied to me as to a dog's tail. . . . My heart . . . sick with desire and fastened to a dying animal." He became enamored of youth and even tried to recover his own youth by undergoing the Steinach glandular operation. Whatever its effect on him—a disagreeable sex interest is shown in his last work, especially in the play "Purgatory"—he did not live five years after the operation and died at an earlier age than any of his long-lived family.

Often after a poet's death his work sinks into semi-oblivion, but Yeats's is becoming more and more felt. "Words I have that can pierce the heart," he wrote in one of his last poems. The words pierce more hearts now than when he was alive. The symbolisms, the sense of correspondences that filled his life, were equally significant after his death. The hero of so many of his poems and plays was Cuchullain; his last play was "The Death of Cuchullain," and he who often thought of himself as a symbol of Cuchullain was brought back to his final grave in an Irish battleship called *Macha* after Cuchullain's residence in Emain Macha. The Irish Minister of External Affairs who received his body from the French Government was the son of his lastingly beloved Maud Gonne. The strong emotions of a lifetime won a tribute from death.

Mary M. Colum, a friend of W. B. Yeats, now teaches at Columbia University School of General Studies.

The Good Life by the Bard

SHAKESPEARE'S WORLD OF IMAGES: The Development of His Moral Ideas. By Donald A. Stauffer. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 393 pp. $5.

By Oscar James Campbell

THE TITLE of this volume is misleading. It is not another of the all too many studies of Shakespeare's poetic imagery. Nor is it concerned with the supposed organization of his symbols. It is the subtitle that accurately describes the author's critical preoccupation. To Mr. Stauffer the term "image" designates any formulation of Shakespeare's ideas and moral attitudes, most often in a single character, or in the tension established between two or more characters. Such "ideas-or-characters," the critic explains, "are hypotheses that work out their meanings in conflict with other hypotheses, and are given validity by relationship to other thoughts." In spite of the soundness and subtlety of this explanation of his critical method, Mr. Stauffer frequently finds himself obliged to "talk of ideas as though they were people and people as though they were ideas."

Mr. Stauffer is a perceptive and sensitive critic and the master of a lively style, so that much that he writes is stimulating and entertaining reading. He is perhaps at his best when defending his method and describing its difficulties and dangers. He properly regards his book as a salutary corrective of the exclusive attention that scholars are wont to pay to analogues, influences, sources, and Elizabethan stage conventions. These studies, assuming that Shakespeare is somehow the product of his theatric and literary environment, "explain everything except Shakespeare." To Mr. Stauffer the Shakespeare that matters is the man to be found in his works and, like all great works of art, the dramas embody the moral ideas of their creator. And by moral idea the author means "anything that tends to make the leading of a good life easier or clearer." Human action interpreted is an expression of a moral attitude.

In spite of Mr. Stauffer's keen appreciation of the intellectual subtlety demanded by his project, he often proceeds with something less than critical refinement. At times he seems positively irritated that Shakespeare should obscure his ideas by cloaking them in dramatic form. So he tries to purify them by snatching them out of their theatrical environment. For example, since he believes that Shakespeare identifies himself with Hamlet, he asserts that the poet "consciously strives to make Hamlet an independent actual person, not a character in a play." "Measure for Measure," he asserts, is "less a drama than a moral demonstration." "Timon of Athens" seems written more from personal need than from dramatic inspiration." Like many modern critics, Mr. Stauffer believes he is doing Shakespeare a service by taking his works off the stage and domiciling them in a scholar's study.

But the principal weakness of his method Mr. Stauffer himself describes. Shakespeare, he says, "has the supreme imaginative power not to mar the profound moral meanings of 'Othello' or 'Macbeth' by reducing them to didactic tags." Keats was often guilty of this mechanical device. For example, the concluding lines of the "Ode on a Grecian Urn," "Beauty is truth, truth Beauty," "almost betray the imaginative thought of the whole poem" by translating it into another mode of thinking. This is the sort of betrayal of Shakespeare's art that Mr. Stauffer too often commits in the always challenging pages of his book.

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Mr. & Mrs. Clemens

THE LOVE LETTERS of MARK TWAIN. Edited by Dixon Wecter. New York: Harper Bros. 374 pp. $5.

By Robert E. Spiller

AT THE age of thirteen Susan Clemens began a biography of her father, Mark Twain, with the comment: "Papa wrote mamma a great many beautiful love letters when he was engaged to mamma, but mamma says I am too young to see them yet: I asked papa what I should do for I didn't [know] how I could write a Biography of him without his love letters."

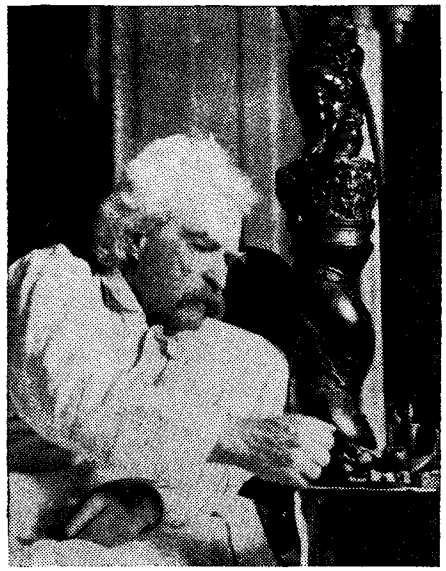
Mr. Wecter has now sought to satisfy Susan's scholarly curiosity, in so far as it is shared by other students of Mark Twain, by publishing for the first time, and from manuscripts in the possession of another daughter, Clara Clemens Samossoud, a generous selection of these letters, of the later letters of Mr. and Mrs. Clemens, and of letters to and from friends and relatives which tell parts of their story. He supplies a calendar of all Mark's letters to Livy, but he wisely refrains from publishing them all; a man in love is likely to repeat himself. To the text he adds a narrative commentary, which ties the collection together and allows the documents to tell a connected story of a lifelong devotion.

As a story, it excites admiration, sympathy, and an occasional smile rather than the stronger emotions. If anyone could find an original way to fall in love, that person should have been Mark Twain, but he chose rather the beautiful and ailing heroine with the wealthy and somewhat blustering father of the conventional Victorian romance. Even so, Mark's self-portrait of a reprobate desperately in need of reform, his mixture of teasing with adoration (he chides her for correct spelling because it is "un-Livy-ish"), and the common sense that salts his wildest flights give the story freshness and interest.

For the student of Mark Twain, there are no sensational revelations in spite of the conflicting arguments among his biographers about the part his marriage played in shaping or thwarting his literary career. The big question is: who was the censor, and what did censorship do to the creative freedom of the Nevada journalist-prospector who became a leading citizen of Hartford, Connecticut? The answer seems to be that Mark Twain was his own censor and that warring desires for freedom and propriety are both essential parts of his humor and therefore of his art. His very choice of Livy reflected his back-trailing instinct, and her censorship of his actions and writing was mild in comparison to that which, in certain moods, he exercised on his own writing and on her reading. During courtship days he recommended "Poor Swift" to her, but marked and tore it until it was fit for her eyes, a practice which he seems to have continued with other books. It would seem, too, that Livy's censorship was not exercised directly. She writes in 1902, just at the end, "You said that I was constantly in your mind and that you knew what I would like & you *would not* publish what I would disapprove."

Mark Twain idealized his wife and made her the guardian of his own ideal of what he thought to be his better self; yet she appears through these letters as a warm and understanding human being, passionate in love, loyal to her husband even in his financial follies, and less resentful of adverse fate than he. These letters deepen rather than alter the view presented by all the earlier biographies.

This is the second volume of Twainiana that Mr. Wecter released in the past year, the first being the letters to Mrs. Fairbanks, the "Mother" of the Quaker City cruise. The two volumes are closely related parts of the same story and together help us to reconstruct the relatively naive and uncomplicated person that Mark Twain really was. He was no more confused than was his time, for America at the turn of the century reflected the same mixture of buoyant optimism and sharp dismay that we find in Mark Twain's later work. Mr. Wecter is the third of Twain's "literary executors," and it would seem that there is little left to reveal. Perhaps we can settle down now and just enjoy the greatest of our humorists.



Mark Twain—"Who was the censor?"

Disappointed Prophets

DREAMERS OF DREAMS. By Holbrook Jackson. New York: Farrar, Straus & Co. 283 pp. $3.50.

By Garrett Mattingly

THESE essays, among Holbrook Jackson's last, reconsider six nineteenth-century authors: three Englishmen—Carlyle, Ruskin, and William Morris—and three Americans—Emerson, Thoreau, and Whitman—with an introductory essay, which tries to tell why these six are put together. The five last, Jackson says, all stem in some way from Carlyle, either directly or indirectly. They were all critics of nineteenth-century society and prophets (disappointed prophets) of some sort of reform. Thus they were all, in Jackson's terms, "idealists," "dreamers of dreams," and all, he finds, were motivated less by concern for their fellow men than by a need to justify their own attitudes toward a society for which each felt, more or less vividly, a radical distaste. Whether it was this common motivation which made all six mistaken prophets Jackson never quite gets around to saying. Sometimes he implies it; more often he inclines to the view that exaggerated egoism is the basic motivation of all reformers, that all "world-savers" are interested in humanity only as a painter is interested in his pigments. Obviously, Holbrook Jackson had come to see reformers and revolutionists, social critics and social prophets as just related types of literary men, perhaps because he was so stubbornly a literary man himself. Books were his world and it is the enticement and the limitation of his essays that they appeal exclusively to the bookish.

To demand of such a temperament any sustained interest in chains of logical ideas and the unexpected exfoliations of basic philosophic concepts is to court disappointment. To ask a bookish essayist for analyses of socio-economic forces and fresh insights into the tides of social change is to seek honey from the hummingbird and set one's course by a lightning bug. Now and then Jackson hovered over such questions, but he never alighted. He was more interested in printed words than in ideas and more in the dreamers than in their dreams. He was quite aware, for instance, that Carlyle was not an original thinker nor even particularly original in the literary sources of his thinking, but he needed only to know that Emerson and Ruskin read and admired Carlyle; he was not driven to ask why. An Englishman,

(*Continued on page* 30)

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—*Drawings by John Resko.*

A Natural Life Restored

READERS of *The Saturday Review* will recognize on these pages the work of an artist familiar to them though his name appears in the magazine now for the first time. The drawings of John Resko, until recently #22818 at Clinton Prison in Dannemora, New York, first appeared in this magazine on April 17, 1948, with an article, ". . . For the Rest of His Natural Life," by Carl Carmer, who had for seven years been interested in this inmate's work as instructor in art at the Clinton Prison school, in his pictures of prison life, and his struggle toward rehabilitation.

"When I began to write this article," said Mr. Carmer, "I intended not to mention the possibility of the release of this inmate. The fact that in the most discouraging of environments he has become a relatively happy man, delighting in his own work, enjoying his service to others, seemed of greater import. I decided, however, that it would be hypocritical of me to omit a thought so obviously in my mind. . . . The Governor [of the state in which his crime was committed] believes, I know, in the rehabilitation of prison inmates and I am confident that he will eventually take action to restore this artist to a society which values men of his talent as precious rarities."

The *SRL* again published drawings by this artist on December 4, 1948, in connection with its presentation of some seventeen thoughtful letters which had been sent to the editors, approving Mr. Carmer's opinion that this inmate (who had at the age of nineteen committed a murder while under the almost hypnotic influence of an older man, a slick, habitual criminal) had by his services to his fellow inmates, by his artistic achievement, and by his blameless record in the eighteen years of his incarceration "satisfied society's demands." These letters were a few of hundreds, only one of which did not urge the return of the artist to a free environment.

In an editorial note Mr. Carmer summed up the arguments of certain Governmental executives connected with the administration of prisons:

1. That the commutation of this inmate's sentence from execution to "for the rest of his natural life" was all the executive clemency that he deserved.

2. That the fact that, had he been allowed to plead guilty to second-degree murder (as the judge and the district attorney would have permitted him to do if his older confederate had agreed to do likewise), he would with good behavior have been released several years ago was irrelevant.

3. That he deserved no credit for his achievements in the field of art since his talents were "born in him."

A third group of drawings was published on February 5, 1949, to accompany an article, "It's Murder," by Dr. Fredric Wertham, with a caption beginning "*SRL* regrets it cannot give proper credit to the artist whose work appears in this panel . . ."

Though handicapped by the fact that he could not name the artist nor even reveal the name of the state in which he was confined, Mr. Carmer continued his efforts to obtain the release of #22818 and was happily surprised by a press release which appeared in the New York City papers on the morning of December 23, 1949, announcing the release of John Resko from Clinton Prison and containing the statement of the Governor of New York: "Resko was twenty years of age when received in state prison. Since 1936 he has demonstrated artistic ability and has served as an instructor in the prison art class. His prison record has been consistently excellent. In recent years Resko's work has been submitted to a number of accredited persons in the art world and there is substantial agreement that he possesses genuine talent. Several of his works have appeared in national magazines and it appears that there will be no difficulty in securing employment and proper training for him upon discharge from prison."

To John Resko "the sights, sounds, smells of freedom are an exhilarating, though overwhelming, experience — every bit as wonderful as I had dreamed them to be through the prison years. And every joy in the color and movement and fragrance of freedom is intensified for me by the friendship of the man who has made it all possible.

"For eight years Carl Carmer gave lavishly of devotion; he argued and pleaded in my behalf. He sustained me through dark periods of despondency and helped me, with encouragement, out of the many quagmires of doubt and hopelessness into which I had stumbled. His understanding was limitless. And all these things are beyond gratitude.

"And everything that Carl Carmer has done for me is reflected in the resurrected hopes of the lost men inside prison walls: the days are not so long, so dreary because of the knowledge that outside the walls are men like Carl Carmer, whose interest in their rehabilitation is keen and constant."

The pictures reproduced here may now be attributed to the artist who created them, who is, after nineteen years of prison life attempting to adjust himself as swiftly as possible to the changed world outside prison walls and to become a productive member of our society—John Resko, of New York, N. Y.

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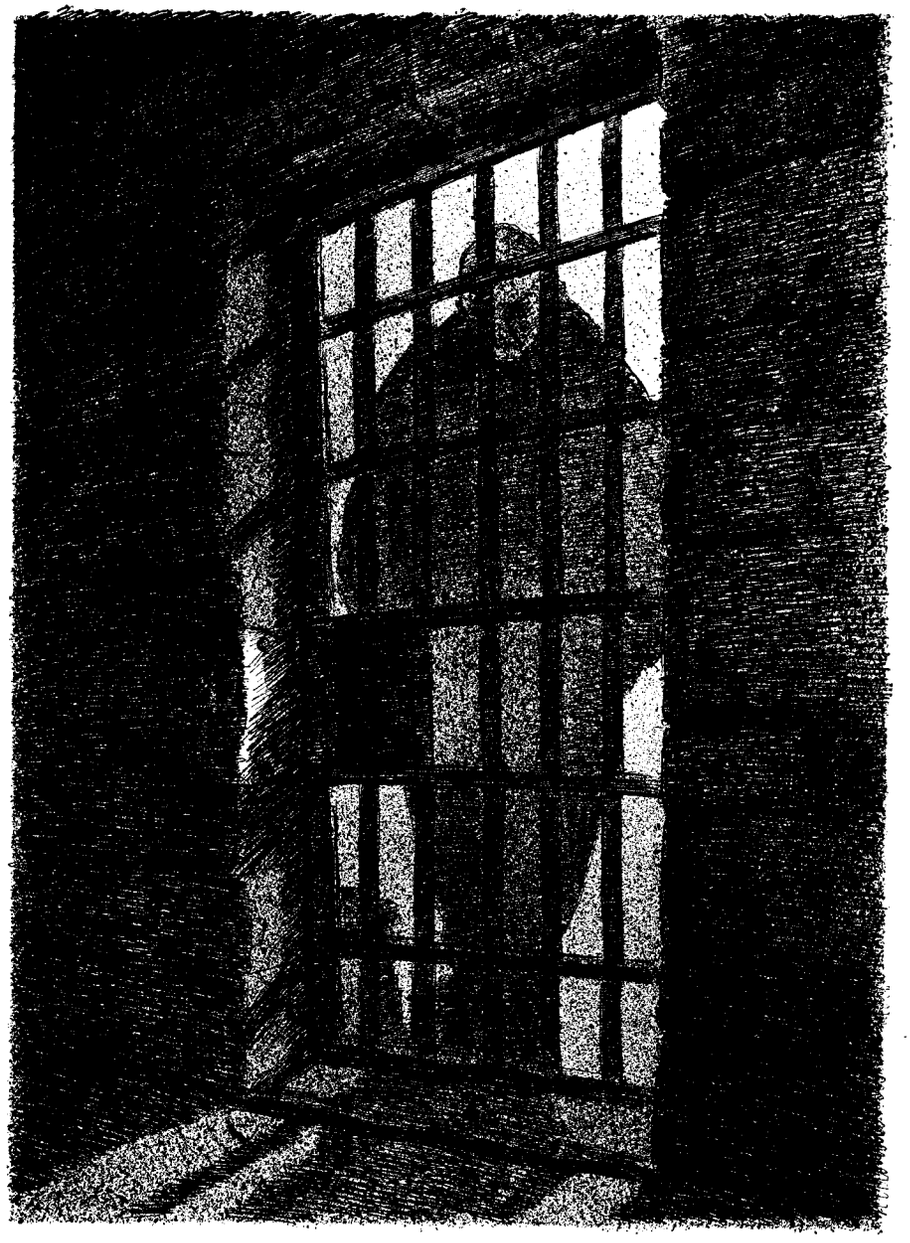
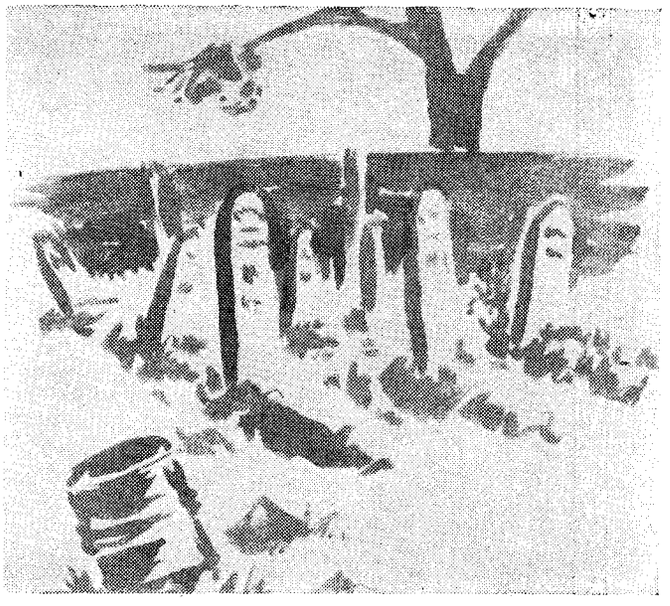
". . . days . . . so long, so dreary."

". . . satisfied society's demands."



". . . the lost men inside prison walls."



". . . for the rest of his natural life."

". . . a relatively happy man."

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The Free Ride, Part II

IN THIS space last week attention was called to the effect of American films abroad on foreign audiences. The point was made that Soviet propaganda against the United States was not nearly as damaging as the grotesquely distorted view of the American people being created abroad by our own motion pictures. In the war of ideas a favorable world public opinion towards the United States is critically essential. Towards this end our Government is spending many millions of dollars each year through the Voice of America and other information services. And yet, no matter how much we spend, it is impossible to catch up with all the harmful impressions of America being mass-produced for export by Hollywood. The "kiss-kiss, bang-bang" standard formula of the Grade-B movie is building up an image of the American people that our officials abroad are finding difficult to correct or offset—at any price.

Since the appearance of that editorial, friends of ours in Hollywood have registered complaints. The central point in their answering argument is that the effect of our movies abroad is actually the direct opposite from the one we described. American films, they said, are the world's best argument in favor of the democratic way of life. When the workingman in a foreign country goes to an American movie and observes the comforts and luxuries enjoyed by the working people in the United States—our motor cars, washing machines, refrigerators, and fancy clothing—he is awed and impressed. Naturally, the argument continues, he would like all these wonderful things for himself, and accordingly favors the economic system that can give it to him.

This argument is true—up to a point. That the workingman abroad is convinced by these movies that his counterpart in America lives in luxury is largely correct. But it doesn't follow that this unfailingly produces the hoped-for result. In many cases the effect has been to convince the workingman who can't get the glamorized gadgets in his own country to pack up forthwith and come to the United States—a consummation devoutly to be wished but very rarely attainable. Consular offices have been swamped with requests for visas that are impossible to grant. It is at least debatable whether mass disappointments of this type make our goodwill work abroad any easier.

Another unfortunate effect is that the American movies set up false standards for the measurement of a democracy. Democracy is much more than deep-freeze units, duplex apartments, and dynaflow. It is more than the zoot suit, the latest bebop recording, and bubble gum. And by thus emphasizing and exalting the materialistic and superficial aspects of democracy, Hollywood is actually weakening the cause of free government abroad. For democracy was not born in a chromium-trimmed, controlled-temperature stove. It can take form only in a respect for the workings of justice and representative government, in a seasoned and enlightened understanding of what is meant by majority rule and the preservation of minority rights, in an inspired patience with the somewhat cumbersome but wondrous process of due law, and in the fact, finally, that democracy is nothing if it is not ideas.

The big job in Europe and elsewhere today is not to sell the people on dazzling gadgets but on the need to expand and preserve free government as an end in itself. It is not too much to hope that people may find merit in democratic institutions even though the conditions in war-shattered countries do not yet permit the mass-manufacture and distribution of hydramatic drive and automatic heating units. In any case, the admission ticket to a democracy ought to be an understanding of the rules of the game and not merely a desire to walk off with a prize.

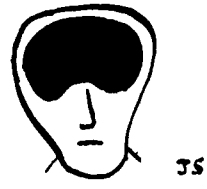
In Japan last summer I was impressed almost everywhere with the imitation of America. Many young girls wore American skirts and sweaters and fixed their hair in the Hollywood manner. Many young men wore sport shirts, chewed gum, lounged on street corners in the evenings, and whistled their swing favorites from Benny Goodman or Vaughn Monroe. In the packed dance halls, jam sessions were almost always in progress to the hot tunes of swing bands patterned after the American models. Mr. Harold Ross, of *The New Yorker*, would have been astounded and dismayed to find that the railroad stations played jazz over loudspeaker systems.

"Isn't it wonderful?" ventured my interpreter. "Isn't it wonderful the way we Japanese are being democratized?"

IT WAS wonderful all right—so long as you didn't try to look too closely for the somewhat deeper proof of true democracy: ideological content, for example. The manager of a dance hall spoke glowingly about Americanization but hadn't heard of the new Japanese Constitution, which defined the democratic structure for the state. A professor in Yokohama joyously engaged in teaching the principles of political science as they pertained to democracy believed that the American Military Government ought to stay on permanently. "The military symbol is the key to good government in Japan," he said solemnly. Everywhere I went, I had a difficult time avoiding being embarrassed by Japanese who persisted in treating Americans as though we were the master race.

There is no political hocus-pocus by which traditions that have been generations in the making can be supplanted overnight by a fully functioning and robust democracy. What is required is a thorough understand-

Atomic Age Fables



XXIX: The Blind of The Mind

THERE was a murder in the Home for the Blind.

One by one the investigators questioned those who never see the sun. The mystery was unsolved until the most ignorant inmate was asked:

"Who is the murderer?"

His reply was:

"All of us are the murderers. We discovered that one of us could see."

—J. S.

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ing of the individual complexion of a nation, and a long-range program designed to establish the conditions which make free government possible. In no two countries is the problem exactly the same. Democracies of uniform nature cannot be attached to the necks of nations like bottle-caps on a conveyor belt. Seen against the complex historical background of each country, Hollywood's patronizing contention that it is uniformly advancing the cause of free institutions abroad is as far removed from the problem as Mack Sennett from Molière. And no amount of glib rationalization or squirming can change the fact that any honest balance sheet of American movies abroad shows a mounting liability that the American people can no longer afford to ignore.

But wait, says Hollywood. After all, the motion-picture industry is part of our free-enterprise system. If there is a genuine market abroad for Hollywood's products, then Hollywood must be protected in its right to sell whatever that market will buy. Cigarettes may be harmful, they will assert, yet no one has questioned the right of the cigarette companies to sell as many millions of packs abroad as they can. Why should the movie industry be singled out and expected to forego one of the most lucrative sources of its income?

HERE, too, the argument seems sound—but only up to a point. What is overlooked, apparently, is a fairly important concept which has served as the basis for some of the most significant judicial decisions and legislation in American history. That concept goes under the term of the public interest. It was in the public interest that a Pure Food and Drug Act was written to protect the American people against food adulteration. It was no defense to argue that, since private industry was involved, the government was obligated to acquiesce in food poisoning.

If it is against the public interest for Hollywood to continue to portray Americans in exported films as a nation consisting largely of slap-happy, grog-happy, trigger-happy dolts whose main interest in life is to find out where the next drink or next murder is coming from, then the American people have a right to protect themselves against a costly libel. If confidence abroad in the American people is far more vital to our security than the vaunted atomic-bomb stockpile, then continued irresponsibility by Hollywood can hardly be considered to be outside the public interest. Let the blue chips and the Grade-B pictures fall where they may.

All this is not offered as an argument for Congressional legislation. No one has to point out the danger—actual or potential—of government interference in entertainment, communications, or the arts. But Hollywood can be sure of one thing: unless it gets on the ball itself, pronto, and stages something in the order of a palace revolution in its policy on exports, nothing it can do will forestall government action. This is the type of raw meat on which Congress loves to feed. Inevitably, the repercussions of our movies abroad will be felt increasingly at home. When that happens, and when Congress is called upon to provide millions of dollars for the Voice of America and for our general goodwill program abroad, something is going to snap.

Hollywood need not give up its markets abroad. All it has to do is to discover America and raise its sights—now. —N. C.

Bookmarks

THE MOST involved leave-to-reprint credit yet to meet our eye appears on the copyright page of George Howe's exciting hide-and-seek novel "Call It Treason." Since there are several German soldiers in the story, it is inevitable that at least one of them should sing a scrap of "Lili Marlene," and Mr. Howe reproduces all of six bars of the melody, together with seven words of the original German version, plus thirteen words of the English translation. This brashness commits him to a fifty-seven-word credit (in English, without music), part of it to the copyright-holder of the translation and part to the copyright-holder of the music and of the original German version. The latter turns out to be none other than the Attorney General of the United States, who, by the fortunes of war, can probably go around Washington whistling "Lili Marlene" to his heart's content, but dare lapse into the English words only at his peril.

* * *

A friend of ours always protests formally to hotel managers when he finds a room equipped with twin beds and only one Gideon Bible.

* * *

Anthony Trollope's first novel, "The Macdermots of Ballycloran," which we have just got around to reading one hundred and two years after publication, appeared in an era when an author did not mind if his story creaked a little, or if the framework showed through in spots. He could say (and Trollope did), "We have, however, kept the father too long standing at his own door, while we have been describing his family," or, "It will be remembered that Pat Brady was commissioned by his master to take Ussher's body to the police station at Carrick." Today's novelists function in an area of complete detachment, and any among them who said, "In the first place, however, we must return for a short time to Mr. Keegan," would be drawn and quartered and, worse yet, blackballed by the book clubs. Today these other-century author-intrusions sound clumsy and naive, but in a later time the frosty aloofness of this century's novelists may be read in the same wise. After all, writing doesn't write itself—it takes people.

* * *

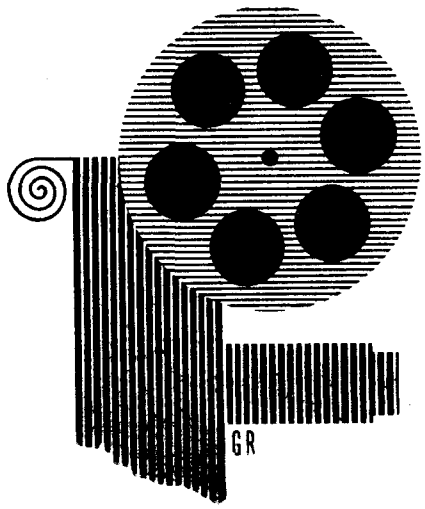
It occurred to us the other day that "The End" signpost seemed to be disappearing from contemporary books, and so we took a little poll. Of twenty recent titles examined, seventeen omitted it. We're for its retention—comforting sort of thing to have around.

* * *

Statistics: Cotton Mather read fifteen chapters of the Bible daily. Louis XVI spent 159 days in prison before he was guillotined and read 159 books. One of Milton's daughters read him a chapter of the Hebrew Bible first thing every morning—he woke up between four and five. Horace Walpole wrote "The Castle of Otranto" in eight nights—office hours, 10:00 P.M. to 2:00 A.M.

* * *

In a recent number of the *Antiquarian Bookman* Jacob Blanck discloses that a Texas librarian has found a piece of bacon employed as a bookmark. Better than using the egg, anyway. —J. T. W.



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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

A Trade Windsfall

SIR: TRADE WINDS was responsible for the very favorable breeze which blew over The New York Public Library recently.

A reader of Mr. Cerf's column, Miss Jean Tennyson, was so stirred by the financial difficulties of The New York Public Library's Theatre Collection [TRADE WINDS, *SRL* Oct. 29, 1949] that she whirled into action. It was entirely due to her efforts that the Library enjoyed a windfall a few days ago—a foundation grant of $5,000 to help finance the Library's operations.

The Library wishes to thank Mr. Cerf and *The Saturday Review of Literature* for their help—and breathes a fervent hope that the WINDS may uncover other donors!

ANNA L. GLANTZ.
Chief, Public Relations Office,
New York Public Library.

New York, N. Y.

City Desklings

SIR: The pleasure I found in reading Herbert Brucker's review of "A Treasury of Great Reporting" [*SRL* Dec. 17] was second only to reading the book itself. Mr. Brucker deserves commendation for following his own preaching: his review was as objective as the unslanted news stories he is finding more and more of in the American press. He discussed not only the attributes of the book, but the shortcomings as well.

I was afraid that a magazine which specializes in "literature" would not be too appreciative of an anthology of such low-brow writing as newspaper reporting. I was pleasantly surprised. Evidently, Mr. Brucker realizes that reporting not only provides early training for great novelists and essayists, but newspaper journalism is literature in itself.

One of the greatest services that could be rendered by our schools of journalism is the discouragement of aspiring reporters. Too many students of journalism are merely victims of an overdose of Hollywood. These unfortunates feel that the prerequisites for reporting are agility on fire escapes, good control of liquor, and the ability to manipulate a typewriter in one hand and a blonde in the other. This aspect of journalism certainly should be discouraged. If any "glory" aspect must be emphasized, the schools should follow Herbert Brucker's statement in his review and teach the students that "it is not so much in derring-do as in this always painful effort to reveal some fragment of the truth that reporting has its greatness."

DAVE PURSGLOVE.

Knoxville, Tenn.

Banal Songs, Sour Grapes

SIR: As a lyricist of published popular songs, I would like to answer both Tess Huff and Richard B. Matheson [LETTERS, *SRL* Jan. 7].

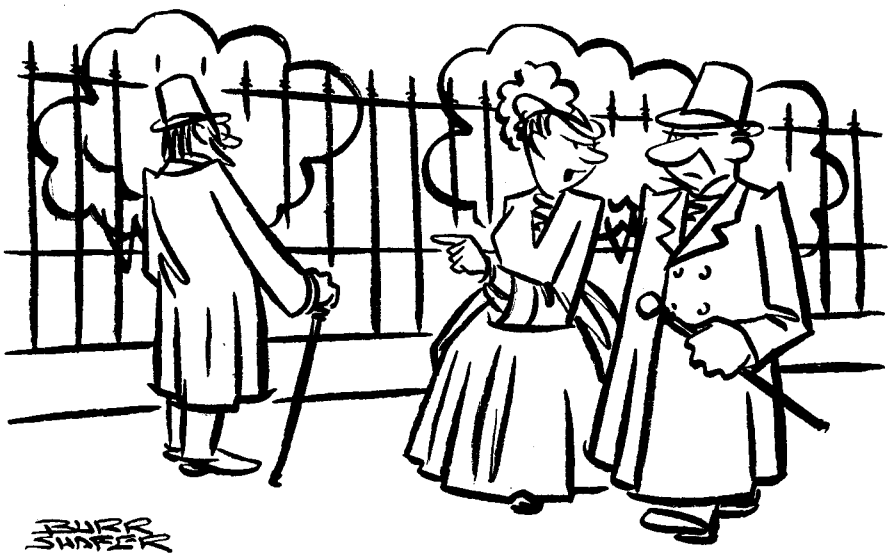
First of all, Tess Huff, if you had read Oscar Hammerstein's modest article ["Where the Song Begins," *SRL* Dec. 5] thoroughly, you would have noticed that he said that neither he nor Richard Rodgers could probably make a living writing straight popular songs. Therefore, he couldn't very well put your name on one of his songs and place it, could he? His songs are integral parts of musical shows and very different from the popular song which stands alone.

To both Miss Huff and Mr. Matheson, let me say that an unknown lyric writer does certainly have a chance if he is willing to take heartaches and rebuffs. I had to serve a five-year apprenticeship sitting in publishers' offices, trying to compete with professionals (who, incidentally, were writing better songs than I, though I didn't believe it at the time!). My collaborator-composer, Sidney Lippman, and I were completely unknown, yet the day we walked in with a real song the publishers not only grabbed it, but put it ahead of a song by two very big writers. Our song was called "Chickery Chick" and it remained on the "Hit Parade" for fourteen weeks.

Mr. Matheson, no truly good song is ever "lost." The publishers have been more than willing to listen to songs and to criticize and help us in every possible way. It seems to me that the amateur writer often holds a banal song in his left hand and a bunch of sour grapes in his right.

SYLVIA DEE.

New York, N. Y.



THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"There's that awful M. Pasteur, who goes around torturing dogs."

Four Surveys Requested

SIR: There are certain books that should exist (or perhaps they do) along the following lines:

(1) A survey of education now available to the peoples of the world. For example, what opportunities for literacy are available to the common people? This should be by nations and should embody syllabi, both quantitative and qualitative;

(2) A population survey showing the distribution (with statistics) of the various classes. Rates of growth and decline should be shown. Along with these should be given the physical means of existence and survival. It would be desirable to include comparison with earlier epochs (where possible);

(3) A survey of the manner in which the various peoples lead their daily lives: toil, recreation, customs;

(4) A survey of the means of communication (newspapers, periodicals, books, other printed materials, and radio) available to the various peoples.

These books should be written by specialists, but not for specialists. They should be couched in a lucid style for the general reader who has a wide curiosity but lacks necessarily both the time and ability for research. Scholars with the expressive zest of a Van Loon would be required.

LOUIS SALBITANO.

Utica, N. Y.

Applause from the Podium

SIR: In my survey of musical conditions in this country just concluded, especially as they have to do with recordings, I have found the RECORDINGS section of *The Saturday Review* a source of dependable information and informed critical comment. I have read it with an increasing appreciation of the currents and cross-currents that have marked the recent history of recording both in your country and mine.

It seems advisable that the larger audience secured through the recent developments in the industry should have the benefit of wise and experienced guidance. This is where I think your own particular work can be of such good service.

THOMAS BEECHAM.

New York, N. Y.

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THE DEATH OF THE SUN

(*Continued from page 8*)

and dictionaries by the scores. Long pads of foolscap bore penciled notes for future editorial consideration. There was an engraving, in ironic contrast, of Charles Dickens's closed desk after his death as a kind of reminder of what a proper desk should look like but never did. Laffan, Mitchell, Reick, Dana, and the other editorial giants of *Sun* history looked down in severe scrutiny. They were all purposeful men. None of them was ever caught with smiling face. Frank Munsey, in tweed suit, wing collar, and bow tie, hands hooked in pants' pockets, surveyed the scene. Dewart, Sr., was there in serene spirit. All dead, all gone, and all as much a part of *The Sun* as the day they ruled in unchallenged glory. Harold Anderson's memorable editorial "Lindbergh Flies Alone" hung in framed pride. Nobody framed Francis Church's "Is There a Santa Claus?" editorial of reply to Virginia Hanlon. *Sun* men knew it by heart and *Sun* readers got it every year, this year of 1949 twice.

There was a magnificent morgue (a rich treasure for any paper) and a fine library. "Clips" came and went and some got lost. But there were always enough to provide a stream of material for any emergency, whether it was the sudden death of Marcel Cerdan or the explosion of an oil well in Corpus Christi. "Fatty" (a bulky brunette of some thirty years) "hustled" the wire stories from the teletype machines to the city desk. In the Sports Department a few of the younger hands griped quietly about the manner of treatment of a recent situation in the baseball world. *The Sun* column of backstage comment on that subject was signed "The Old Scout," and traditionally written by a junior member of the staff.

When a big story broke everybody moved a little faster. Not too much, but a little. It went the rounds of necessary hands: Bartnett showed the proofs to Speed, in the corner, then submitted his front-page layout on a makeup sheet. Either a suggestion, a query, or a nodded okay. The paper rolled.

If you were a man who wanted to write books, working for *The Sun* made it possible. My spare time was my own, always and ever, as the columns of this magazine attest. Through the interest of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in *The Sun* (the papers owned by Munsey had been left to the Museum and bought from it by Mr. Dewart, Sr., Munsey's former secretary) the arts were more liberally covered by *The Sun* than by any remaining New York evening paper. Henry McBride, William McFee, and I were, respectively, art, book, and music reviewers at the end. It may not have been the best possible, but it was better than our competitors offered—certainly in space.

THAT this leisurely, well-mannered, rooted thing should die between six o'clock of one night and eight of the next morning was unthinkable. Decline it might, but aren't there tree surgeons for that purpose? Journalistically, it was a redwood—117 years are a fair semblance of "always" in a mutable world. Why should it, spiritually, turn out to be a birch when the axe was applied and the pieces broken up for kindling? Was it, then, so sapped of vitality, and why?

It seems to me that it succumbed to nothing more nor less than its own inertia and lack of energetic leadership. Whether in the area of public presentation, of editorial content, of news values and "angling," it had changed no whit in the eighteen years of my association. As well as being philosophically opposed to change, it was physically and mentally opposed to changes. Save for the deaths of Frank O'Brien (a powerful editor), James C. Grey, and Harold Anderson, the editorial direction of *The Sun* remained unchanged for a score of years. Such men and women as Frank Graham, Edmund Gilligan, George Ritchie, Robert Wilder, Robert Molloy, Bob Strunsky and a cousin, Roseanne, Bill Bridges, Richard Lockridge, and John S. Cohen left the paper in my time. Malcolm Johnson stayed and won a Pulitzer Prize. (They had him doing "Night Clubs" before the war!) Those who were impatient of *The Sun* system left. The ones who came were neither so numerous nor so good. Joe Mackey, David Snell, Paul Phelan —excellent men, but not enough of them.

Remarkably, *The Sun* had a solid, substantial air even in the late days of December, when paper was being saved and the Saturday issue dwindled to eight pages. I can no more describe it to the unfamiliar reader of this article than I can describe my own

mother. But those of my friends who saw it in a way I didn't tell me that it had a gray, uncolored face, lacking a definable personality and conspicuous for its editorial monotone. The national news was there (in enough profusion to make a morning-paper executive say to me, "On the day *The Sun* died it was still more of a *news*paper than any other in the New York evening field"). The City Hall was covered, of course, and it "took" from an Albany bureau which also served other papers.

But it sought to operate as a responsible reporter of the scene it occupied with a force of sixteen reporters and rewrite men (*The New York Herald Tribune*, as of *The Sun*'s demise has seventy, *The New York Times* twice as many; even the *Chicago Tribune* has close to a hundred, and the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* is comparable). What didn't appear of New York news on the "local wire" of the Associated Press rarely appeared in *The Sun*. Ever since the passing of the local service called "City News" the vast area of New York has defied adequate coverage by any afternoon paper.

Perhaps the most identifiable editorial characteristic was its "A.O.T." ("Any Old Time") items to bread out the lean meat of solid news. ("Population Declining in Bolivia," read the head. "The population is declining in Bolivia," read the whole item. There probably was more once but somebody forgot where it was. "Water Essential to Life," read another. "Water is essential to life," elaborated the story.) There were good food departments, women's stories, fashions, and cookery. In a time when science, medicine, health, and labor are compelling subjects for every great newspaper to be aware of, where was there coverage, on an informed level, of these subjects in *The Sun*?

A dependable executive of another Metropolitan paper has told me that labor organizations just stopped sending releases to *The Sun* because they were uniformly "spiked" (the city-desk equivalent of going into the waste basket). A strike, in *The Sun* of the Forties, was rarely a legitimate dispute of opposing interests, more likely a "conflict" leading to a climax of "peril." Rather than functioning as an enlightened spokesman of a reasoned opposition it stagnated as the blind supporter of an unreasoning resistance.

In a period when New York had gained a million new residents, *The Sun* either clung to its hereditary 300,000 or slid dangerously away from the magic figure. Many a sophisticated observer of such matters has

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noted that *The Sun*'s decline in any calendar month could be gauged from the obituaries in *The Times*. Even people who grew up with *The Sun* had to die sometime — and there weren't enough new readers to take their place. Moreover, without growth health is impossible.

That some attempts were made to attract such new readers—especially among the young—I can freely attest. There were such "circulation-getting" stunts as a digest of the sports pages distributed free at high-school sporting events and a series of testimonials from editors of school publications, "Why I read *The Sun*." A "Youth Page" was instituted, appearing biweekly—all of it edited by a single bright girl called Betty Brown. It was a task too much for her, especially as the "fillers" and outside news items often spoke acidly of youthful irresponsibility. My task was to find a columnist to write about popular records, a sound subject of interest for people of young hearts of whatever age. Mr. Speed, I regret to say, insisted that it be called "Teen-Age Records," which made even the unwilling "teen-agers" (horrid phrase!) ashamed of reading it. As for the broker out of Yale who still liked his Tommy Dorsey — it put him in his place—good!

THE "Youth Page" produced no evident rise in circulation or readership after a period of trial and was dropped. Mr. Speed applied his experienced ingenuity to make the same old dish seem more palatable. New streamer heads were contrived; pictures of the columnists (uniformly dull-looking people, when you have to see them 308 times a year) were inserted to "brighten up" the paper; the makeup of the editorial page was changed, but not the contents of the editorial columns.

It all reflected the attitude that *The Sun* still belonged to the best of all possible worlds. A bit of makeup here, a tinge of facelifting there, and the old girl could still sally forth, tippet in hand, to face a world made new by radio and television, tabloids and "mergers," jet planes and the atomic bomb. The crowds would part for her, they would respect her background and breeding, even as they looked for new answers to old problems, fresh vision for fading dreams, a realistic appraisal of the present rather than a petulant defense of the past. Crowds are not so considerate, especially those which gather about the newsstands, homeward bound.

Consistently and fervently, *The Sun* resisted and opposed every change in the "American way of life" it editorially espoused.

It responded to the Landon defeat of '36 with an editorial entitled "What Did It?," beginning with the words: "No amount of money could have been the single factor in the sweeping victory of President Roosevelt, but money played a very important part, billions of it. . . ." A few letters of protest were printed, but not enough to indicate a strong resentment. Following the Willkie defeat of 1940, however, *The Sun*'s editorial page displayed a grinning caricature of FDR with cigarette holder, topped by the caption: "Tradition—What's Tradition Now?" In its editorial entitled "Congratulations," it congratulated Willkie for his "resolute, resourceful, and tireless" campaign, the "brave men and women who worked day and night to preserve American principles and traditions," and "the real Democrats" who came "boldly forward to repudiate the crew that has seized and degraded their party's name." None was offered to Roosevelt.

By Friday enough mail had reached *The Sun* for twenty-two letters to be printed, among them several condemning the cartoon as "a new low in bad taste" and "a vicious incitement to disunity." Then the deluge. A full page of letters on Saturday showed thirty-six approving, forty denouncing; on Monday the format was repeated, with twenty-nine for, twenty-eight against. A lead article defending the original did not make for the best of good will. Among the comments were such as these: "Your editorials have caused me to drop reading of finest newspaper in N. Y." Even, prophetically, one letter stated: "You should read the handwriting on the wall, or else we shall look forward to voting for FDR for the fourth time." The drop in circulation was hardly as keenly felt by members of the staff as the drop in esteem for the paper among independent readers.

Since it had posed Landon as a "Kansas liberal" against its professed preference for James Wadsworth ("a hard-boiled Eastern conservative") in 1936, it could scarcely have been happy with the Republican candidates since.

Ever since the days of Fiorello La Guardia *The Sun* has frequently been Democratic in local politics, Republican in national. Anyone with a grammar-school knowledge of contemporary trends recognizes the peril, reader-wise, in such a division of attitude. In the last important election it studied and appraised, it backed a Republican candidate for mayor, whom it had to support, though he would not endorse the Republican candidate for the Senate, who was much nearer its heart!

Thus the paradoxes of paternalism vs. stagnation, national politics vs. local issues, set ideas vs. a changing public. There was never a day (down to January 4, 1950, that is) when an employee of *The Sun* could doubt that whatever his own political convictions those of *The Sun* represented an important segment of the public, which cherished what it offered and was sustained by what it read. If *The Sun* was a powerful defender of such an attitude in the evening field, why was it possible to surrender that power at the drop of a check? The only conclusions can be: (1) It wasn't that important. (2) Not enough people cared.

At the end *The Sun* took the expedient way of blaming outside forces rather than inside deficiencies for its demise. "It's bad enough to be bounced," said one veteran employee, who broke his inflexible rule of not drinking before lunch to imbibe this day at eleven, "but it's worse to be chastised in the bargain." He referred to the Dewart statement which asserted: "The demands of the unions have wrought here in New York—what they are working elsewhere in the nation—an unprecedented and increasing number of casualties among newspapers which were once great and strong." But others survive with Guild contracts; *The Sun* succumbed without one.

Whether *The Sun* was still "great and strong" in its period of mortal anguish is at least debatable. Certainly a powerful group of department stores, which for many years had been the backbone of *The Sun*'s advertising, did not think so. It was no secret from anyone with responsibility on *The Sun* that advertising and circulation had slipped precariously of late. The need to maintain a balance between news matter and paid space was whispered about or grumbled at in the composing room, according to the stringency of the day. Never was there a directive or a suggestion, a meeting of minds or a council of war among executives and department chiefs.

This much, however, is a matter of record. The congeries of department

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 826)

SEAN O'CASEY:
*I KNOCK AT THE DOOR**

In Johnny's childhood it was a time of life under cocked hats, red gowns and black gowns, droning out the laws of men; life under snowy surplices droning out the laws of God; . . . life under silk-scented gowns droning out the laws of love.

*The first of a series of four autobiographical books.

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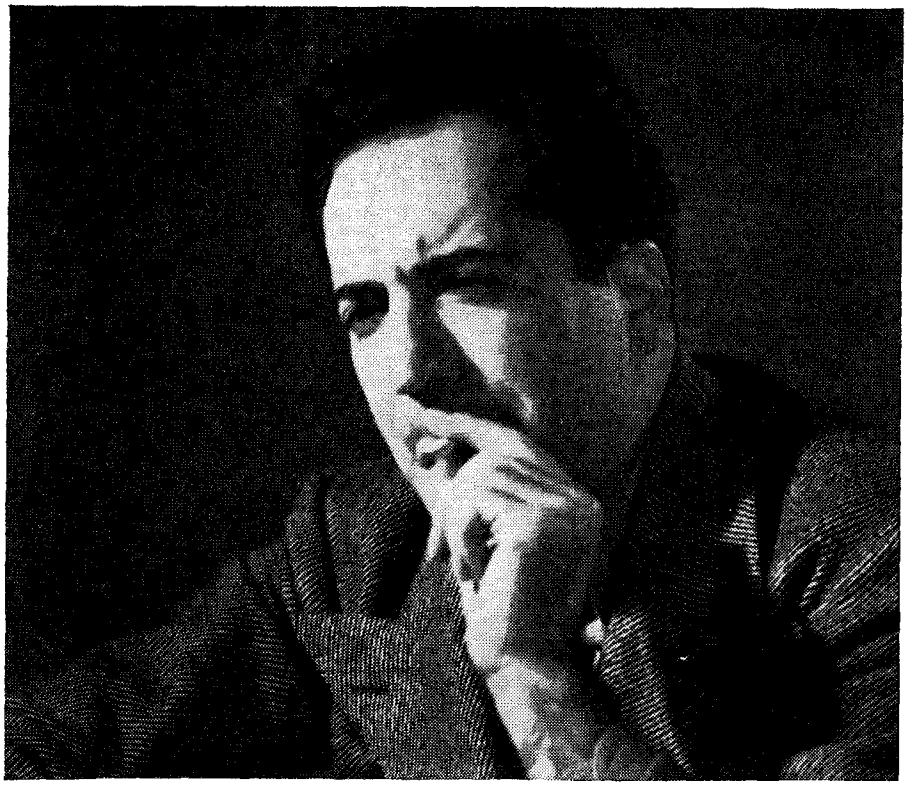
stores (from Gimbel's on Thirty-third Street to Bloomingdale's on Fifty-ninth Street) had all but deserted *The Sun* in its fateful, final year of decision. Whenever one pondered the other defections of its advertising—its weakness in classified ads, its small showing in the in-between categories—there had always been the reassuring statistics of department-store lineage. It rectified all wrongs, attested to the great health of that solid upper middle class, which, one was assured, bought *The Sun* with unflagging devotion as it streamed into the Grand Central Terminal or Pennsylvania Station, headed for the safe haven of Scarsdale or Manhasset.

But in 1949 Gimbel Brothers slashed their advertising in *The Sun* from 318,606 lines in 1948 to 100,552. According to *Editor and Publisher*: "It took no space in the newspaper at all during the holiday-buying month of December in 1949; in the previous year it had used 33,430 lines." The Bloomingdale account—a Gimbel affiliate—sank from a mere 53,736 lines in 1948 (pitiable compared to the vast outlay in 1939, say) to zero in 1949; Saks 34th Street (also in the Gimbel orbit) found 62,122 lines sufficient in 1949, a mere fourth of the 1948 total.

The lingering notion that *The Sun* as of 1949 was still a medium of appeal to those in the higher bracket of spending is deflated by the statistics showing the interest of Saks-Fifth Avenue: 102,331 lines in 1948 as against 51,798 in 1949. Others—such as McCreery, Altman, Arnold Constable—declined in lesser measure (perhaps their ears were less keenly attuned to advertising trends than those of the Gimbel set), while Macy's actually used a bit more lineage (556,209) in 1949 than in 1948 (531,827). On the other hand, Abraham & Straus, of Brooklyn, found it possible to get along in 1949 with no advertising whatsoever in *The Sun*, against 40,000 lines in 1948.

So much for "union" responsibility. In what respects was *The Sun* a "dying publication"? Why, aside from reasons of normal mortality previously mentioned, did it recede from a circulation of 305,442 in 1947 (the postwar high) to 277,530 in 1949? It began, with Ben Day (a lineal kin to the hero, lest it be forgotten, of "Life with Father") in 1833, as the first "penny paper" in New York. He sponsored "indignation" as a canon of the journalistic instinct. It progressed to other things under Dana, especially to the rank of "newspaperman's newspaper." *The Sun* was fair, it was clean, it was well written. "Be interesting," rang the challenge from the Dana desk. As it passed from hand to hand it emerged



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finally in the possession of Munsey, "the great annihilator," in 1916.

In a foreword to "The Story of *The Sun*" originally published in 1918 and thereafter several times republished under the authorship of Frank O'Brien, its then editor, Edward P. Mitchell II, stated:

> During no small part of its four score and five years of intelligent interest in the world's thought and doings, it has been *The Sun*'s fortune to be regarded as in a somewhat exceptional sense the newspaperman's newspaper. If in truth it has merited in some degree this peculiar distinction in the eyes of its professional brethren it must have been by reason of originality of initiative and soundness of methods, perhaps by a chronic indifference to those ancient conventions of news importance or of editorial phraseology which, when systematically observed, are apt to result in a pale, dull, or even stupid uniformity of product.

With this as basis O'Brien could informedly write a textbook for budding journalists to study. Such words as "originality," "initiative," "soundness," and the rest ring bells in any period of youthful aspiration. For the rest, Mitchell wrote the obituary, thirty years before, for *The Sun* as it lived and died under his inheritors.

It is an ironic commentary on the words of Herbert Pulitzer, in justifying the liquidation of *The World*, in 1931, that he stated: "*The World* cannot be successful because it is in a class mid-way between the high-type newspaper like *The Times*, *Herald Tribune*, and *The Sun*, and the tabloids on the other side." As of February 1931, then, *The Sun* was a "high-type" newspaper. What occurred in the intervening years?

No more than change, no more than progress. When *The World* died its employees were cast out with two weeks' salary; we have seen the advance in social thought that *The Sun*'s, at least, are promised two weeks for every year of service. But the adaptability, the creative intelligence, the mere resilience to shape its own attitudes to the times in which it found itself were nowhere in *The Sun*.

As of the First World War epoch in New York, there existed these evening papers in New York: *The Mail*, *The Globe and Commercial Advertiser*, *The Telegram*, *The World*, *The Sun*, *The Post*, and *The Journal*. The first five have all been swallowed up in the *World-Telegram and The Sun*, as it is presently called. In the morning field there was *The Herald*, *The Tribune*, *The Times*, *The American* (daily and Sunday), and *The World*. The way of *The World* we know: the joint title of the *Herald Tribune* is self-explanatory, likewise the *Journal-American*. *The Times* endures, as does *The Post* (under different auspices and with altered viewpoint). What are the new influences? *The New York Daily News* and *The Daily New York Mirror*, which divide a huge circulation among them. *The Graphic* has come and gone, as has the *PM-Star*. It is too early to tell about *The Compass* at ten cents per copy.

The subdivision of quality journalism into morning and evening trends has recently been explained to me on a basis I never comprehended before. The reader mind, alert and refreshed, can face the morning paper for the challenges of the day, for the information required to guide his business courses or plot his new campaigns. Homeward bound, or in the ease of his arm chair, the reader mind has fought its battles, looks for entertainment and relaxation in its evening paper. If this is the sound theory of American journalism, why isn't it taught in our schools of journalism? Our next wealthy citizen to endow a chair at Northwestern should devote it to teaching newspapers how to survive, not teaching students a trade they cannot practise.

In this there is a lesson for every functioning newspaper to read, whether its attitude is conservative, progressive, or liberal. It is simply that without an interested and devoted public no newspaper can succeed. When the news columns and the specialty writers are juggled as so much matter to keep advertising apart, then the advertiser himself is wasting his money. A newspaper must be conducted as a business but its business, in the broadest sense, is providing news in an interesting and vital way.

WHAT makes one doubt the appreciation of this patent fact is, in the framework of this article itself, the reportage of the collapse of *The Sun*. There was a certain amount of tender-hearted concern for the workers themselves. There was a good deal of historic rehearsal of *The Sun*'s background, its traditional place in the journalistic history of 117 years. Union leaders' resentment of the aspersions cast upon them were quoted. Some attempt at analysis appeared in *The Post* and *Compass*, but no one spelled out the answer for all to read, and nobody got the price!

When such a beacon as *The Sun* is extinguished it must leave some gloom throughout the journalistic community, however bright the remaining local lights may be. There was a time when being a "*Sun* man" (the last time, I think, in my life that I shall write that particular phrase) was a guerdon of professional competence, luring the neophyte from Elmira and Kansas City, Portland, Oregon, and Portland, Maine, to the fingerprints on aged typewriters of Frank Ward O'Malley, Don Marquis, and Edwin C. Hill. What is the aspiring youth in Journalism II to think of security in the newspaper world when a not merely celebrated but a world-famous property is sold for its "intangible assets"? He can only reflect that such able exponents of the journalist's craft as John Hersey, John Gunther, Merle Miller, and Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., made their reputations either in magazines or in books devoid of newspaper blessing.

The note on which I conclude must be, of necessity, a personal one, for this is a very personal exposition. A few years after I began to work for *The Sun*, Henderson, whom I have mentioned before, expressed more than routine content with my progress and added: "Don't ever leave *The Sun*." I never did. But he didn't know that *The Sun* would leave me.

"I feel as if I'd had a vacation when I skip the papers for a few days."

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Seeing Things

"PLOT ME NO PLOTS"

ON THE fifth day of each November bonfires are lighted in London in honor of the discovery of a plot. And Beefeaters, with their lanterns raised, search the basement of the Houses of Parliament as if they still expected to find Guy Fawkes hiding there, with a slow burning match in his hand, ready to set off the powder kegs which would elevate King James I even higher above his subjects.

The story of Guy Fawkes is known to everyone. But between our vague knowledge of his share in this conspiracy and the detailed plan which he and his associates had evolved for carrying it out lies the reason for history's having identified the events with which he is connected, not as the Gunpowder Story, but as the Gunpowder Plot.

Even in the theatre the same distinction can be made. For, strictly speaking, the plotting of a play is not the story upon which that play is founded, or the story that it tells, but the manner in which a particular dramatist, due usually to his times no less than to his personality, has chosen to advance it. It is not those things that happen in a play, but the when, why, and how of their happening.

It is the dramatist's plan of action, his blueprint of events, his mechanical distribution of his fable into acts and scenes. It is the bony structure underlying whatever flesh and blood his characters may boast, the skeleton which makes his play organic and dictates its movements. It is the dramatist's scheme not only for putting his people to the test of deeds or crises but also for arranging, introducing, illustrating, emphasizing, developing, and concluding the basic idea or situation around which he has built his play.

The foregoing paragraphs were written by me several years ago. They appeared in a book called "The Art of Playgoing." I fall back on them now because Carson McCullers's dramatization of her novel, "The Member of the Wedding,"* is an interesting illustration of the differences between plot and story.

Mrs. McCullers's study of the loneliness of an overimaginative young Georgian girl is no ordinary play. It is felt, observed, and phrased with exceptional sensitivity. It deals with the torturing dreams, the hungry egotism, and the heartbreak of childhood in a manner as rare as it is welcome. Quite aside from the magical performances its production includes, it has a magic of its own. The script shines with an unmistakable luster. Plainly it is the work of an artist, of an author who does not stoop to the expected stencils and who sees people with her own eyes rather than through borrowed spectacles.

Common speech becomes uncommon in Mrs. McCullers's usage of it. Her marshaling of words is no less individual than her approach to her characters. She employs the language lovingly to give color and nuance to her unique perceptions. But, though she tells a story, and a very moving one at that, she does so with as little reliance upon plotting as if her aim had been to obey the command of the Citizen in "The Knight of the Burning Pestle" who cried, "Plot me no plots."

A lot happens in "The Member of the Wedding," that is if you consider its separate incidents and what the average playwright would make of them. Frankie, the young girl who is Mrs. McCullers's central character, dreams of going off with her brother and his bride on their honeymoon. When she learns that they do not want her she runs away from home and comes near to committing suicide with her father's pistol. The little boy who lives next door is stricken with meningitis and dies. And Berenice, the Negro cook at Frankie's dilapidated house, hears first that her no-good foster brother has slashed the throat of a white man with a razor, and then that, after his capture, he has hanged himself in jail.

Though she touches upon these last two tragedies, Mrs. McCullers does not build them up. Instead, she throws them away, treating them with a wasteful casualness. Even when dwelling at length upon Frankie's delusive obsessions about the wedding and the honeymoon, she avoids developing them dramatically in the usual fashion. Character and mood are her substitutes for plot. And admirable and absorbing substitutes they prove to be when she is writing at her best.

Galsworthy's contention was that a human being is the best plot there is. "A bad plot," he said, "is simply a row of stakes with a character impaled on each — characters who would have liked to live but came to untimely grief." Certainly, Mrs. McCullers's characters are not impaled upon such a row of stakes. Three of them, the girl Frankie, the Negro cook, and the young boy, are as vivid-

Brandon De Wilde, Julie Harris, and Ethel Waters— "treating [tragedies] with a wasteful casualness."

*THE MEMBER OF THE WEDDING, by Carson McCullers. Directed by Harold Clurman. Settings and costumes by Lester Polakov. Presented by Robert Whitehead, Oliver Rea, and Stanley Martineau. With a cast including Ethel Waters, Julie Harris, Brandon De Wilde, Margaret Barker, Henry Scott, William Hansen, James Holden, Janet De Gore, etc. At the Empire Theatre, New York City. Opened January 5, 1950.

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ly drawn as any characters to have come out of the contemporary theatre.

If, in spite of its fascination and distinction, Mrs. McCullers's play ultimately fails to live up to its high promise, the reason is certainly not her choosing to dispense with plotting, as plotting is ordinarily understood. Healthily, the theatre has grown more and more away from the tawdry contrivances and the delight in artifice for artifice's sake upon which it doted at the century's turn. It has done this in the interest of freedom no less than of truth, done it because both audiences and playwrights have come to realize that the conflicts within individuals possess a greater dramatic value than the prefabricated crises which were once the theatre's mainstay.

The well-made play, with all of its table-thumpings, "plants," big scenes, carpentry, and curtain lines, is nowadays completely out of fashion. Pinero, Jones, and Sardou are very dead indeed. Chekhov's influence is far stronger than that of Ibsen, the master builder. Accordingly, Mrs. McCullers's plotlessness demands no readjustment because it comes as no surprise. It finds her following a tradition most of us like and respect. It is an indication of her probity, a proof that she is writing as an artist.

Considering how fine are the fine things in "The Member of the Wedding," the pity is that Mrs. McCullers's play lacks inward progression. It is more static than it needs or ought to be. Its virtue is its lack of contrivance, but its shortcoming is its lack of planning. Salty and sensitive as is the delineation of its major characters, they do not develop; they stand still. Some of the scenes in which they appear are written as if they were "sketches." This is particularly true in the last act, the three scenes of which are as unsubstantial as Mrs. McCullers's ten subsidiary characters. Among these even Frankie's widowed father, who could do much to explain the mental instability of his daughter, is a mere wraith. He is as unreal as the three characters who interest Mrs. McCullers are real.

A wise old woman once insisted that she liked bad children best of all. When asked why, her answer was, "They are always sent out of the room." There are quite a few moments when one comes uncomfortably near to wishing the same fate would overtake Frankie. She is a disconcerting young egoist, shrill and excitable, who feeds on dreams and is starved for affection. Her boyishness is aggressive and almost pathological. Her language is as tough as her mind is naive. She is unpopular with children of her own age and unmanageable in

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her own household. Her only friends are her cousin, the droll little boy who lives next door, and the wise, earthy, much-married, and all-mothering Negro cook who takes care of her.

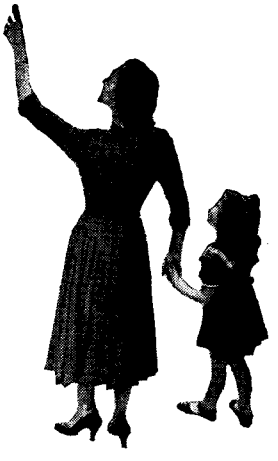
Towards the evening's end Frankie has apparently passed through her difficult phase. She has begun to care about clothes and to be cared for by her contemporaries. In the person of a young football player she has even found her "Greek god." She remains, however, an egotist. She is unaffected by her cousin's death, and untouched by moving to another neighborhood and having to take her leave of the cook. If the sun has begun to shine for Frankie, the darkness of being alone, forgotten, and, without hope is enveloping the cook.

What redeems Frankie from the audience's point of view is the heart-stabbing honesty with which her distress, her fancy, and her loneliness are captured both by Mrs. McCullers in her writing and by Julie Harris in her playing. Miss Harris pulls no punches. She does not spare herself or try to prettify Frankie. Her hair is cropped forlornly. The red satin evening dress she buys for her brother's daytime wedding is the sorriest and most saddening costume any actress has had the integrity to wear in years. Miss Harris's is a brilliant performance. It is as sensitive as Mrs. McCullers's insight into people who are strays from the pack. Brandon De Wilde, who plays the bespectacled youngster from next door, is beguilingly free from self-consciousness. He is a manly little individualist, as much at home behind the footlights as if he were actually hanging around someone's kitchen, hoping for a cooky and begging for attention.

As the cook, Ethel Waters demonstrates once again how exceptional are her gifts. No person in our theatre glows with such goodness. Miss Waters's smile is spirit-lifting and cloud-dispelling. Her laugh is one of the most agreeable sounds known to this planet. So is her voice. Her dignity is no less innate than her benevolence. Moreover, she is an actress whose emotional range is wide. If her heart seems to smile in moments of happiness, her face when downcast achieves true tragic grandeur.

Harold Clurman has never done a better job as a director than with "The Member of the Wedding." He has staged it with beauty, humor, and perception. He has not only assembled an excellent cast but has shown himself to be alert to every shading of an unusual script. The result is an evening as uncommon in its quality as it is radiant in its merits.

—JOHN MASON BROWN.



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BELLES-LETTRES

(Continued from page 17)

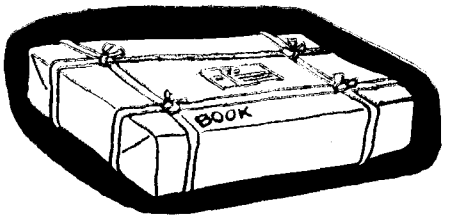
he seems to have been less aware of the extent of the influence of Emerson, Thoreau, and Whitman on their countrymen, to have believed, in fact, that they had none. But if he had known better, probably he would not have cared. His delight was to gather from books the shining or curious phrase, the unconscious personal revelation, the wry or touching anecdote, and to range these treasures with cunning casualness on the shelves of his essays. The rest is just scaffolding. Those who know how to share his pleasures will be sensible enough to accept the arrangement.

THREE LANTERN SLIDES, by John T. Winterich. University of Illinois Press, Urbana, Ill. $2.50. In these three informal platform lectures Mr. Winterich discourses on the state of books and related phenomena in America for the years 1876, 1901, and 1926. He draws the material for his samplings from the miscellaneous contents of *Publishers' Weekly.* Each lecture starts with a short "newsreel," and then covers—*ad libitum*—best sellers, book prices, the book trade, and book design. Especially interesting sections are the odd situation of book prices in theory and practice in 1876, legislation and book illustration in 1901, and censorship, book-club beginnings, and the Pulitzer Prize in 1926.

NINETEENTH CENTURY STUDIES, by Basil Willey. Columbia University Press. $4. After having devoted two earlier books to the backgrounds of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, Professor Willey now turns to the first half (roughly) of the nineteenth. His method is to examine the development of its religious and ethical ideas from Coleridge to Matthew Arnold. It is a judicious method, for by tracing these strands in the complex web of ideas he is able to schematize the two most pervasive problems of the century. Starting with Coleridge, he analyzes Thomas Arnold (who is rescued from Strachey's caricature of the "eminent Victorian"), Newman, Carlyle, John Stuart Mill, George Eliot, and Matthew Arnold. His treatment is admirable in every way: he projects the ideas of his leading figures with objectivity and thoroughness, maintaining a critical yet an unbiased attitude, and he writes in a style delightfully urbane and lucid. He has, in fact, produced a book valuable as intellectual history of a period and as a model for future studies.

THE DEMON LOVER: A Psychoanalytic Approach to Literature, by Arthur Wormhoudt. Exposition Press, New York. $3.50. Using psychoanalytic theory, Professor Wormhoudt analyzes the five major romantic poets: Coleridge, Wordsworth, Keats, Shelley, and Byron. He takes his clinical evidence from their poetry and adds supplementary facts from their biographies. As an "approach"—that is, as one of the methods of understanding a work of literature—his method is a fruitful one. But in practice he makes it a hobby horse and rides it beyond the bounds of common sense. His mechanical and tactless application of his formulae to complex poems which embrace a wider horizon than the pregenital mother image (his pet theory) results in making his method, in the end, an exercise in cryptography; the poems are distorted, not clarified. A good antidote to such excesses, yet one which recognizes the value of Freud's theories to literary criticism, is Lionel Trilling's brilliant essay "Freud and Literature."

THE NOVEL AND OUR TIME, by Alex Comfort. Alan Swallow, Denver. $1.50. In his long essay, which is both conversational and close-packed, Dr. Comfort analyzes the dilemma of the modern novel. His main preoccupations are sociological and technical. He sees the novel as the characteristic literary form of our time, when an "asocial society" possesses no body of basic beliefs which the artist can take for granted and work with. Using an approach which actually grows out of Taine's triple theory, he discusses the novel as a modern institution, and this, in turn, leads him to describe its technical problems, which range from the reader's response to the writer's angle



of narration. His shortcoming is that too often he throws off fresh, vivid insights without sufficiently explaining and developing them. But for its serious and powerful literary intelligence it is a remarkably stimulating book.

—ROBERT HALSLAND.

GALLERY OF GHOSTS, by James Reynolds. Creative Age Press. $10. In this collection Mr. Reynolds goes farther afield for his phantoms than he did in "Ghosts in Irish Houses." His stories, one short of two score, take the reader to various lands: England, France, Belgium, Portugal, Holland, Italy, Saxony, Hungary, Norway, India, and the United States; specters, male and female, go their weird ways, live out their dread compulsions, regardless of the laws of space time. Here you will find, for instance, the ragged dandy of Ashdown House or the antlered master of Chateau Bois Chasse; the Frenzies of the Hagg could scarcely be classified as belonging to the gentler sex, but Jehane la Blazon seems a mild enough somnambulist and Maria Pia none too malevolent. And so on and so on.

The only trouble with all this is that Mr. Reynolds does not tell his stories very well; the illustrations seem to me quite crude, and the price of the volume almost prohibitive. But birthdays are coming, and if you have a friend whose taste is not exactly for literature this is the kind of gift which might make a pronounced impression.

—ROLFE HUMPHRIES.

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FICTION

(Continued from page 13)

his wife's brother, whose fiancée she is? But of course not. And in pondering the issue Andrew renews the fountains of affection for Marny, his wife, and finds new depths of dedication to the hardware factory and to all the dear hearts and gentle people in the old home town. Pretentiously fancy, with the sprightliness of a store clerk's smile, this has somehow escaped into hard covers from its natural habitat as a complete-in-this-issue. Grade-B, woman's magazine piece.

—EDMUND FULLER.

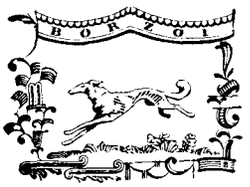
IT'S A WISE CHILD, by Anne Fisher. Bobbs-Merrill. $2.75. Having written several books of non-fiction and two historical novels, Anne Fisher tries her hand at rowdy comedy in this picaresque tale of Old Monterey, a town full of raffish Latin types, from old Anita the midwife, who also obliged in laying out corpses, to Dr. Brown, who rarely emerges from an alcoholic haze.

The easy-going, sun-soaked village of Monterey found itself facing something of a crisis when Troya, the beautiful Mexican girl who had done housework in the homes of the rich Spaniards, gave birth to a baby girl. Troya was found dying in an old deserted convent. It was well known in the community that there would be a wide choice of possibilities for the father of the child.

The problem of the baby's paternity settled, what was to be done with it? Warm-hearted Conchita wanted it terribly, but Father Casanova had doubts about turning the innocent infant over to a woman of Conchita's reputation. Very well, then, Conchita promised, she would reform, and when that reformation seemed a fact, Father Casanova transferred the infant, Donna, to her care in a charming ceremony at the church. Getting the baby was one thing, and supporting her in the entirely correct manner which her promise to Father Casanova required was quite a more difficult one. Conchita had a project too—she definitely wanted the respectability of marriage. While we watch Conchita achieve her ambitions, by her own quite inimitable means, all sorts of minor excitements stir the Monterey gossips from their siestas.

If you find the idea that Latins are lovable, amusing children, you may think this a very funny book. But on the whole the comedy seems contrived and the characters distressingly like the extras on some Hollywood set.

—PAMELA TAYLOR.



The probing dissection of an unhappy marriage

ANDRÉ GIDE'S

THE SCHOOL FOR WIVES, ROBERT, & GENEVIÈVE

The School for Wives is a journal begun by an enraptured bride and continued—after a twenty year lapse—by the disenchanted woman she has become. *Robert* gives her husband's defensive point of view, and *Geneviève* allows their daughter to throw new light on both of her parents.

Here is one of Gide's most profound studies of the daily drama of human living. Only the first third has hitherto been available in English; the work as a whole appears here for the first time.

$2.75 wherever books are sold

ALFRED · A · KNOPF, *Publisher*

WATCH FOR John Hersey's THE WALL COMING FEB. 27

WOULD A BOMB FROM MARS SHOCK THE NATIONS OF THE WORLD INTO UNITY?

A MACMILLAN FANTASY THRILLER

$2.50 at all bookstores

By Bernard Newman

The FLYING SAUCER

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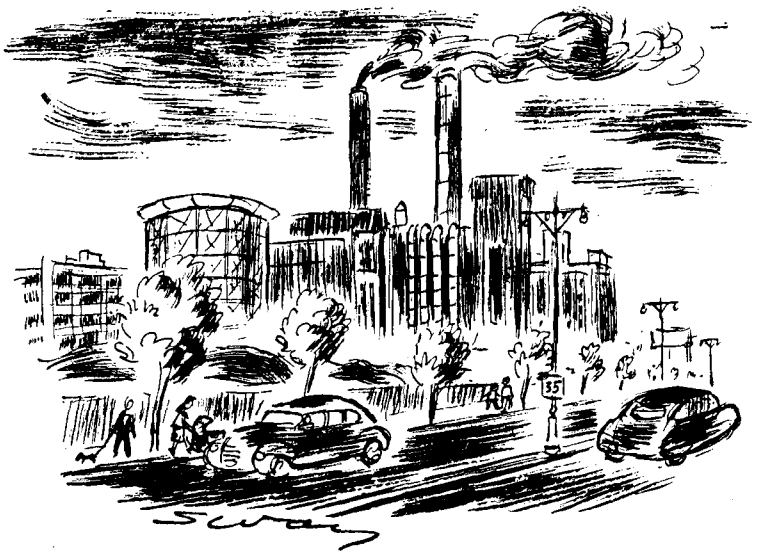
Enterprise— Private & Plural

ROBERT COUSINS
and
S. T. WILLIAMSON



IN LAST year's round-up of business and economic books (*SRL* Jan. 22, 1949) we observed: "The art and science of business management sorely needs a useful literature." Stet.

The American economic system is far better than most attempts to explain it. Some books stand out. A few would do so in any field. The rest stand out not because they are distinguished but because they are so much better than the dismal general run. More fun appears to be had by critics who would kick the system to pieces than by those who are trying to hold it together. But, bred'ren, the world do move. Last year's business and economic books were better than those of the year before. Books scheduled for this year seem more promising than the advance lists of 1949.

Why is the general run of books in this field so depressing? Why is left-wing writing better than right-wing writing? Are there any right-wing book reviewers? Is there a literate group of businessmen? What do they read? And what are some neglected media of reaching men's minds?

It would be easy to blame book publishers for the low readability standards of business and economic literature. But their responsibility is heavy enough without adding to it. Publishers have their troubles, some of which surely arise from a system which tolerates mediocre texts. No magazine with low standards would live more than a few issues, and the writing encountered in the average magazine article is superior to that of the average non-fiction book. More mental sweat goes into preparation of a magazine article than into a similar amount of book text. Magazine editors work over the text, staff rewriters run and rerun it through their typewriters before an article goes into type. They have to, for the average general-readership periodical must have between 150,000 and 400,000 readers before it is financially on its feet. A book publisher breaks even when sales reach between 8,000 and 10,000 copies. Why should he lay out more money on the chance that a better product will appeal to a wider readership?

As a general rule, left-wing writing has more zip to it than right-wing writing. And there's more of it. Among book and magazine publishers the quest is always for "something new" in editorial material—new ideas, new plans, new exposures; novelty, the odd, the unusual. The writer is therefore always seeking something new to explain. There is much more pay dirt in marketing an exposure and denunciation than a carefully investigated and objectively recorded fact. Attacks are far livelier reading than defenses.

As for book reviewing, we believe that in non-professional publications it is heavily loaded on one side. Few left-wing books are reviewed by right-wing reviewers. So many right-wing books are reviewed by left-wing reviewers that encomiums of Henry Hazlitt are sometimes worked overtime in publishers' advertising. We do not suggest that the purpose of a book review is to furnish publishers' jackets with incense-burning adjectives. Or that hostile reviewers should button their lips. We merely observe that the practice we speak of is rather monotonous.

The right-wing book gets it coming and going. If reviewed by a left-wing reviewer, it is heartily damned. If a conservative reviewer finds in it a couple of paragraphs of heresy, though the rest may be affirmation of the true faith, he too damns the book from hell to breakfast.

LEFT-WING, right-wing, all around the center, what is it about the business of making a living which drives economists who study it away from simple English and into gabble-gobble Choctaw? Suppose you wish to say that many laws and their administration are flexible enough to cover new situations without passing more legislation. If you say so in so many understandable words, you are not an economist writer in good standing. Muss it up with verbal cobwebs: "Under our system of law and administration many adjustments to new situations are made interstitially without organic reconstruction of the legal framework." And try this on your decoding machine: "The first trend in the attitude of Government toward business seems to the Council to be this: The doctrine of secular stagnation no longer finds place in any important public circle with which we are familiar."

The two quotations we have just given might have come from almost any economic discussion put out by publishers and advertised as of importance to businessmen and lay readers. Since so many economic texts are like this, it would be unfair to single out any one of them. So, we chose the two sentences from the recent report of the President's Council of Economic Advisers. The report was not written for the American Economic Association but for the enlightenment of Mr. Truman, of col-

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leagues of Senators Taft and Wherry, and of the rest of us.

If much economic writing is like this—and believe you us, it is—is it any wonder that the majority of people of even above-average intelligence are economic illiterates? Which is as good a reason as any why so much halfbaked economic thought gets public acceptance. Few of us can tell the difference.

Well, then, say you, the remedy should be simple. Put all this polysyllabic cackle into terms of one-syllable thought. Attempts have been and are being made. Not all of them are happy. The woods are full of public-relations people and of high-sounding foundations and committees for this and that which attempt to "educate the working man and the public in sound economic principles." Some of their publications appear designed for a backward child of six—"I-see-a-cat" primers. Others, addressed to wage-earners, have a hearty but synthetic "youse guys" approach. Both forms are unsuccessful because they insult their readership by writing down to it instead of alongside it.

We refrain from naming other books which are supposed to inform but instead are tirades and harangues. They are popular with those who already have embraced the true economic gospel, and they may strengthen the faith, but they don't convert the backsliders and the heathen. Numbers of subsidized books and brochures are written to please the people who sign the checks.

Check-writers get nowhere with their literary assembly-belt idea. The business world is becoming increasingly literate and more and more is turning to authoritative and articulate books. Business leadership has widened both in outlook and in background. At the close of World War I few businessmen and industrialists who reached the top ever attended college. Their chief concern was production and finance, and they left such matters as research, labor relations, and public good will to subordinates. The close of World War II found the heads of major corporations largely college- and university graduate-school-trained.

—*Burck in the* Chicago Sun-Times.

"Young Man with a Horn."

At a time when big corporations are attacked not so much for illegal monopolizing as merely for being big, the chief speech-making subject of their top executives is "The Responsibilities of Business Leadership." Public and labor relations no longer are secondary concerns. Heads of large corporations are acutely aware that American industry's miracles of production have not been matched by improvement in the art of getting along with people, that industry successfully trained men to work machines but did little about their minds or morale.

A few months ago the *Harvard Business Review* questioned 10,000 business executives about their reading habits. Some 90 per cent reported they read books on business and economic subjects. A fairly general reply was, "Books relating to the handling of people interest me most because that seems to be the top problem today." A typical complaint was "With the exception of books on technical subjects, we find that most of the books follow the same pattern. There is nothing very new." According to the Harvard survey, top executives find as much time for books as do those on the way up, but with a wider range of titles. The man on the way up has distinct preference for "know-how" and self-improvement books, a type of literature generally spurned by those in the front office.

Titles in the business and economic field closely follow the trend described by the *Harvard Business Review*. The most populous categories are self-improvement books, discussions of human relations, and books explaining our economic system. Out of this can be read major problems of American business: how to get better trained management and supervisors, cultivation of smoother human relations, and greater public understanding and appreciation of competitive private enterprise.

American business has much lost time to make up in cultivating public opinion. By radio addresses, full-page advertisements, pamphlets, brochures, and books, attempts are made to reach the mass mind. The American system, with no "planners" and "bureaucrats" jiggling its elbows, is waved before the eyes and dinned into the ears of the American people. But not necessarily into the minds. As spectators and as listeners, they are on the sidelines. Have we been mixing metaphors? Good! We describe a mixed situation. Why not, then, get down to fundamentals? Get the listeners and spectators to participate in the discussions. Get them to talking among themselves.

—*Justus in the* Minneapolis Star.

"'Round and 'Round She Goes—"

We come to our round-up of past and future business books:

For the 1949 book on economics most useful and satisfying to businessmen we nominate "Controlling Factors in Economic Development" (Brookings), by Harold G. Moulton. In it, the head of the Brookings Institution appraises American economic problems and the future with lucidness and authority—and shows that it is possible for a wise man to make himself understood.

Candidate for the year's deepest and most important tome (still keeping businessmen in mind) is "Human Action: An Economic Treatise" (Yale University Press), by Ludwig von Mises. Heavily and profoundly are free markets upheld, Government controls opposed, and the sensible contention made that people are as important as things in the study of economic forces.

"The Vital Center" (Houghton Mifflin), by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., diagnoses ills in the body politic and economic and prescribes. Here is erudition with sparkle which even dissenters from Schlesinger can read with enjoyment and stimulation.

"Backgrounds of Power" (Scribner's), by Roger Burlingame, is an absorbing study of the development and social significance of machine mass production. This book is a rare and shining example of original research and scholarship combined with fascinating readability.

"The Great Pierpont Morgan" (Harper), by Frederick Lewis Allen, is the year's outstanding business biography. Brilliantly written, avoid-

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ing both smear and whitewash, this book should long be an example of what a business biography can be.

Will 1950 books measure up to any of the foregoing? Here are some significant candidates:

The New Society. By Peter F. Drucker. Harper & Bros. (May).

A Hook in Leviathan (A study of the Hoover Commission Report) By Bradley D. Nash and Cornelius Lynde. The Macmillan Co. (March).

Peace by Investment. By Benjamin Javitz. Funk & Wagnalls (March).

The Road Is Yours: The Story of the Automobile Industry and the Men Behind It. By Reginald M. Cleveland. Greystone Publishers (April)

The Coming Defeat of Communism. By James Burnham. John Day Co. (February).

The Decline and Fall of British Capitalism. By Keith Hutchison. Charles Scribner's Sons (March).

The Economic Role of the State. By William A. Orton. University of Chicago Press (April).

Public Relations. By Edward L. Bernays. University of Oklahoma Press (Fall).

Bold New Program. By Willard R. Espy. Harper & Bros. (April).

Meat and Man: A Study of Monopoly, Unionism, and Food Policy. By Lewis Corey. The Viking Press (January).

How to Stay Rich: The Story of American Democratic Capitalism. By Ernest L. Klein. Farrar, Straus & Co. (April).

Strategy of Poker, Business and War. By John McDonald. The Macmillan Co. (March).

The Inside Story of the Stock Exchange. By Humphrey B. Neill. B. C. Forbes (March).

To Give Capitalism a Future. Edited by Dexter M. Keezer. Whittlesey House (April).

Robert Cousins is editor of Executive Books. Samuel T. Williamson is an author and free-lance writer on economic affairs.

Businessmen's Briefs

THE following list offers a representative cross-section of the hundreds of books dealing with economics, management, and labor published during 1949 Because of limitations of space many worth-while titles of special appeal have had to be omitted.

Economics

CONTROLLING FACTORS IN ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT By Harold G. Moulton. Washington: The Brookings Institution. 397 pp. $4. The head of Brookings Institution examines what lies ahead for American business. He discusses economic problems, whether we are headed for hard times and, if so, what to do about it.

THE COMMERCE OF NATIONS. By John B. Condliffe. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 884 pp. $7.50. An economic history of foreign trade. Mr. Condliffe analyzes the modern trend to collectivism, the effects of war on world and national economies, the weapons of economic warfare, and the instruments of international cooperation.

BUSINESS AND GOVERNMENT. By Marshall E. Dimock. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 840 pp. $4.75. A political science and economic review of the relations between business and government. Mr. Dimock reasons in favor of a "mixed economy."

THE VITAL CENTER. By Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 274 pp. $3. The author of the Pulitzer Prize winner "The Age of Jackson" diagnoses our political and economic ailments and prescribes a cure. Reviewed in *SRL* Sept. 10, 1949.

U. S. A.: MEASURE OF A NATION. By Thomas R. Carskadon and Rudolf Modley. New York: The Twentieth Century Fund. 101 pp. $1. A pictorial and graphic digest of "America's Needs and Resources." Reviews past economic achievements, what our resources are today, and forecasts what our requirements are likely to be in 1960. Reviewed in *SRL* Oct. 1, 1949.

THE ECONOMIC MIND IN AMERICAN CIVILIZATION. By Joseph Dorfman. New York: The Viking Press. 494 pp. $6. Examines the growth of our economy and industrial life from 1865 to 1918. Mr. Dorfman reviews the doctrines of professional economists and economic thinkers who had the most profound effect in that period.

THE RETURN OF ADAM SMITH. By George S. Montgomery, Jr. Caldwell, Idaho: Caxton Printers, Ltd. 147 pp. $2.50. Redefines in light of our present society the economic theories of Adam Smith.

THE ECONOMIC MUNICH. By Philip Cortney. New York: Philosophical Library. 262 pp. $3.75. A noted manufacturer condemns the Havana Trade Organization Charter as an international application of the controversial doctrines of Lord Maynard Keynes.

TWENTIETH CENTURY ECONOMIC THOUGHT. Edited by Glenn E. Hoover. New York: Philosophical Library. 844 pp. $12. An economic "free-for-all," in which twenty scholars write on economic problems of today. A book for top economists. Laymen would do better to sit back and watch the fur fly.

HAS MARKET CAPITALISM COLLAPSED? A Critique of Karl Polanyi's New Economics. By Allen Morris Sievers. New York: Columbia University Press. 387 pp. $4.75. A scholarly evaluation of Polanyi's work on economics and social science, underscoring its shortcomings in execution. Reviewed in this issue

ECONOMIC PLANNING. By Seymour Harris. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 577 pp. $6. A valuable reference book for businessmen who want a worldwide report on the development and current status of economic planning.

ENTERPRISE IN A FREE SOCIETY. By Clare E. Griffin. Chicago: Richard Irwin, Inc. 583 pp. $5. A complete round-up of economics in a heavy classical style. Weighs the impact of human nature upon the functioning of economics.

THE THEORY OF ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT. By Joseph A. Schumpeter. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 255 pp. $4. English version of 1926 German edition of the late Professor Schumpeter's controversial inquiry into profits, capital, credit, interest, and the business cycle. Book will be of interest to economists who seek to evaluate how this economist's early theories have withstood the test of time.

ECONOMICS AND THE PUBLIC WELFARE. By Benjamin McAlester Anderson. New York: D. Van Nostrand Co. 602 pp. $6. A financial and economic history of the U.S. from 1913 to 1946. Emphasizes basic economic principles, crucial roles played by outstanding individuals, and disastrous consequences of flouting moral principles and market manipulations.

STRATEGY FOR LIBERALS. By Irwin Ross. New York: Harper & Bros. 211 pp. $3. Mr. Ross speaks for the creation of a mixed economy—a blend of capitalist, cooperative, and Socialist economic sectors with the Government as the guiding force.

SECURITY FOR THE PEOPLE. By Roland Wiley Bartlett. Chicago: Wilcox & Follett. 310 pp. $3.75. A controversial, at times economically incoherent, discussion of security through full employment. Mr. Bartlett argues in favor of industrywide guaranteed annual wage plans.

THE EPIC OF AMERICAN INDUSTRY. By James Blaine Walker. New York: Harper & Bros. 513 pp. $5. A history of American business and how it got that way. Traces the rise of big business and little business, all woven into the story of our national industrial development.

TURKEY: AN ECONOMIC APPRAISAL. By Max W. Thornburg, Graham Spry, and George Soule. New York: Twentieth Century Fund. 324 pp. $3.50. A program for the use of American capital and technical skill to aid in the development of a free Turkish economy.

BACKGROUNDS OF POWER. By Roger Burlingame. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 372 pp. $5. A history of the origin and development of industrial mass production. Records of machines, tools, and their inventors and an examination of social problems of today as man confronts his machines in a grapple for mastery. Reviewed in *SRL* Dec. 3, 1949.

HUMAN ACTION: A Treatise on Economics. By Ludwig von Mises. New Haven: Yale

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University Press. 889 pp. $10. The former head of the "Austrian" school of economics contends that sound economic theory should be based on a thorough understanding of human nature and its behavior as well as of the techniques of the market place. Reviewed in *SRL* Sept. 24, 1949.

MAINTAINING COMPETITION. By Corwin D. Edwards. New York: McGraw-Hill. 337 pp. $3.75. A controversial study of the monopoly problem and how to deal with it.

THE CONSUMER INTEREST. By Persia Campbell. New York: Harper & Bros. 660 pp. $4.50. A scholarly study of economics from the consumer's point of view. Underscores factors affecting consumer wants, problems of the market, and forces governing supply.

GOVERNMENT FINANCING OF PRIVATE ENTERPRISE. By Douglas R. Fuller. Stanford, Calif.: Stanford University Press. 206 pp. $3. Is Government-financing of private enterprise desirable? A banker reviews past experiments, appraises errors, and offers recommendations for the future.

WEALTH AND WELFARE: The Origins of American Economics. By Norman Ware. New York: William Sloane Assoc. 231 pp. $2.50. Mr. Ware attempts to trace and explain the key economic developments of the last thousand years of Western civilization.

CYCLES: The Science of Prediction. By Edward R. Dewey and Edwin F. Dakin. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 255 pp. $3.50. The authors, examining the past and estimating when history is due to repeat itself, clock four major cycles which seem to occur at regular intervals in our economic system. Revised edition with postscript 1950.

THE BASING-POINT SYSTEM. By Fritz Machlup. Philadelphia: The Blakiston Co. 275 pp. $5. An economic analysis of a controversial pricing practice. Traces the development of the system and describes its operation. Mr. Machlup argues that the practice is monopolistic.

A DICTIONARY OF ECONOMICS. By Harold S. Sloan and Arnold J. Zurcher. New York: Barnes & Noble. 268 pp. $3. Definitions and explanations of economic terms that have general currency in business, commerce, and finance.

Finance and Taxation

EFFECTS OF TAXATION: Inventory Accounting and Policies. By J. Keith Butters. Cambridge: Division of Research, Harvard Business School. 330 pp. $3.75. A professor of business administration weighs the effects of Federal taxation on business, particularly its influence on inventory accounting procedures.

BUSINESS INSURANCE. By Edwin H. White. New York: Prentice-Hall. 423 pp. $5.75. Analyzes and illustrates various methods of business continuation — sole proprietorship, partnerships, the closed corporation, etc.

OUR NATIONAL DEBT. By the Committee on Public Debt Policy. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 182 pp. $2.50. In non-technical language, a broad appraisal of the national debt, together with a practical program for controlling it with safety.

YOUR 1950 INCOME TAX. By J. K. Lasser. New York: Simon & Schuster. 176 pp. Paperbound. $1. The more complicated our tax laws become, the more copies of his annual guide does Mr. Lasser sell.

HOW TO FINANCE REAL ESTATE. By Stanley L. McMichael. New York: Prentice-Hall. 368 pp. $5.75. A guide to financing every type of real estate from a single unit dwelling to a huge subdivision project.

A PRIMER ON BUDGETING. By C. Oliver Wellington. New York: D. Van Nostrand Co. 86 pp. $2.95. A simplified presentation of business budgeting principles and procedures.

AN ANALYSIS OF GOVERNMENT LIFE INSURANCE. By Dan Mays McGill. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press. 290 pp. $3.75. Evaluates Government insurance as an instrument of social policy, Federal subsidies involved in the program, and some of the more persistent problems that have been encountered.

HANDBOOK OF ACCOUNTING METHODS. Edited by J. K. Lasser. New York: D. Van Nostrand Co. 1,350 pp. $12. A symposium by accounting experts who discuss the principles and practices of cost accounting, including the newest methods as used in many companies.

MONEY IN A MAELSTROM. By J. W. Beyen. New York: The Macmillan Co. 221 pp. $3.25. Mr. Beyen, an expert in international finance, falls just short of his original objective—simplification of monetary theory for the layman.

WHAT'S BEHIND A FINANCIAL STATEMENT. By R. G. Rankin. New York: Doubleday & Co. 160 pp. $2. A simplification of the principles of accounting practices and methods. Explains how transactions are recorded, how figures are assembled, and how to interpret them. Reviewed in this issue.

THE INTELLIGENT INVESTOR. By Benjamin Graham. New York: Harper & Bros. 276 pp. $3.50. An investment counselor reviews for the layman investment theory and practice.

DICTIONARY OF INSURANCE TERMS. Prepared by the Insurance Committee, U.S. Cham-

ber of Commerce. Washington, D. C. 74 pp. $1.75. This excursion into the insurance language field is effective as far as it goes, which isn't very far.

MONETARY MANAGEMENT. By E. A. Goldenweiser. New York: McGraw-Hill. 175 pp. $2.75. Examines the operations of money in the economy, and the functions and experiences of the Federal Reserve Board since 1913.

BUSINESS TAX HANDBOOK. By J. K. Lasser. New York: Simon & Schuster. 832 pp. $5. A competent guide for businessmen who find it increasingly difficult to keep up to date with ever-changing tax laws and seek a reference of tax alternatives and elections. Reviewed in this issue.

Labor Relations

CURRENT TRENDS IN INDUSTRIAL PSYCHOLOGY. A Symposium. Pittsburgh: University of Pittsburgh. 197 pp. $3.75. Proceedings of a series of conferences between educators and industrialists, held under the auspices of the University of Pittsburgh.

PROFIT SHARING. By Kenneth M. Thompson. New York: Harper & Bros. 330 pp. $4. An analysis of the controversial profit-sharing movement and its effect upon management-labor relations.

TRADE UNIONS IN THE NEW SOCIETY. By Harold J. Laski. New York: The Viking Press. 192 pp. $3. An architect of the British Labor Party analyzes the economic and political role played by unions in our society. A highly provocative and challenging tome.

JOB HORIZONS. By Lloyd G. Reynolds and Joseph Shister. New York: Harper & Bros. 263 pp. $2.25. An investigation by the Labor and Management Center, Yale University, on how workers select new jobs, what determines whether or not they stay on the job, and their occupational plans and ambitions.

THE U. A. W. AND WALTER REUTHER. By Irving Howe and B. J. Widick. New York: Random House. 309 pp. $3. A searching examination and defense of the United Automobile Workers under the leadership of Walter Reuther. Reviewed in *SRL* Dec. 24, 1949.

FOUNDATIONS FOR CONSTRUCTIVE INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS. By R. Carter Nyman. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 209 pp. $2.85. The personnel director of Yale University evaluates the nature and effects of environmental and social conditioning on human beings and lists factors needed for cooperative human relations in industry.

PARTNERS IN PRODUCTION. By the Labor Committee of the Twentieth Century Fund. New York: Twentieth Century Fund. 150 pp. $1.50. How can we arouse enthusiasm for greater production among "all" groups in our economic life? Top business leaders and labor representatives face issues like this and submit a program for industrial harmony.

TEAMWORK IN INDUSTRY. By William Seward. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 206 pp. $3. A program for better labor-management cooperation. Based on interviews with executives and workers.

LEFT, RIGHT AND CENTER. By Sidney Lens. Chicago: Henry Regnery Co. 432 pp. $4. A controversial approach to American labor unionism, with emphasis on why it has failed to produce results satisfactory to the unions.

THE LABOR STORY. By Aleine Austin. New York: Coward-McCann. 244 pp. $2. A popular, but not impartial, record of American labor, tracing its growth and evaluating its present and future role. To be reviewed in an early issue.

UNION GUY. By Clayton W. Fountain. New York: The Viking Press. 256 pp. $2.75. A UAW member describes the rise of his union and his experience as a former member of the Communist Party.

LABOR DICTIONARY. By Paul Hubert Casselman. New York: Philosophical Library. 554 pp. $7.50. Some 2,500 definitions of labor terms, short biographies of labor leaders, and accounts of unions, labor agencies, and labor legislation.

JOHN L. LEWIS. By Saul Alinsky. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 257 pp. $4. A sympathetic story of the man, the leader, the politician—how he thinks, feels, and acts.

LABOR MANAGEMENT IN A COMMON ENTERPRISE. By Dorothea de Schweinitz. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 186 pp. $3. This research study of labor-management production committees is both a critique of their efficacy and a guidepost to their more effective work in the future.

GREATER PRODUCTIVITY THROUGH COOPERATION. By Ernest Dale. New York: American Management Assn. 197 pp. $5. A useful record of labor-management cooperation in 263 companies.

UNIONS AND CAPITALISM. By Charles E. Lindblom. New Haven: Yale University Press. 276 pp. $3.75. An associate professor of economics at Yale University warns that unionism and the private enterprise economy are incompatible, that the growing union challenge to managerial control will result in unemployment and inflation. Reviewed in *SRL* Oct. 1, 1949.

Management Methods and Problems

THE SCIENTIFIC APPRAISAL OF MANAGEMENT. By Jackson Martindell. New York: Harper & Bros. 316 pp. $3.50. The president of the American Institute of Management examines the business practices of some of our leading corporations, as compared with their lesser competitors. Reviewed in this issue.

COMMUNICATING IDEAS TO THE PUBLIC. By Stephen E. Fitzgerald. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 288 pp. $3.50. A public-relations counsel cites the methods and experiences of progressive companies in promoting economic understanding.

BOTTOM-UP MANAGEMENT. By William B. Given, Jr. New York: Harper & Bros. 117 pp. $2.50. The president of the American Brake Shoe Co. explains his philosophy of human relations and the experiences of his firm with management decentralization.

THE DEPARTMENT STORE STORY. By Frank M. Mayfield. New York: Fairchild Publications. 260 pp. $5. Traces the origin and development of retail merchandising, and describes modern methods of organization and operation.

IT'S YOUR BUSINESS. By J. Lewis Simon. New York: Fairchild Publications. 199 pp. $3.50. Examines the place of small business in our economy, problems involved, what the success factors are, and how to avoid failure.

WHAT EVERY CORPORATION DIRECTOR SHOULD KNOW. By Percival E. Jackson. New York: William-Frederick Press. 224 pp. $3.50. Lists the duties of directors and the correlative obligations of operating executives.

MANAGEMENT PLANNING AND CONTROL. By Billy E. Goetz. New York: McGraw-Hill. 294 pp. $3.75. A managerial approach to industrial accounting.

VITALIZING THE FOREMAN'S ROLE IN MANAGEMENT. By Glenn Gardiner and Robert L. Gardiner. New York: McGraw-Hill. 274 pp. $3.50. A case-history approach to improved foremanship in management.

THE POWER OF PEOPLE. By Charles P. McCormick. New York: Harper & Bros. 136 pp. $2. The president of McCormick & Co., the world's largest manufacturer of spices and extracts, relates the accomplishments of his firm with multiple management—a system of active employee participation in management.

ADMINISTRATION. By Albert Lepawsky. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 669 pp. $6.50. Three hundred administration experts contribute to this study on the art and science of organization and management. They survey principles, problems, and operational procedures of the American executive in all fields of endeavor.

PROCESSES OF ORGANIZATION AND MANAGEMENT. Edited by Catheryn Seckler-Hudson. Washington: Public Affairs Press. 296 pp. $3.75. A series of papers which point up the importance of studying organization and management in terms of the broad framework of social and individual responsibility.

BUSINESS IDEAS HANDBOOK. Edited by Lillian Doris. New York: Prentice-Hall. 576 pp. $7.50. A handbook of ideas for cutting costs, increasing profits, and streamlining managerial functions.

MANAGEMENT MEN AND THEIR METHODS. Edited by Luis J. A. Villalon. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 270 pp. $3. Incisive examinations of the business methods by which thirty-three executives succeeded.

DEVELOPMENT OF EXECUTIVE LEADERSHIP. Edited by Marvin Bower. Cambridge:

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Harvard University Press. 160 pp. $2.50. Five top-flight executives and a noted economist advise on what it takes to become a business leader and how to go about advancing in business. Reviewed in this issue.

CONTROLLERSHIP IN MODERN MANAGEMENT. Edited by Thornton F. Bradshaw. Chicago: Richard D. Irwin. 241 pp. $4. Ten experts describe the development of controllership, its contribution to management, problems of organization, and basic issues that confront the controller today.

CONFERENCE METHODS IN INDUSTRY. By Henry M. Busch. New York: Harper & Bros. 107 pp. $1.75. A guide to effective conference methods in industrial education and arbitration.

GRAPHIC PRESENTATION SIMPLIFIED. By R. R. Lutz. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 260 pp. $4. A guide to the use of graphic methods for recording and analyzing business operations.

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PUBLIC RELATIONS FOR RETAILERS. By Tom Mahoney and Rita Hession. New York: The Macmillan Co. 248 pp. $4.50. A guide to better public relations with customers, employees, suppliers, stockholders, and the community.

MAKING CONFERENCE PROGRAMS WORK. By M. F. Stigers. New York: McGraw-Hill. 256 pp. $3.50. A training handbook for junior executives and foremen who have had little or no experience in leading discussion groups.

PUBLIC RELATIONS IN MANAGEMENT: A Guide to Advancement. By J. Handly Wright and Byron H. Christian. New York: McGraw-Hill. 229 pp. $3.25. What public relations are and how they should be conducted. Cites the public-relations experiences of both large and small enterprises and the quoted wisdom of foremost public-relations experts.

Advertising and Sales

HOW TO SELL THROUGH MAIL ORDER. By Irvin Graham. New York: McGraw-Hill. 433 pp. $4. Practical tips for successful results in mail order. Includes markets, types of organization, research data, and Government regulations.

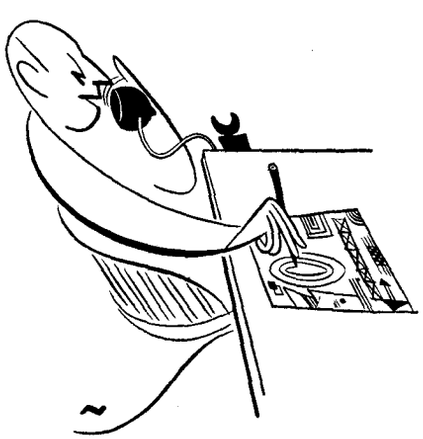
SALES IDEA BOOK. By *Printers' Ink* Editors and Contributors. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 376 pp. $5. A time-saving and money-saving guide to help businessmen achieve maximum selling results.

THE HISTORY OF AN ADVERTISING AGENCY. By Ralph M. Hower. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 690 pp. $7.50. Revised edition of an earlier work on N. W. Ayer & Son, of Philadelphia, one of the nation's largest advertising agencies.

HANDBOOK OF SALES TRAINING. By National Society of Sales Training Executives. New York: Prentice-Hall. 415 pp. $5.35. Sales executives show how a well-balanced program of training will result in improved operating methods, reduced need for supervision, and better customer relations.

CUTTING SALES COSTS. By the Editors of *Printers' Ink*. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 380 pp. $5. Scores of economy devices for reducing selling costs and increasing profits. Among subjects covered are savings in market research, product design, testing and promotion, store operation, audits, costs, and waste.

THE TECHNIQUE OF SELLING. By Kelso Sutton. New York: McGraw-Hill. 419 pp. $4. A brief history of selling and how it developed, together with general selling principles and psychology.



MERCHANDISE INFORMATION FOR SUCCESSFUL SELLING. By Harry Q. Packer and Louise S. Hitchcock. New York: Prentice-Hall. 310 pp. $2.50. Primarily for sales people, giving background information about thirty major lines of merchandise. Lists audio-visual aids and film references.

ADVERTISING DICTIONARY. By Harvey Ronson. New York: Ronald Press Co. 356 pp. $5. A thesaurus of selling words, phrases, and advertising appeals that have had tested effect in business and industry.

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ADVENTURES IN ADVERTISING. By John Orr Young. New York: Harper & Bros. 224 pp. $3. An autobiographical record of Mr. Young's successful business career. Traces the rise of Young and Rubicam, Inc., to a top position in the advertising world.

ADVERTISING COPYWRITING. By Philip W. Burton, J. Bowman Kreer, and John B. Gray, Jr. New York: Prentice-Hall. 521 pp. $7.65. Describes successful copywriting techniques, research, opportunities in the field, and the background necessary to become a copywriter.

CASE HISTORIES OF SUCCESSFUL ADVERTISING METHODS. By *Printers' Ink* Editors and Contributors. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 296 pp. $4.75. Seventy-one case histories of successful solutions to advertising and marketing problems.

HOW I RAISED MYSELF FROM FAILURE TO SUCCESS IN SELLING. By Frank Bettger. New York: Prentice-Hall. 288 pp. $3.95. An inspirational book on the skill and "know-how" of effective salesmanship.

Biography and History

THE WORLD'S BIGGEST DOERS, THE STORY OF THE LIONS. By Robert Casey and W. A. S. Douglas. Chicago: Wilcox & Follett Co. 307 pp. $3. The story of how this businessmen's service-club organization grew from an impromptu idea in 1913 into thousands of national chapters and international groups. Here's meat for the Lions.

THE ELECTRIC-LAMP INDUSTRY. By Arthur A. Bright, Jr. New York: The Macmillan Co. 526 pp. $7.50. A survey of technological change and economic development from 1800 to 1947.

EMPIRE OIL: The Story of Oil in New York State. By John R. Herrick. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 494 pp. $5. They struck oil in the Empire State back in 1627 but didn't know what to do with it. This is a story of its development and recovery methods in today's diminished fields. Reviewed in *SRL* Dec. 31, 1949.

METAL MAGIC: The Story of the American Smelting and Refining Company. By Isaac F. Marcosson. New York: Farrar, Straus & Co. 320 pp. $4.50. A history of the role played by this mining company in shaping the American economy.

HARVEST TRIUMPHANT: The Hundred-Year Story of Massey-Harris. By Merrill Denison. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 351 pp. $3.50. This is as much a story of Canada's economic and social growth as it is a record of the Massey-Harris Co., Canadian manufacturer of farm implements.

OIL! TITAN OF THE SOUTHWEST. By Carl Coke Rister. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press. 394 pp. $5. Dramatic story of the discovery and production of oil in the Southwest region and its contribution to the nation's economy. Foreword by E. DeGolyer. Reviewed in *SRL* Aug. 27, 1949.

GRANGER COUNTRY. Edited by Lloyd Lewis and Stanley Pargellis. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 246 pp. $6. A pictorial presentation of the Burlington Railroad, and its part in the social history of the fourteen states it serves.

THE HOUSE OF BARING IN AMERICAN TRADE AND FINANCE. By Ralph W. Hidy. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 631 pp. $7.50. Baring Brothers were the leading merchant bankers in London concerned with early American trade. This is an absorbing account of the role played by these financiers in the migration of investment and working capital.

THE STORY OF TOBACCO IN AMERICA. By Joseph C. Robert. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 352 pp. $5. Describes the role of tobacco in our national growth, including interesting sidelights about the handling, processing, and marketing of the product. Reviewed in *SRL* July 30, 1949.

THE MAN WHO BOUGHT THE WALDORF. By Thomas Ewing Dabney. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 272 pp. $2.75. A biography of Conrad N. Hilton, who worked his way through many setbacks and failures to become the outstanding exponent of "how to buy a hotel." Reviewed in this issue.

NEW ENGLAND SON. By Marjorie Wiggin Prescott. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 276 pp. $3.50. Life story of Albert Henry Wiggin, who worked his way from messenger to president of the Chase National Bank.

BRISTLES AND BRUSHES. By Merrill Denison. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 204 pp. $3. A record of one of the nation's smaller, but essential, industries, with emphasis on its contributions in wartime.

WELLS FARGO. By Edward Hungerford. New York: Random House. 577 pp. $3.75. A richly illustrated history of this famous business enterprise. Recounts the turbulent days of a stage-coach empire. Reviewed in *SRL* Oct. 1, 1949.

THE GREAT PIERPONT MORGAN. By Frederick Lewis Allen. New York: Harper & Bros. 306 pp. $3.50. A well-written, balanced examination of Morgan and the business era which he typified. Reviewed in *SRL* April 2, 1949.

NOT SO LONG AGO. By Lloyd Morris. New York: Random House. 522 pp. $5. Mr. Morris recalls the early days of the automobile, motion pictures, and radio, with interesting highlights on the pioneers in those industries. Reviewed in *SRL* Nov. 11, 1949.

Personnel Relations

MAKING WORK HUMAN. By Glen U. Cleeton. Yellow Springs, Ohio: Antioch College Press. 326 pp. $3.75. Dr. Cleeton defines a basic problem of management today in its relation to the total economy. He contends that work can be made fully as satisfying as leisure-time activities. Reviewed in this issue.

WORKING WITH PEOPLE. By Auren Uris and Betty Shapin. New York: The Macmillan Co. 311 pp. $3. What every foreman and supervisor should know to get along successfully with his associates. The principles of human relations are here for those who will dig for them.

WINNING YOUR WAY WITH PEOPLE. By K. C. Ingram. New York: Whittlesey House. 258 pp. $3. A guide to handling people successfully. Its message and counsel are as suitable in a board room as over a sales counter.

PROBLEMS IN PERSONNEL ADMINISTRATION. By Richard P. Calhoon. New York: Harper & Bros. 540 pp. $4. A professor of personnel administration at the University of North Carolina discusses human relations in industry and the administration of various personnel functions.

PSYCHOLOGY OF PERSONNEL IN BUSINESS AND INDUSTRY. By Roger M. Bellows. New York: Prentice-Hall. 500 pp. $6. A professor of industrial psychology submits a program designed to improve current personnel policies and methods.

APPRAISING VOCATIONAL FITNESS: By Means of Psychological Tests. By Donald E. Super. New York: Harper & Bros. 727 pp. $6. The nature and purposes of vocational testing, together with its strength and weaknesses, testing methods, scoring, and interpretation.

AFTER THE WHISTLE BLOWS. By Jack Petrill. New York: The William-Frederick Press. 351 pp. $10. How to plan, organize, and administer a recreation project in industry.

Miscellaneous

THE HOOVER COMMISSION REPORT. New York: McGraw-Hill. 524 pp. $3.75. The Commission on Organization of the Executive Branch of the Government submits its findings and recommendations for more efficient government. Reviewed in this issue.

BIG GOVERNMENT: The Meaning and Purpose of the Hoover Commission Report. By Frank Gervasi. New York: Whittlesey House. 266 pp. $3.50. An analysis and digest of the Hoover Commission's recommendations. Reviewed in this issue.

GROWTH AND TRENDS IN SOCIAL SECURITY. By Earl E. Muntz. New York: National Industrial Conference Board. 189 pp. Paper-bound, $1.50. Reviews the history and development of social-security measures in the U.S. Weighs their economic and social consequences.

THE AMERICAN SPIRIT IN EUROPE. By Halvdan Koht. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press. 299 pp. $3.75. Norway's leading historian traces the influence of American products and mechanical inventions

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on European political, social, and economic life. Reviewed in *SRL* May 14, 1949.

BUSINESS WRITING. By Charles M. Carey. South Bend: University of Notre Dame. 363 pp. $4. A basic refresher in business English with examples of effective style and vocabulary building.

SOURCES OF BUSINESS INFORMATION. By Edwin T. Coman, Jr. New York: Prentice-Hall. 406 pp. $6. A businessman's Baedeker to business books, periodicals, statistical sources, societies, Government agencies, etc.

IT'S YOUR BUSINESS. By Alden E. Moore. Philadelphia: Dorrance & Co. 143 pp. $2. How to budget your money to buy better living and prepare for financial security.

RAILROADS OF TODAY. By S. Kip Farrington. New York: Coward-McCann. 306 pp. $6. A panorama of modern railroading and its services to the public and to industry.

THE COMMAND OF WORDS. By S. Stephenson Smith. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 305 pp. $2.95. A revised edition of a helpful guide to vocabulary power. Mr. Smith sets up interesting vocabulary tests which emphasize weak points in a reader's knowledge of words before they attempt to fill in and add to that knowledge.

COMMUNICATIONS RESEARCH, 1948-1949. By Paul F. Lazarfeld and Frank Stanton. New York: Harper & Bros. 332 pp. $4.50. Investigates the effects of mass media and the ways in which communications research can be improved.

BRASS HAT OR EXECUTIVE. By Lester F. Miles. New York: Wilfred Funk. 288 pp. $2.95. A working guide for behavior after climbing the executive ladder.

HOW TO DO BUSINESS WITH THE U.S. GOVERNMENT. By Oliver Hoyem. New York: Oliver Durrell & Co. 188 pp. $5. How to avoid pitfalls and untangle red tape before seeking out the five-per-centers.

CYBERNETICS. By Norbert Wiener. New York: John Wiley & Sons. 194 pp. $3. A study of human control functions and mechanico-electrical systems designed to replace them. Reviewed in *SRL* Jan. 22, 1949.

AUTOMOTIVE TRANSPORTATION: Trends and Problems. By Wilfred Owen. Washington: The Brookings Institution. 154 pp. $2. Weighs the economic problems of transportation service on the highways and significant trends governing the automotive future.

THE MARKET FOR COLLEGE GRADUATES. By Seymour E. Harris. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 206 pp. $4. Professor Harris points out that there has been a rising wage scale and a falling scale of pay for college men. He warns of the danger of excessive numbers of college graduates in relation to job opportunities. To be reviewed soon.

GIANT BRAINS, OR MACHINES THAT THINK. By Edmund C. Berkeley. New York: John Wiley & Sons. 270 pp. $4. The chief research consultant to the Prudential Insurance Co. investigates the design, capabilities, and future potential of mechanical brains. He compares them with the human mind, and describes how they can accept information and instructions and act upon them. To be reviewed soon.

ELEMENTS OF INVESTIGATIVE TECHNIQUES. By James S. Eiseman. Chicago: McKnight & McKnight. 182 pp. $5. A compendium of information sources, interview techniques, reference books, application forms, and other material essential to managerial functions.

THE TOASTMASTER'S HANDBOOK. By Herbert V. Prochnow. New York: Prentice-Hall. 374 pp. $3.95. A vice president of the First National Bank of Chicago, and a famed toastmaster, draws upon his platform experience for anecdotal material, quips, and epigrams which give life and reality to the banquet master of ceremonies.

WORD POWER MADE EASY. By Norman Lewis. New York: Doubleday & Co. 464 pp. $3.95. How to gather and build ideas, how to choose words that have drive and impact, how to speak and write clearly and avoid a cat-chasing-its-own-tail verbosity.

HANDBOOK OF EXPORT TRAFFIC. By Charles J. Moran. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 191 pp. $3. Covers the vast and detailed knowledge required for shipment of products around the world.

THE ROAD AHEAD. By John T. Flynn. New York: Devin-Adair Co. 160 pp. $2.50. A political and economic polemic attempting to prove that recent measures of social planning, Government controls, and the like have taken the United States far down the road towards Socialism. Reviewed in *SRL* Dec. 3, 1949.

OUT OF THE CROCODILE'S MOUTH. Edited by William Nelson. Washington: Public Affairs Press. 116 pp. $2.50. A cartoon satire reflecting Soviet opinion on American economic institutions, businessmen, social customs, and foreign policies. Taken from *Krokodil*, Moscow's humor magazine published by *Pravda*.

Liberal For-ism

AUTHORITY AND THE INDIVIDUAL. By Bertrand Russell. New York: Simon & Schuster. 79 pp. $2.

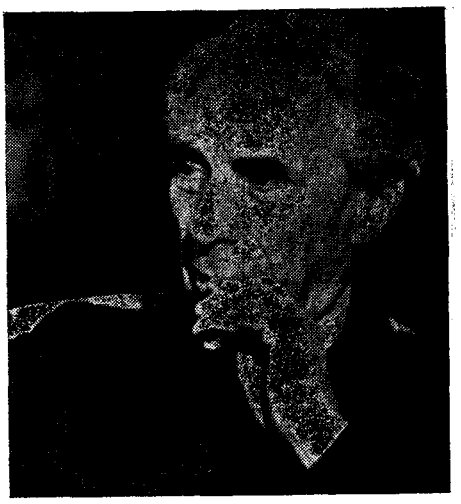
By Jerome Frank

INTO the seventy-nine pages of this book Bertrand Russell has packed a wealth of wisdom about our major modern problems. Perhaps my enthusiasm for this volume stems, in large measure, from the fact that it partly agrees with my own beliefs expressed elsewhere (as, for instance, in *The Saturday Review of Literature* December 22, 1945). Yet I think I can be objective in my judgment.

This book supplies a needed tonic for liberals. It supplements those liberal writings which define the liberal attitude too much in terms of what may be called "against-ism," too little in terms of "for-ism." Russell points to, and hopes largely to overcome, the evil trends in modern large-scale organization of industry and government. But his major concern is with those positive elements of a good life which, if we have intelligence, we can attain before too long.

Security for all, says Russell, we can and should have. But, he insists, such security, a negative virtue, will not alone do. Like many other present-day social diagnosticians, he thinks that most men in our industrialized society, because of the very way in which, via organization, security comes to them, feel frustrated, "joyless," "spiritually dead," without "self-respect," deprived of outlets for "creative emotions," minus "personal pride" in their accomplishments. The workers in our great mass-production industries have little "pride in workmanship," little sense of a "common purpose" in the industrial output. The citizens are too remote from those who administer the government.

There results, writes Russell, a "state of mind . . . very inimical to a healthy social life." Most men "feel too little of those creative emotions from which a good life springs. In regard to what is important we are passive; where we are active it is only over trivialities. If life is to be saved from boredom, relieved only by disasters, means must be found of restoring individual initiative, not only in things that are trivial, but in the things that really matter. . . . Security, although undoubtedly a good thing, may be sought excessively and become a fetish. A secure life is not necessarily a happy life; it may be rendered dismal by boredom and monotony." Men "wish to live happily, creatively, vigorously. . . . Monotony may be more deadly than an alternation of delight and agony."



Bertrand Russell: "Monotony may be more deadly than an alternation of delight and agony."

Russell goes along with those social diagnosticians who prescribe the following: (1) Where possible, decentralize governmental functions, with greater participation by citizens in such local affairs. (2) Make work more interesting, by giving industrial workers a sense of sharing in plant management. Russell recognizes, however, that those remedies are hopelessly insufficient. Why? Because, at best, only a tiny minority will be able to play creative roles in either government or industry; the great majority cannot hope to exercise individual initiative either in government or economic pursuits.

The way out is to use our applied science, our technology, to get rid of most of men's bondage to work. "Hard work is still necessary, but only because we are unwise; given peace and cooperation, we should subsist on a very moderate amount of toil." If we thus vastly reduce toil for the many, they will have the opportunity, outside of their brief working hours, to enjoy those vital, adventurous satisfactions that, up to now, have been the privilege of the few—the satisfactions of the discoverer, the scientist, the artist.

This note—that in more intensive use of technology lies the salvation from many ills resulting from technology—runs through this book. I confess, however, that in this report I have underscored the passages in which Russell sounds that note. I only wish he had voiced it more often and more emphatically. Let me add, chauvinistically, that a half-century ago an American, Simon Patten, did so when, in his much neglected writings, he maintained that science has made it possible to be rid of a "pain economy" and to usher in something totally new, a leisure society.

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The Capitalist Trinity

HAS MARKET CAPITALISM COLLAPSED? A Critique of Karl Polanyi's New Economics. By Allen Morris Sievers. New York: Columbia University Press. 387 pp. $4.75.

By SEYMOUR E. HARRIS

PROFESSOR Sievers devotes his thesis to the views of Professor Karl Polanyi on the rise and disintegration of the market economy (especially "The Great Transformation"). Using Polanyi's writings as a jumping-off point, the author deals with the rise of capitalism, of money, of the machine, and of the market, the last three the capitalist trinity.

According to Polanyi, the free market capped the victory of the machine. But the free market subjugated man. As a result the enslaved sought a way out: protectionism. This protectionism fought liberalism in its three most important spheres: labor, land, and money. Labor obtained some relief from the tyranny of the factory owner through social legislation. Agriculture sought and obtained crutches via the tariff and land laws and enlisted the church and the aristocracy as allies, and the appearance of token money offered protection to the gold standard.

All of this meant the breakdown of the free-market system and offered an opportunity for innovators to create something new. (It is surprising to find the gold standard, clearly a controlled mechanism, listed as a leading feature of the automatic market.) Marx's attempt to reintegrate man into society had failed. The liberals did not capitalize on their opportunities. Fascism (anti-capitalist, anti-industrialist, and anti-Communist) thriving on the fear of war and of economic and political paralysis, quickly seized its opportunity. Signs of Fascism, according to Polanyi, "were the spread of irrationalistic philosophies, racialist esthetics, anti-capitalist demagogy, heterodox currency views, criticism of the party system, widespread disparagement of the 'regime' or whatever was the name given to the existing democratic setup." Professor Sievers rightly raises the question of the relevance of mass support.

This book is valuable especially because it offers an interesting interpretation of economic and social history over the last few hundred years. Indeed, Sievers is critical of Polanyi for not citing footnote references for his broad generalizations—*e.g.*, concerning the uniqueness of the market economy of the last hundred years or the peculiarity of the successful mar-

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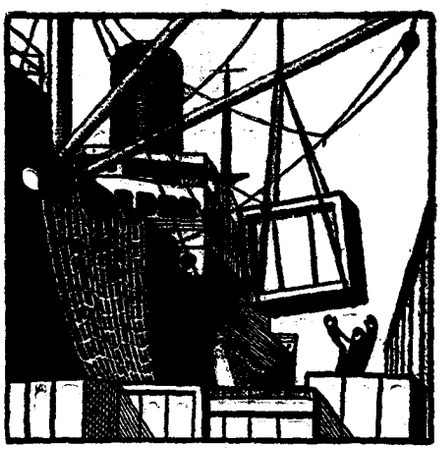

ket economy in this country, which, according to Polanyi, is a phenomenon dating from 1890. Yet historians in this tradition are privileged not to rely too much upon references. We get a new analysis of utilitarianism, classicism "which thinks of human society and economy in simple biological terms such as human hunger," as against Adam Smith, who conceived of natural law as based on human nature rather than upon biology and "who did not elevate economics into an arbiter of morals." Sievers is not so sure that part of the responsibility for the recourse to the automatic market does not lie with Adam Smith.

Relying in part upon anthropological material, Polanyi shows that utilitarianism, economics, determinism, psychological dualism, biologicalism, and natural law were found to have harmful effects on the nineteenth century. For man is a social animal, man is embedded in society, and there are no distinctive economic motives.

Polanyi's greatest contribution, according to the author, is to show what social science is and should be and what contributions it can make to the solution of the world's problems. Both Polanyi and Sievers are indeed right in insisting on the unity of the social sciences and the futility of trying to solve any problem by the use of one discipline. But they are not in as great agreement on the solution of the No. 1 problem of the day: Socialism or a hybrid system based on a free market subject to some control by public authority? Here both author and the reviewer would vote against Polanyi, who would apparently dispense with the market. There is in fact more recourse to market pricing in Socialist economies than Polanyi assumes.

We should all be grateful to Professor Sievers for this thoughtful view of Polanyi's work.

Seymour E. Harris is professor of economics at Harvard University. He is the author of "Inflation and the American Economy" and other books.

Federal Pruning and Polishing

THE HOOVER COMMISSION REPORT ON ORGANIZATION OF THE EXECUTIVE BRANCH OF THE GOVERNMENT. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co. 524 *pp.* $3.75.

BIG GOVERNMENT: The Meaning and Purpose of the Hoover Commission Report. By Frank Gervasi. New York: Whittlesey House. 366 *pp.* $3.50.

By Louis M. Hacker

THIS, the latest and the most ambitious effort in recent years to reorganize the Executive Department of the American Government, obviously merits attention and support. Government has grown Big: it is doubtful, however, whether it can be made smaller unless we are prepared to deny public responsibility for all those functions the State has assumed not in the past twenty, but in the past seventy years. For we must go back to the Interstate Commerce Act of 1887 for the first significant intervention by Federal authority in the corporate and private life of American enterprise.

Since then the activities of Government have multiplied amazingly, but not at a steady rate of growth. New functions were taken on during the Administrations of Theodore Roosevelt; many more were added by Woodrow Wilson because of both his reform program and the needs and consequences of World War I; the same was true—and for similar reasons—of the Administrations of Franklin D. Roosevelt. Nevertheless, this is not the whole story, of course. For Government has grown big as business, labor, and agriculture have also become gargantuan; and the pressures and controls of organized groups have necessitated more intensive organization on the part of Government.

One reads the bare facts of the investigation with a sense of near-panic. In the Executive branch of Government there are twelve major departments, nine independent regulatory agencies, as well as four Presidential staff offices and twenty-eight permanent and twenty-one temporary councils, boards, and committees looking to the President for leadership. In these seventy-four departments and agencies are to be found 1,740 bureaus and offices (twenty years ago there were only 350). More than two-thirds of the 3,000,000 persons on the Federal payroll work for the Executive branch; total salaries come to $6,500,000,000.

Problems arise in consequence and two of them can be handled effectively by periodical stocktaking of the kind represented by the Hoover Commission. Let it be said that the Hoover Commission's work is very impressive indeed. The Commission itself and the twenty-four "task forces," or research committees, it utilized—representing the outstanding academic, research, and business thinking available in the country—scrutinized with minute care the work of Government; independent surveys were made; millions of words of testimony and reports were taken and written. In large part the Commission was commendably neutral (an outstanding exception was its hostility to the role of Government as enterpriser) in analysis and recommendations. Every thinking citizen—worrying not only about the costs of Government but the ceaseless expansion of public functions—must be grateful.

I have said two things can be achieved by such a study: greater economies and improved efficiencies can be accomplished. By cutting away the dead wood, by the regrouping of agencies having a common interest, by consolidations, by installing uniform control devices, by defining and limiting Executive services, there is no doubt that many of the Hoover Commission's hopes can be realized. But how to make Big Government responsible? Administrative changes are not enough; for only an alert citizenry—participating through association more fully than ever before in the Government's immediate concerns; joining more rather than less so-called pressure groups—can prevent Government from becoming oppressive. Free speech must go, naturally, with free association, and both are valueless if the educational process does not continue to reach greater numbers of adults as well as the young every year. To Big Government we must become reconciled; keeping it economical, efficient, and responsible is our obligation.

The first of the volumes under review is the official report of the Hoover Commission. The second is a companion piece and really indispensable for a proper understanding of the issues involved. For Mr. Gervasi, who is a trained journalist, has made a skilful exposition of the hundreds of documents—task-force reports, testimony, dissenting statements of individual commissioners—that this inquiry produced.

Louis M. Hacker, director of Columbia University's School of General Studies, is author of "The Triumph of American Capitalism."

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Unflinching Control

THE SCIENTIFIC APPRAISAL OF MANAGEMENT. By Jackson Martindell. New York: Harper & Bros. 320 pp. $4.

By George H. Blackett

JACKSON Martindell is president of the American Institute of Management and an eminent student of business. For many years he headed a leading investment management concern. It is natural that with this background he should recognize as a fundamental weakness in the equipment of investment analysis the difficulty of appraising capacity and judgment of the management groups who guide the destiny of corporations and determine the safety and ultimate worth of the investors' dollars. This book was designed to outline a method and to establish criteria for gauging the strength or weakness contributed to an enterprise by its management.

A corporation is not alone an aggregation of capital for carrying on an enterprise for profit but is also a group of individuals with human weaknesses and failings banded together in a cooperative effort. Human judgments and decisions are the principal determinants of success or failure. For one who cannot be in close day-to-day contact with the decisions made within a corporation and with those who make them, there are no factors more difficult to weigh than the capacities and attitudes of business managements. Yet, nothing can be more important for the investor to measure than the special qualities of the individual managements to whom he entrusts his funds.

In business theory and in law the flow of authority and direction is from the stockholders through their elected representatives, the board of directors, to the officers of corporations. Evolution of the corporation system with its wide dispersion of ownership among many stockholders has led to a widening separation of ownership from the control of decisions. While there are notable exceptions, the tendency has been for directors to place more and more reliance upon the officers for the day-to-day conduct of corporation business. In general, it is the officers whose decisions are most vital. Although Mr. Martindell devotes considerable attention to the make-up and function of the board of directors as an influence on policy, it is chiefly upon the appraisal of this narrower group of "management" that he focuses the attention of his book.

It is Mr. Martindell's thesis that principles of sound management resolve into one common principle—

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unflinching control. "That company is well managed whose officers do not permit unforeseen circumstances to dictate their action." The ability of management to control is influenced by the way it is organized to work—the lines of responsibility and decision—by the individuals who exercise authority. It is influenced by the organizational plan of the business itself. It is revealed in financial administration, in control of production costs, in the direction of research, by sales management.

Unfortunately, industries, companies, products differ one from another in their management problems. Organizations and methods of operation suitable for one corporation may be disastrous with another. Also, individual corporations change and evolve so that what applies well to one stage of development may not serve another. The economic environment in which business operates likewise plays an important part, especially the recurring phenomena of booms and depressions. These external factors do not affect all corporations to the same extent. The economic background against which a problem arises does much to influence the way in which it must be met. These are some of the problems with which Mr. Martindell contends in the numerous instances he cites where sound or weak management control is revealed. Some of his conclusions, therefore, are not as clear-cut as they might be, for in other circumstances decisions which proved sound might well have been unfortunate and others which proved disastrous might have worked out to advantage. Yet, there is much wisdom in this book.

Mr. Martindell, in the appendix of his book, lists questions the answers to which are designed to evaluate managements of manufacturing corporations. These questions are arranged in ten categories given in an order inverse to their significance: (1) Economic Function, (2) Corporate Structure, (3) Health of Earnings Growth, (4) Fairness to Stockholders, (5) Research and Development, (6) Directorate Analysis, (7) Fiscal Policies, (8) Production, (9) Sales Vigor and (10) Executive Evaluation.

"The Scientific Appraisal of Management" is a sound book. It is of special significance to investment counselors, investment bankers, and others engaged in the analysis of corporation securities. It is also of interest and value to corporation officers who would benefit from the application of systematic appraisal to their management performance.

George H. Blackett is a management engineer and consultant.

Machine-Age Miseries

THE CULTURE OF INDUSTRIAL MAN. By Paul Meadows. Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press. 228 *pp.* $3.75.

By VIRGIL JORDAN

THE STATISTICAL circumstance of this mid-century year is likely to make a ceremonial occasion, if not a silly season, for a spate of solemn appraisals and portentous prognoses of contemporary civilization—especially in its American manifestation. Some will bear glad tidings of ultimate or imminent millenium, as in Sumner Schlichter's magic-lantern projections of the American economy of the second half-century; many will strangely resemble the melancholy disillusionment which came to be called *fin de siècle* fifty years ago. Mr. Meadows's book gives the reader the benefit of both brands of prophecy in fairly balanced fashion. In the rhapsodic, if somewhat foggy, style appropriate to professorial prophets, it is sure to impress anyone who has wondered why so many millions of men hate and fear the industrial civilization of our time so much and regard its achievements and its future with so little enthusiasm.

It is evident enough that modern industrial man is not very well adjusted to his environment or to his functions in it. The author occasionally glances at the question whether or not the people of any time have ever considered their civilization with complete satisfaction. But he regards the prevalent antipathy or inferiority complex toward our own as a special and important problem, because it seems unlikely that any culture so many dislike or distrust can endure. If it doesn't, what then? If we were to return to an agrarian or pastoral economy most of those who dislike industrialists would soon be back in Abraham's bosom along with it. Mr. Meadows warns against the "pathetic delusion" that Marx has any remedy for this dilemma, or that Communist industrialism is a cure for capitalist difficulties and defects.

It is evident that the author shares these unfriendly feelings toward the industrial culture of our time. As he sees it expressed in the situation of the industrial worker, our industrial society, though hardly much more than three generations old in this country, is already in a pretty bad way, shot through with profound conflict, friction, and disorganization, full of troubles and evils which have brought it to the brink of crisis. The nature of this crisis is nowhere quite clearly defined in the discussion, be-

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yond the suggestion that modern industrial man, like Maeterlinck's Melisande, is definitely not happy; but in his opening pages Mr. Meadows effectively conveys the atmosphere of impending catastrophe which is hanging over our industrial civilization as it drifts toward some economic or social Armageddon, racked by war, depression, and mass struggles for power.

If by absorbing too many Government statistics about national income, production and consumption, wages, savings, home ownership, etc., or simply by looking about him, any businessman had imagined that the helpless victims of industrialism, especially in America, had been doing pretty well or considerably better than anybody elsewhere in the world, this book will let him down badly. The author does not even credit industrialism with the abundance which is so embarrassing to business and Government. He gives a concise and clearly arranged catalogue of its deficiencies as they are reflected in the experience and situation of the industrial worker, who, to Mr. Meadows, seems to mean mainly the factory worker, now hardly more than one of six in our employee society. Well outlined is the familiar picture of the worker's proletarian, property-less dependence upon the job, of the insecurities and frustrations, mass complexes, psychoses, compensations, and futilities of his life under the factory system set in the disorganized community of Megalopolis. The description is drawn largely from the familiar clinical literature of "The Waste Land" school of economic and sociological analysis, ranging from the Veblen, Tead, Parker, Metcalf, and Follet writing of the Teens and early Twenties to that of Mumford, Mayo, Drucker, Bakke, and the current Harvard or Yale psychoanalysts of business management and labor relations.

This picture of "industrial man" and his cultural malaise is not profoundly penetrating or highly original, but it summarizes in a useful and stimulating way a widely accepted interpretation of some of the issues of our time which have emerged in an irrevocably technical society. The economic issues involved are ignored or only superficially touched, yet this quasi-psychiatric approach provides a helpful background for the suggestive if somewhat sketchy treatment of such special problems as how to preserve a "free market" for ideas, how to prevent "nationalization" of thought under the system of mass communication characteristic of industrialism, what is the outlook for art development in an industrial culture, and what are its implications for

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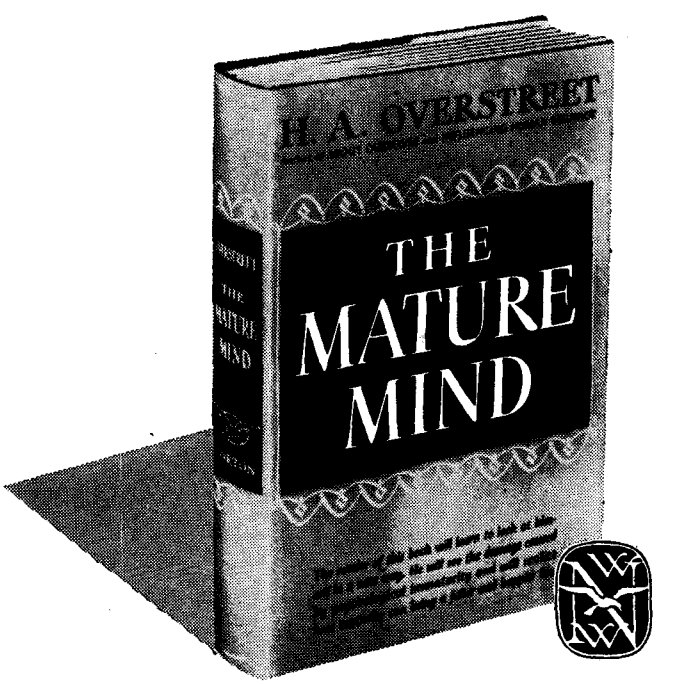

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population policies. It serves, too, as a basis for the most important part of the book, which is its treatment of the problem of the state and the positive suggestions and optimistic prognosis which close the discussion.

The author finds hope for the resolution of the conflicts of our industrial culture in the familiar idea-pattern of improving and speeding social "invention" to match and catch up with mechanical invention. He expects much from programs of democratic "liberalism" and the "administrative revolution of the new liberal state," which had their beginnings in the various "deals"—Square, New, and Fair—of the first half-century. He is sure that intelligent regional, national, and international "planning" will in time align the external technics and technique of our social and political environment more nearly with the internal ones of our productive organization. He sees the culture of miserable industrial man ultimately moving beyond the conflicts and chaos of our "paleo-technic industrialism" into a new "neo-industrial" order. Here, under "decentralized administration of centralized authority," the big factory and the big city and all the other big, bad things of our industrial culture—but probably not Big Government—will disappear. All this, too, without the aid of the atom, which Mr. Meadows does not once mention.

Virgil Jordan is chancellor of the National Industrial Conference Board, and author of "Manifesto for the Atomic Age."

World's Biggest Boniface

THE MAN WHO BOUGHT THE WALDORF. By Thomas Ewing Dabney. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 272 pp. $2.75.

By FREDERICK DRIMMER

EVERY month seems to add a more ambitious chapter to the story of Conrad Nicholson Hilton, the world's biggest hotel man. This book was originally supposed to be titled "The Man Who Bought the Plaza," to signalize Mr. Hilton's outstanding acquisition up to the present. But while the presses were running, Mr. Hilton made a still more impressive purchase, at one blow helping his publishers score the neatest publicity stunt of the season and dating his book even before it appeared. Printed sheets and dust jackets had to be destroyed and a postscript to be written explaining the new title, "The Man Who Bought the Waldorf." Next minute *Life* magazine was off to the opening of the Caribbean's fanciest hotel, the Hilton Caribe.

Today, if this go-getting innkeeper has not already made the figures an anachronism, he and his associates sit on top of a business empire that controls sixteen hotels with an aggregate value of $80,000,000. They contain nearly 12,000 rooms, employ more than 10,000 workers, and accommodate about 13,000 guests a day. Besides New York City's Waldorf, Plaza, and Roosevelt, they include, among others, the Palmer House and the Stevens in Chicago, the Mayflower in Washington, the Town House in Los Angeles, and three Bermuda hotels.

Hotels were not in Conrad Hilton's blood to begin with. Money-making was. His father, Gus Hilton, Southwestern pioneer and trader, ran a peddler's pack into one of New Mexico's largest businesses. Conrad started behind the counter in his father's store and grew faster in acumen than in years. At twenty-four he was a member of the State Legislature. Before he was thirty he had founded and was president of a successful bank.

It was after World War I, when oil was booming in Texas, that Mr. Hilton began his career as a hotel man, after finding that banks couldn't be had there so easily. His own stake was just $5,000, but this sum, in the days of easy credit, was quite adequate for a man who had good friends with venture capital and who was a past master in the art of setting up a syndicate. More hotels followed this first lucrative purchase, most of them profitable. In the Depression years, Hilton, with his powerful friends, his genius for corporate juggling, and his knack of keeping costs down, managed to weather the storm better than many of his business contemporaries. The war and postwar years have been bonanza times for him.

In this book you will get little more of Hilton than the most superficial business dimension. It presents the man as the sum of his deals. But one business transaction resembles another here, and although they may be profitable for the parties concerned, they grow humdrum for the reader before long. The best parts of this book are the histories of the hotels like the Plaza and the Waldorf, for these have color and drama. "The Man Who Bought the Waldorf" is much more likely to boost the stock of Hilton Hotels than it is to give you insight into the mainsprings of a successful businessman's character.

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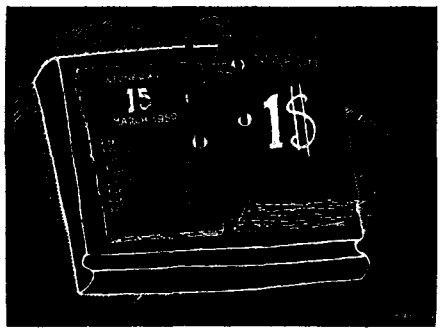

LASSER'S BUSINESS TAX HANDBOOK. By J. K. Lasser. New York: Simon & Schuster. 832 pp. $5.

By Leslie Mills

THE IMMEDIATE question which arises in reviewing a book such as "Lasser's Business Tax Handbook" is whom is it addressed to—is it for the business executive or is it a tool of the tax and business advisor who guides the businessman in his organizational and business activity problems through the Federal tax maze.

The author answers that question in his preface by designating the book as a practical guide, check list, and stimulus to both groups; to the executive charged with responsibility for ultimate decision on transactions and courses of conduct and to the professional man who advises him thereon. He specifically disclaims that it is a textbook on business taxation, incorporates by reference the tax statutes and Treasury Regulations, and guides his reader to the published tax services which are the primary tools of trade of the tax advisor. Thus he inferentially offers his book as a part of the tax library of the professional tax advisor and as an aid to the business executive to enable him to understand more intelligently and cooperate with his advisors on business tax problems (unless he, too, qualifies as a "tax expert," which few executives will dare to assert for themselves).

On this analysis the book achieves its objective. It contains a complete coverage of the tax considerations involved in the basic forms of organization used by business enterprise and devotes separate chapters to major transactions which might be faced by any business organization. The material is presented in the author's customary terse style, yet it contains a great deal of detailed information. (Rather than "great" the author would say "vast," which even in these days of superlatives seems a rather extravagant term.)

This is not a book to be read through from page 1 to page 832. It is a volume for reference either on a problem known to exist or a transaction contemplated. The business executive is hardly likely to be interested in both "How to Operate a Business Tax Wisely for the Benefit of the Family" and "How to Conduct a Corporation to Avoid Difficulties." Even the experienced professional tax attorney or tax accountant is likely merely to scan the volume and then use it for reference when specific problems challenge him. Thus the mechanics for using the material are of great importance. This problem the author has solved ingeniously and with marked success. The table of contents provides the first guide to use; its headings are worth presenting for an overall view of scope:

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9. How to Do Business Abroad
10. How to Deal with Your Stockholders and Bondholders
11. How to Trade in Securities
12. Planning Your Business Expense

Following the table of contents there is set forth a check list with terse statements of problems and courses of action, under general headings such as "To Find the Best Form of Your Business"; "If You Buy Assets of Another Company"; "If You are Selling Property"; "If You Do Business Abroad," "If You Operate a Partnership." Even the general index is replete with inserted boxed material giving a working presentation of important subjects.

"Lasser's Business Tax Handbook" is a valuable addition to the library of the professional tax advisor, who too often is overwhelmed by the mass of disorganized material he is required to work with. If the businessman will use it, too, he will gain from it a better understanding both of his tax problems and the course his pilot is trying to steer.

Leslie Mills, CPA, is chairman of the Federal Tax Committee of the New York State Society of Certified Public Accountants.

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by MARIE BLIZARD

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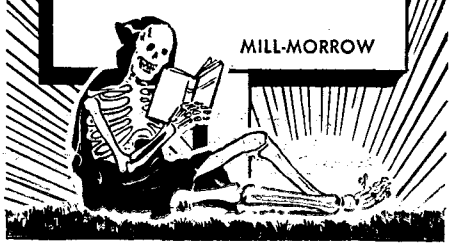

MILL-MORROW

Bossing 15,000,000 Organized Workers

THE DEVELOPMENT OF EXECUTIVE LEADERSHIP. Edited by Marvin Bower. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 130 pp. $2.50.

By PALMER HARMAN

BUSINESS leaders are usually objective, extrovert, not much given to questioning their place in the social scheme. This small book reveals them in a rare, soul-searching mood. It presents a remarkable bit of self-analysis by five leading businessmen as they confront fifteen million organized workers and the looming welfare state and consider the (alleged) fact that business operates "in a climate so hostile to enterprise that it is unable to obtain its capital requirements from the investing public."

The conclusions arrived at can hardly be described as a reform program for business management. That is all to the good, for it leaves the way open for further thinking and adaptation, which will be needed. The five business leaders' essays, however, represent the most advanced high-level thinking now available.

Thomas G. Spates, of General Foods Corporation, presents a code of personnel administration inside the business unit which, in a word, is aimed at humanizing worker-boss relationships. L. R. Boulware, of General Electric, makes a searching statement of the businessman's obligations and opportunities as a member of the community—a matter of business citizenship, with the corporation playing the unusual part of "citizen." William B. Given, Jr., of American Brake Shoe, Joseph B. Hall, of The Kroger Company, and George S. Dively, of Harris-Seybold Company, are concerned with methods of finding and training the young executives who eventually will take over the job of making business socially acceptable.

The first paper (which should have come last, as a critique and summing up) is a hard-hitting, brutally frank essay by Professor Sumner H. Slichter, of Harvard. To Dr. Slichter, the shift in control of enterprise is not coming; it is here. "Fifty years of revolt against the results produced by free markets," he says, "has gradually transformed the economy from one of free enterprise into one of Government-guided enterprise." The transfer of power from management to labor has been speeded by the vast increase in number of payroll workers, by the rapid organization of employees, and "by the unwillingness of businessmen to go very far in offering constructive proposals for dealing with problems which have emerged."

Dr. Slichter takes no very grandiose view of the corporation as a civic leader. The main functions of businessmen, he thinks, are to increase production, promote the accumulation of capital, do what they can to make the price system work well, improve collective bargaining, and work for better industrial relations. Beyond that, the business leader may hope to increase his public influence by making business a more integral part of the community through wider distribution of ownership, by doing some first-rate thinking, and by taking a broader interest in the problems of the community.

The businessmen, in their part of the book, do not accord very well with Dr. Slichter. Their idea is to get hold of a "sound" brand of economics and "teach" it to the public. A good many ironic overtones vibrate around that proposal. And the proposal doesn't show a very keen awareness of how public opinion is influenced. Economics has formed an unholy alliance with politics, and God is on the side of the heaviest ballot boxes.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title of Author	*Crime, Place and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE HUNTER AND THE HUNTED *A. B. Cunningham* (Dutton: $2.50)	Murder of U. S. marshal takes Jess Roden and Big Nig up Kentucky mountain river on fishing trip baited for human catch.	Good job of deduction and clue-chasing, plus veracious backwoods atmosphere, lots of suspense, and daring denouement that packs extra thrills.	Highly commendable
THE WIND BLOWS DEATH *Cyril Hare* (Little, Brown $2.50)	Guesting violinist (fem.) at English amateur orchestra concert strangled with stocking. Colorful crowd of amateurs and pros seek sly murderer.	Handel, Mozart, British law, small-town scandal, and slickly staged slaying urbanely and entertainingly mixed in politely blood-curdling fashion.	Intelligent

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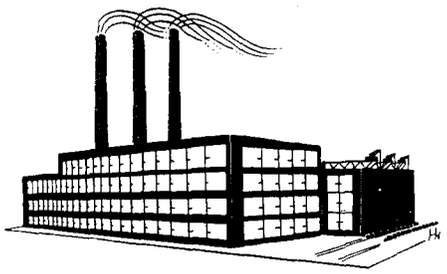
Trial and Error Balance

WHAT'S BEHIND A FINANCIAL STATEMENT. By Robert G. Rankin. New York: Doubleday & Co. 160 pp. $2.

By J. K. LASSER

BUSINESS is composed of more than three million independent units. During the course of any year, good or bad, the mortality of newly established operations is dreadful. Bad management and other deficiencies sometimes kill off 40 per cent of those that start new ventures—in the very first year of their existence.



The incorrigible self-assurance that motivates the new enterprise often causes the illness that leads to a business fatality.

The new shop or store is born because someone stubbornly hankers to operate in his own way; he resents taking advice. That leads him to balk at the paper controls used so successfully in big business. Nor is he particularly impressed with the successful practices of large business—whose growth and stability is so often a matter of constant attention to reports and financial statements. He disdains these basic guideposts.

Thus, far too many small businesses operate by hunch and intuition. My experience is that society suffers irreparable economic and social losses because there is so much trial and error—so much reliance upon "common sense" and "past experience," rather than upon study of costs and trends of business.

Educating the average businessman into the realm of financial mechanics, into the guide points of statements, ratios, cost studies, break-even charts, budgets, and a hundred other devices essential for full control of costs and sales is tough going.

Much of our literature is just too technical and incomprehensible to be a good reference source for the businessman. I have long been pleading that most complicated business and tax information can be usefully conveyed in easy-to-read language.

Here is that type of effort. One of our most prominent CPA's tells what figures mean and how to use them. It is easy reading despite the packing of a load of management guideposts into a small book. It is strange stuff to find written by a CPA because his colleagues have never been known as disciples of clarity. Their normal function is to look at business with the detachment of a psychiatrist. Then they gloomily plague entrepreneurs (in four-syllable technical explanations) regarding the need for more attention to their own statistics.

Rankin's process is sensible: His purpose is to explain the meaning of financial data. To do that, he leads the reader through a terse, understandable explanation of the philosophy of accounts, the way records are kept, and the machinery used to create useful records.

With that background he begins the story of current problems with figures as a source of good business control. He has clear-cut explanations of how to treat inventories, fixed assets, depreciation, surplus—and a hundred other mushrooming complexities of this era. All of these must be understood by the businessman if he is to use figures intelligently.

This is a good book. It is worthwhile reading for all businessmen. The best plug I know for it is that many banks (1) have been recommending it to their customers and (2) have put it into the hands of their own people as essential homework.

J. K. Lasser, CPA head of the New York public accounting firm of J. K. Lasser & Co., is author of "Handbook of Accounting Methods."

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BOOKED for TRAVEL

URIAL FROM THE KUSH

IN A rash moment recently we flipped on the television set in our house, and quite by coincidence found ourself party to a transportation discovery that may very well revolutionize the whole business of travel.

The program was called "Escape" and on the night we were watching it WCBS-TV was offering a teleplay by Howard Rodman from "The Rugged Journey," presumably a theatreplay by Franklin Gregory. Fellow who said his name was Larry Gahagan was sitting on an ice cake up in the vicinity of the North Pole when the scene opened. A plane buzzed over and Mr. Gahagan told it and the television audience that the whole country was looking for him, that he was 9,000 miles from home, and that he was—or perhaps, had been—a reporter on one of the biggest papers in New York. (Turned out to be *The Times.*) Besides sitting on the ice cake, Mr. Gahagan was also sitting, he said, on the biggest story of the century. Had it "right here," he said, tapping his skull, but the trouble was he had no way of getting it out.

Mr. Gahagan found himself in his peculiar predicament because he had set out to interview a transportation tycoon, a position in which, come to think of it, we find ourself virtually every week in the year. Believe us, we're being plenty careful from now on. This transportation tycoon, whose name was Thaddeus Jadwin, had sold all his holdings in the short space of twenty-four hours—subways, buses, taxicabs, steamships, trolley cars, freight lines, passenger lines, air lines, and, as the script added, "concessions to rent bicycles to fun-lovers on Sunday." He owned 'em all and he sold 'em all. And why? To buy a carpet factory, of course. When he gets the factory he immediately begins converting broadloom carpet into scatter rugs.

It is Mr. Gahagan's assignment to uncover the reason for Mr. Jadwin's peculiar, you might almost say eccentric, actions. Mr. Jadwin is mum as an oyster, but, through means and methods known to workaday people whose daily job it is to interview transportation tycoons, Mr. Gahagan, the man from *The Times*, soon has Mr. Jadwin jabbering like Louella Parsons.

As it turns out, Mr. Jadwin, after sending half a dozen expeditions into Asia and spending half a million dollars on research, had developed a new type of transportation that would make every other means as obsolete as walking. "I'll run Cunard out of business," is what Mr. Jadwin told some of the ninety-nine million people who gather on CBS every week. "I'll run Ford and General Motors out of business for that matter."

YOU'LL never guess, so we'd better tell you that what Mr. Jadwin had discovered was the fabled magic carpet. "The secret's in the knot—the way the knot is woven. That and the wool. You have to use urial wool from the Hindu Kush."

Gahagan was as skeptical as we were and we wish now that we could have gotten word to him that urial and Kush were two things "The American College Dictionary" never heard of. But Jadwin really got Gahagan

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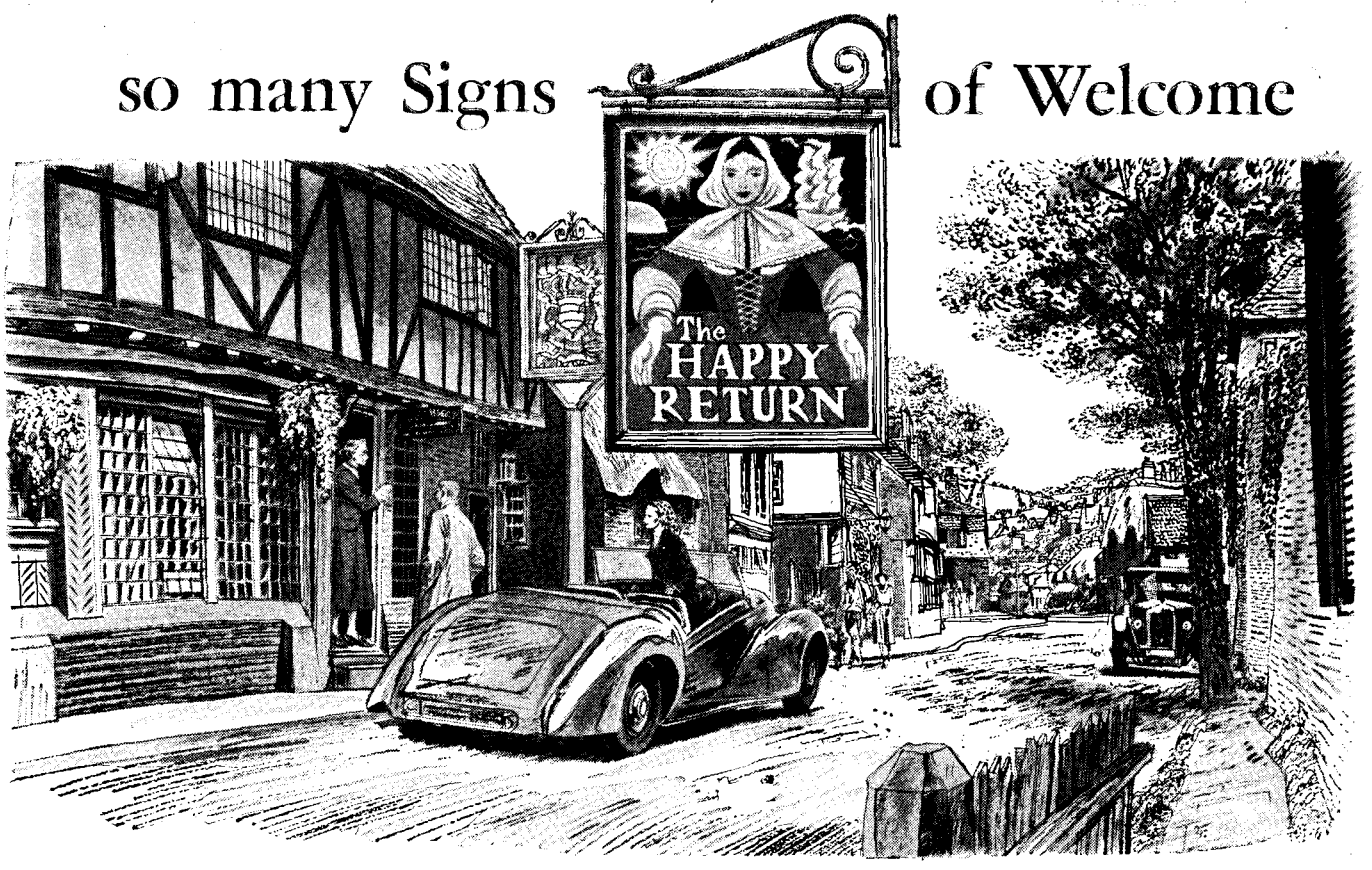
so many Signs of Welcome



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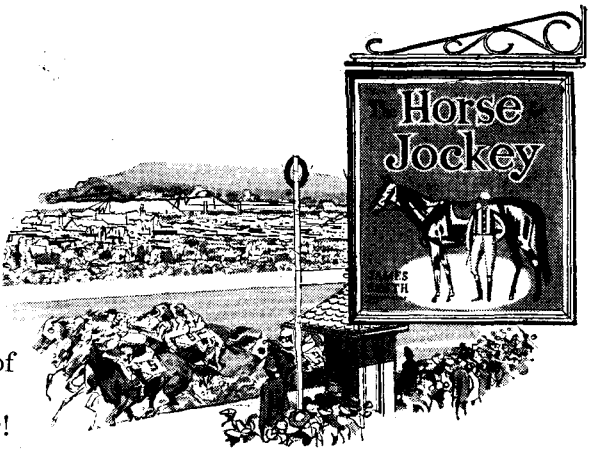

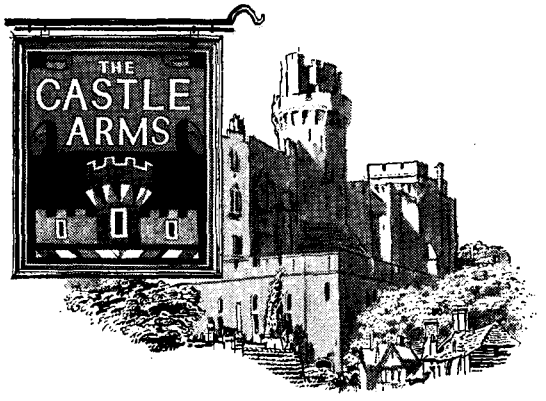

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fired up—and us, too, for that matter—by showing him all the travel trivia that the carpet would circumvent. For example, there would be no tickets. That would immediately eliminate the Florida black market on same and deprive half the hotel porters in New York of a living wage. It wouldn't be necessary to watch the 5:23 pull out while a noisy lady ahead of you on the ticket line inquired about the evening train to Kickapoo Falls. Nobody would get angry about the rates going up because there wouldn't be any. The Long Island Railroad wouldn't be late any more. Railway engineers who passed the long hours of the night run banging Pullman cars together to knock passengers out of upper berths would have to look for new divertissement. Travel agents would no longer book people into second-class hotels at first-class rates. *The New Yorker* wouldn't have to run any more campaigns about the commercials in Grand Central Station and Harold Ross wouldn't have to have his ears punctured because there wouldn't be any more stations. Park Avenue around the Forties would stop shaking from the trains rumbling out of New York along the track underneath. People would no longer have to buy seasick remedies, be subjected to transatlantic card sharps, or worry about what to do with all that bon voyage fruit on the fourth day out. The necessity of standing in never-moving lines to fill out endless forms for passports and visas would be finished. Five Latin American countries would have to stop demanding a total between them of nineteen passport photographs before issuing their visas. Colombia would have to stop asking travelers to bring with them a certificate attesting to their good behavior for the past ten years. The Dominican Republic would have to change its custom of jamming a thermometer into the mouth of every foreign traveler landing at its Ciudad Trujillo airport. Customs men would have to cease ransacking baggage and look for honest work. It would no longer be necessary to locate your baggage, your letter, and your wife on the dock at the same time. No one could stop you from swooping into Odessa, and if you proved nimble enough on the ground, from coming home again. You could bring back $600 worth of caviar, sturgeon, and souvenir babushkas without paying one rasbucnik's worth of duty. There would be no airplanes to be delayed because of what the girls at the airline desks call an "equipment deficiency," and therefore no waiting at lonely airports twelve miles out of town at three in the morning with no place to get coffee. There would be no gum to chew at take-offs, no seat belts to fasten, no flight patterns over an airport to get stacked in.

As Jadwin said on TV, "It's all obsolete. It's as dead as ancient Rome." Then, as we looked on, he took the "master model" flying carpet out of his desk, asked Gahagan to grip one end of it, and concentrate on a place he'd like to visit. Next thing anybody knew both Gahagan and Jadwin were standing in front of an igloo near where the reporter had been stationed during the war. Matter of fact he had promised an Eskimo girl he would make her a war bride, but had never called for her in all these years. Quite a bit of intricate playwriting ensued at this point, a development which we shall spare you. Suffice it to say that as events unfold, Jadwin, the millionaire, steals Gahagan's Eskimo girl and flies off with her to the United States. Gahagan, as intrepid a *Times* reporter as the next, is left without a carpet to fly home on, and must wait for the spring boat. Jadwin, now safe at home rubbing noses with the Eskimo lady, satisfies his conscience by having planes drop bundles of old newspapers in front of Gahagan's igloo. A *Times* man has to keep abreast of the news.

In the meantime, Gahagan hasn't just been sitting idly by letting the icicles form. He has discovered what flying saucers are. "Nobody knows what they are," he says. "But I know—Jadwin is testing his flying carpets." Well in spite of everything it's rather comforting to know they finally got that flying saucer business settled.

—Horace Sutton.

TRAVELERS' TALES

FLORIDA, A Complete Guide, by Andrew Hepburn and Harlan Logan. Simon & Schuster. $1. The first of a new series of inexpensive, soft-cover, detailed vacation guides by the ex-travel editor and the ex-general manager of *Look*. As a typical vacation area, Florida is first cut up into squares, which are lettered. Subsequent information covers each square, first by towns and then by transportation, things to see, local products, and any other data which a tourist ought to bone up on before leaving home. A list of good restaurants goes with each geographical square, and there are all manner of maps in two color and a scattering of photos. The text is somewhat easier to read than what you will find in the AAA's books and certainly better than the text on gas-station maps. The danger is that the pleasure-seeking tourist is going to get so tangled up in cross-references, two-color signals that take him from text to map, incidental facts, lists, and indices that he will become impaled on a statistic and never have any fun at all. If you've got a mind for details, and you like maps, you'll probably find this one of the best guides yet.

FLORIDA TODAY, by A. Lowell Hunt. Scribner's. $3.50. This is no tip sheet for the Miami Beach tourist. Although I can't imagine why, Mr. Hunt takes the trouble to tell everyone how wonderful the weather is down South and why everyone ought to get up and go. For those over sixty-five the book promises a warm life till eighty. For those looking for jobs in the sun, it treats on business opportunities. For those looking to get married or divorced, there is a note on how to do either. Hunt doesn't waste much time on places like Palm Beach, for example, which he dismisses in a snappy seven lines. —H. S.

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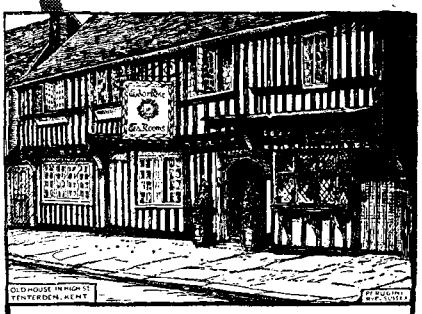

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the Phoenix Nest

MAN IN TRAIN

WHO is this traveler, where is he going?
Why is his luggage up in the rack?
What was the force that attracted him knowing
He might have set out on the opposite track?
The book and the briefcase suggest any clues?
The impulse he follows, the aim he pursues?

The earth on its axis in spinning gyration,
The whole solar system proceeding through space.
The linear train toward a tentative station,
The man sitting still in a transitive place.
Each with an errand, some reference plan,
The sun and the earth and the train and the man.

Speed you, good sir, your specific direction,
Prosper your purpose, perspective your soul.
A sensitive arrow alert to deflection
Compass your course to its ultimate goal.
Prerogative yes and fortuitous no,
Whoever you are, wherever you go.

—KATHARINE O'BRIEN.

* * *

I am glad to print the following from Norreys Jephson O'Conor of Pasadena, Calif.:

> Admirers of the work of the British novelist E. H. Young, who died a few months ago, will regret there can be no more of her subtle, humorous, and sympathetic interpretations of the quieter side of English life which made "Miss Mole," "William," and her latest volume, "Chatterton Square," published since the end of the war, books not to be read hastily and given away but to be treasured, kept, and recommended to discriminating friends. Although her chief characteristic as a novelist was a deep understanding of the emotions, she possessed also the gift of conveying the particular flavor of middle-class life and, in "Chatterton Square" particularly, the background of the countryside and of a provincial town. This last volume is among her best, tracing as it does the deep realities involved in the Munich crisis of 1938. The author's fine integrity enabled her always to distinguish between the shoddy and the true. Her books deserve rereading and to be pondered not alone on account of their craftsmanship but because of their interpretation of indestructible value now challenged and assailed.

* * *

REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PROUST

Sometimes still while I am lying with my face buried feverishly in the scented sheets of my bed I recall for a moment how *Maman* once bent over me at night, her ringed fingers, like swans' throats captured by silver chains, making delicious hollows in the pillow at either side of my head, her floating hair diffusing perfume and her adoring gray eyes begging me to sleep.

After she had gone I lay for a long, long time seeing in the soft darkness of the night that had forced itself, almost indecorously, into the tiny cubicle of my room how gracefully, how adorably, she had raised her white arm to pull the light chain and plunge me into a fog of darkness that gave my mind's eye unusually clear vision. I could see her moving vaguely (her charm most displayed itself when she was most vague) down the staircase and into the living room where my father sat, his feet thrust into slippers which she had given him for his birthday, smoking a cigar, the slender kind, which today one so seldom sees but which at that time was considered a distinguishing characteristic of a gentleman.

How inconsolably disconsolate I was to imagine their preparations to leave without me. It was almost an hour later that I, encouraged by the mauve moonlight filtering through the trees (our estate, I remember, was possessed by row upon row of elms) and into my room, crept downstairs listening nostalgically to my footfalls that recalled the sound made by *Maman*'s incredibly delicate step earlier in the evening.

At the foot of the stairs, in fact so close as to be almost on the last step, I espied that which having once been denied (as is so often the case) I desired even more intensely, that is to say, the knowledge of *Papa*'s greatcoat hanging absurdly on the hall-tree with the resigned ease of an everyday garment that finds itself in an important moment the object of some indifference. Conquering with what

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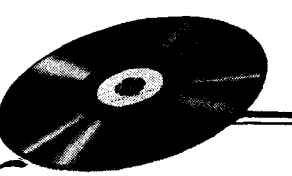

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effort I do not recall any guilt that assailed me I began a hasty inspection on the contents of the pockets, in the last of which I found an object that left me trembling foolishly with the extravagance of its beauty, a quality that I had heretofore found obscure except in the unbearable delight of *Mamman*'s presence. It was a tiny colored photograph of the Viscountess Lebois lying languorously undraped and infinitely buoyant on a divan whose covering was an ardent, brilliant mauve. So cruelly fascinated was I by this evoked presence, so profoundly charmed, that not until the elegance of *Maman*'s gloved hand intruded itself upon the likeness did I realize that my parents had returned unexpectedly to find me disobedient without the least possibility of dissimulation.

Papa alone, however, felt himself responsible for chastisement and in absurd haste led me upstairs, where with atrocious disregard for the leniency usually allotted to youthful indiscretions he flogged me feverishly and violently. Weeping tumultuously into my pillow I contemplated sadly the mystery of adult justice and the melancholy extravagance of my recent doom.

To my profound joy *Maman* entered and consoled me with ridiculously tiny kisses, but when I begged her to remain, to continue to ring me with garlands of caresses, she replied only, "I must chat with your father, *mon petite brioche*," and leaving me in unspeakable despair rejoined *Papa*.

My body ached with shame and injustice so that even the moonlight was no longer a solace. From below, to my surprise, came the sound of angry voices and *Papa* suddenly shouting, "No, christalmighty, no!"

At that moment the elm trees, my room, and the world in general looked quite mauve.

—Evelyn Dorr.

* * *

SIZING THEM UP

There may be reason why we designate
One nation as a major power, while
Another smaller and less wealthy state
We class as minor, treat in minor style.

But is it not perhaps a bit unjust
To think, as many men are wont to do,
That those who live in little countries must
Of course be small and unimportant too?

—Richard Armour.

* * *

—William Rose Benét.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 827

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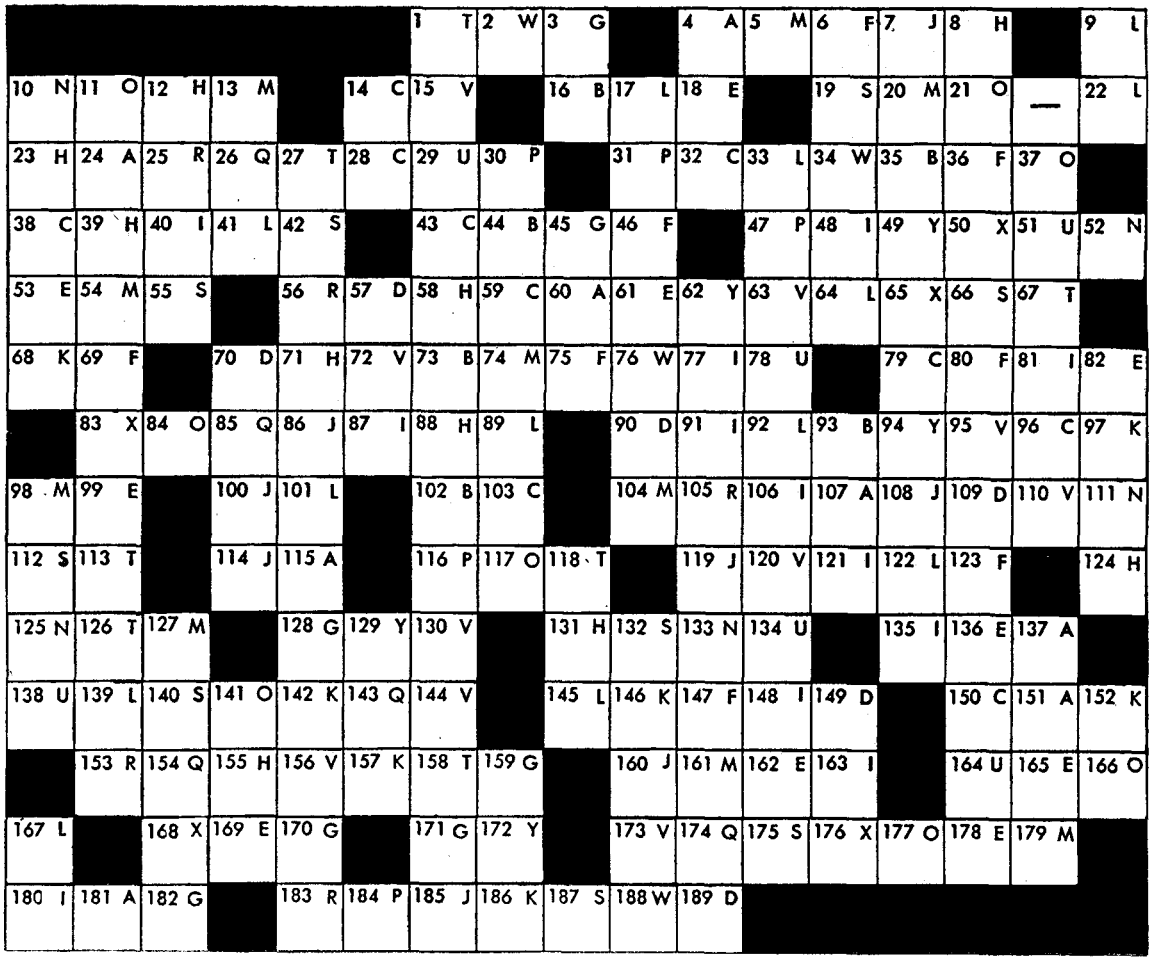
By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. One of a hardy breed of dairy cattle originally from Scotland.	181 4 137 115 151 107 60 24
B. A member of the dominant and military caste, of Kshatriya rank (Northern India).	44 102 93 73 35 16
C. Of set type, not absolutely *vertical* (3 wds.).	14 38 43 96 59 103 79 28 32 150
D. Swindled; cheated (slang, U.S.).	149 189 70 90 57 109
E. Cretan philosopher, poet, seventh century, B.C., subject of poem by Goethe.	18 165 61 82 169 178 53 162 136 99
F. Resembling in appearance the futhorc of the early Teutons.	80 6 123 75 69 147 36 46
G. Winner of Pulitzer Prize in music, 1946 ("The Canticle of the Sun").	159 45 128 3 170 171 182
H. What the Russians are forever calling the U.S. and Britain.	23 12 39 155 131 88 8 124 71 58
I. Pseudonym of the author of the poem "Lucile," 1860.	81 106 163 148 121 40 91 87 180 48 77 135
J. Winner of the Pulitzer Prize in history, 1924 ("The American Revolution, A Constitutional Interpretation").	160 185 100 108 119 114 86 7
K. Designating a curved kinky form of hair, as of the Negro (anthropol.).	152 157 142 68 146 186 97
L. Drama by Lessing, 1779.	167 145 89 17 122 33 22 139 41 9 64 101 92
M. A sport (biol.).	161 104 98 74 127 54 179 20 5 13
N. A member of the Boy Scouts division of lads over seventeen years of age.	52 10 125 133 111
O. "Poetic Romance" by Keats, 1818.	177 84 21 37 11 141 166 117
P. Devastation.	30 116 47 184 31
Q. Not spreading or decumbent (bot.).	154 174 143 85 26
R. Makes a breach between, as church and state.	56 105 25 153 183
S. Made poisonous.	112 55 132 175 66 140 19 187 42
T. A patronymic of Diomedes.	1 118 158 27 113 126 67
U. Clamor.	51 164 29 138 134 78
V. Wheedled; gushed over.	130 120 15 63 144 72 156 173 110 95
W. Ninth letter, Hebrew alphabet.	188 76 34 2
X. One of the Three Musketeers.	83 50 168 65 176
Y. A plant whose leaf fiber is used by the Indians (Southwestern U.S.).	172 94 49 62 129

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 24 of this issue.

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SRL / RECORDINGS SECTION

IMPRESSIONS

IT IS A calendar year since the first demonstration of RCA Victor's 45 rpm system prompted a discussion of its uses and potentialities in this space. The observation was then made: "In choosing to preserve the status quo of record reproduction—as represented by a record of short-playing span—RCA Victor has limited itself to the convenience of one segment of the public (the large mass market) and left the smaller, if more discriminating, public to take what consolation it can from the improved quality of the new disc. . . . When the returns are in, a year from now, we may all know a good deal more about consumer preference than we do now."

The year has passed, and with it the resistance of the last large maker in this country to the LP as a medium for extended musical works. Its priceless asset of continuity has as obviously dominated the consumer mind at large as it has the many individuals that make up that market. That is to say, though no sampling of opinion has been conducted on a nationwide basis, I have yet to encounter any buyer of extended musical works who didn't prefer the LP "idea" to any other idea yet advanced. Now that it is universally endorsed (we may expect a similar trend from HMV and English Columbia in due course) there remains merely the extension and application of it at maximum skill.

Columbia and its associated engineers (primarily Messrs. Goldmark and Bachmann) have turned a phenomenal trick in bringing to virtual perfection so revolutionary a program in the period when babes are still described in months rather than years. Now the special arts of ffrr have given us the best non-Columbia product yet (see page 62) in its new "Petrouchka," at the time when RCA Victor also joins the list of LP producers. We congratulate the company of Barraud's "Nipper" on its peace-making decision and look forward with keen interest to the first products of its long playing enterprise.

All of us can think of choice items from the RCA storehouse of recorded music that would be immediately desirable on long playing discs. However, it would be well, I think, to regard the situation with restraint, for some of the best of what we want may not be available for mechanical reasons. The comment on "Petrouchka" is pertinent here.

IRVING KOLODIN,
MUSIC EDITOR.

FEBRUARY 1950

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The Saturday Review of Recordings

A Vote for Francis Poulenc

ROLAND GELATT

IT IS WITH full awareness of Nature's lavishness and of the common tendency to overvalue her rich harvest that I write of Francis Poulenc. Nature's way with composers is to create them in profusion, hoping thereby that from this abundance a few great masters may emerge. Each generation can lay claim to its quota of durable composers among the parade of evanescent talents. The trick is to single them out at the time. History shows that error lies in esteeming too highly a minor composer rather than in neglecting an important one. Schumann, who wrote with equal rapture of Chopin and Niels Gade, loved not wisely but too well. It is a sobering example.

Sensible of encroaching on precarious ground, I must still express my growing conviction that the name of Francis Poulenc will appear on concert programs a century hence. Certainly, he is much in evidence these days—not only on the programs of singers and pianists but, during the next few months, on concert stages throughout the country. For Poulenc has recently arrived here for a three-month visit, during which time he will appear as soloist in his new piano concerto, supervise the American premiere of "Figure Humaine," and tour from coast to coast in a series of joint recitals with the baritone Pierre Bernac. Whether this kindling of interest will continue to burn with a steady flame remains to be seen.

In any event, I should make clear that there are two Poulencs. One is the typical French musician of the early Twenties, a member of "Les Six," composer of the facile "Mouvements Perpétuels," the violin sonata, or the "Aubade" for piano and chamber orchestra: a charming composer, adroit and entertaining, but too concerned with superficial virtuosity, too prone to concoct a spicy ragout of disparate styles. The other is the Poulenc of some 130 songs, several large-scale choral works, and the *opéra-bouffe* "Les Mamelles de Tirésias." Here is a different, infinitely more meaningful Poulenc, a master of his medium, who speaks bewitchingly in a style all his own and informs every note with a sense of inner conviction.

Francis Poulenc—"no fear of being treated shabbily by posterity."

WITH an objectivity and candor rare among creative artists, Poulenc readily admits to this twofold aspect of his musical output. Today, he will acknowledge, his chamber music and piano compositions strike him as rather unimportant works. Why should a composer write so movingly in one medium, so trivially in another? This was my first question (more diplomatically phrased, to be sure) when I recently spoke with Poulenc—a conversation maintained with the helpful cooperation of Doda Conrad, who bridged the gap between my bad French and Poulenc's bad English. Concerning his chamber music Poulenc had a disarmingly simple reply. "I do not especially care for the sound of solo string instruments," he confessed. "For me, strings should always be spelled in the plural." As for the piano music, "It came too easily. Being a pianist, I found myself engrossed only in exploiting the possibilities of the instrument, and the result was music of brilliance but little significance."

To set this latter self-criticism in its proper perspective, one must add that Poulenc does not equate significant music with ponderous music. To him, wit is part of the very substance of musical expression. He objects to the way French composers are often criticized for being too witty. "You will find sobriety and dolor in French music just as in German or Russian," he asserts. "But the French have a keener sense of proportion. We realize that somberness and good humor are not mutually exclusive. Our composers, too, write profound music, but when they do it is leavened with that lightness of spirit without which life would be unendurable."

Poulenc is very much a contemporary, but not an innovator. He has created no new forms, no unusual harmonic devices; his musical esthetic has about it nothing of the revolutionary. If he is not strikingly *avant-garde*, neither is he a classical or baroque composer attired in twentieth-century dress with a taste for sterile fugues peppered with dissonance. He speaks a language thoroughly his own. He can be dissonant, yet his dissonance is a means to an expressive end, never an end in itself. One could call him traditional but not reactionary, the tradition being that of Chabrier, Satie, and late Ravel.

As a composer of songs, Poulenc has no living peer. In the grand line of Schubert, Schumann, and Johannes Brahms, he has the knack of writing unforgettable, irresistible melodies —melodies which seem predestined for the words. His piano accompaniments are masterpieces in themselves, so perfectly do they complement and intensify the vocal line. As a creator of musical atmosphere he is worthy of being mentioned with Moussorgsky, the composer whose influence on Poulenc, by his own admission, has

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overshadowed all others. Finally, he can lay claim to the French gift of understatement, that ability to convey a wealth of meaning with utmost restraint.

THOUGH allied to the traditions of modern French song in many particulars, Poulenc has diverged in one important aspect. He has never set music to the poems of either Baudelaire, Mallarmé, or Verlaine, masters of the late nineteenth and early twentieth century whose poetry so often inspired Fauré, Debussy, and Ravel. When queried, Poulenc readily explained his neglect of these poets, as if the question had been posed before. "I love these great writers," he said, "but admiration is not enough to serve as the generating impulse of a song. I find myself able to compose music only to poetry with which I feel total contact—a contact transcending mere admiration. This quality I felt for the first time when I encountered the poems of Guillaume Apollinaire. That was in 1912, when I was thirteen. Instantly I fell in love with Apollinaire's poetry, and it was to his little set of poems entitled 'Le Bestiaire' that I wrote my first songs." To which one can only add that "Le Bestiaire," dating from 1919 (one year after Apollinaire's death at the age of thirty-eight), should be counted among the most remarkable and surely conceived first efforts in the domain of song literature.

Apollinaire is at once cynical and compassionate, tender and hard. This duality, with the attendant rapid changes in pace and expression, consort well with Poulenc's own style, and it is why so much of his vocal music—from "Le Bestiaire" of 1919 to "Calligrammes" of 1948 — is set to texts by this poet. But just as one would hesitate to hang nothing but Toulouse-Lautrec on the wall, so Poulenc has not kept exclusively to Apollinaire. One quality is sorely lacking in his poetry—the quality of love. For this Poulenc had to turn elsewhere.

Here is where we meet the contemporary poet Paul Eluard, who has become the second great source of vocal texts for Poulenc. The composer's eyes sparkle with animation when he speaks of Eluard. "He is unique in contemporary French literature as a lyricist and poet of love. Even Baudelaire could not write of love as he does. His 'Tel Jour, Telle Nuit' [poems which Poulenc set to music in 1938] is comparable to the best of Heine." Poulenc feels that Eluard helped him to make a great forward stride. "Eluard is responsible for having bestowed real lyricism on my music. Every composer eventually discovers what he considers to be his own source of greatness. I have found it in the poetry of Paul Eluard and in religious inspiration." Note in passing that Poulenc's most ambitious Eluardian work is "Figure Humaine," a secular cantata for two *a cappella* choirs. It will be performed here for the first time in February.

There has been considerable talk (but so far no action) of producing "Les Mamelles de Tirésias" on Broadway. I can well understand the sensation it has created at the Opéra-Comique in Paris—even on the basis of the half-knowledge which comes from reading through the score at the piano. This is a contemporary opera with verve, melodic inventiveness, and cohesion—with, moreover, a libretto which will not allow somnolence. No audience in any country could resist the enchanting waltz of Thérèse (Tirésias), or the delightfully tipsy duet between two drunks, or the plaintive lament of the husband as he mourns a future when Zanzibar will produce no children. Yet, despite these treasurable assets, it is questionable whether "Les Mamelles" can be exported as a stage production. Its length (about three-quarters of an hour) is awkward, its libretto is studded with puns and verbal ellipses which defy translation, and the score calls for an orchestra large enough to intimidate even Rodgers and Hammerstein. Here is the perfect opportunity for a record company. The Opéra-Comique production is said to be beyond reproach, and the work should fit on two sides of an LP disc. If Ravel's "L'Enfant" is possible, why not Poulenc's "Les Mamelles"?

At present Poulenc's music is only scantily represented on records. A few of his songs have been issued by English HMV, sung by the baritone Pierre Bernac with Poulenc accompanying. These include the cycle "Tel Jour, Telle Nuit," "Montparnasse," and "Le Bestiaire" (the latter released in this country on RCA 12-0426). Bernac's interpretations are blessed with the twin merits of authority and artistry, while Poulenc's subtly inflected accompaniments could not possibly be bettered. Unfortunately, the list greatly needs expansion. There are at least a dozen major song cycles still to be waxed. A recording of the Mass in G by Robert Shaw and the RCA Victor Chorale is promised for release sometime this year. Poulenc calls Shaw's interpretation "the most perfect possible."

JUST before this issue went to press, M. Poulenc introduced his new piano concerto to New York. All those who had followed Poulenc's career must have listened to this performance with one question uppermost in mind. Would the composer in the full power of his maturity be able to endow a large instrumental work with the expressive quality present in his vocal music? On the basis of a first impression, this listener must answer negatively. Amiable, well-bred, charmingly conceived, skilfully devised—these qualities all pertain to the new work. Yet one senses a slight but persistent synthetic aroma of Grieg, Franck, even Rachmaninoff. It is more Poulenc than pastiche—but a lesser Poulenc just the same.

Though immediate critical reaction to the new concerto has been unenthusiastic, Poulenc will not be upset. "When my music is attacked," he told me, "I do not defend it. I prefer that my musical children make their own way." Sensible of shortcomings, he is confident also of his assets. Poulenc has no fear of being treated shabbily by posterity. Many of his children, he knows, are destined to live long and active lives.

—*Photo-Lipnitzki.*

"Les Mamelles de Tirésias" at the Opéra-Comique—"a libretto which will not allow somnolence."

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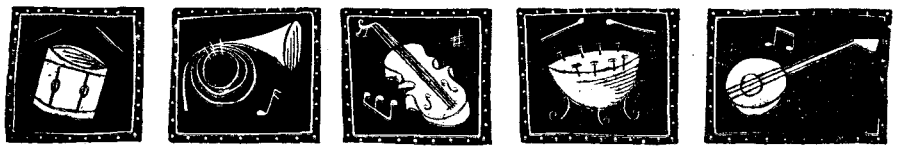

Music to My Ears

IRVING KOLODIN

IT CAME to me suddenly on Wednesday evening of a January week that I didn't care very much whether or not I heard Yehudi Menuhin play the Brahms Violin Concerto in Carnegie Hall with Mitropoulos and the Philharmonic. Even when I realized that what I didn't care for much about was Menuhin playing with Munch and the Boston, it didn't matter. That shows how closely I have been paying attention for the last week or so.

Whether Menuhin, Munch, or Mitropoulos — thanks, for style, to all those convenient M's—, I suddenly realized on this January evening when I was unbound of nearly twenty years of fetters to a journalistic stake (which can be spelled for convenience either in porterhouse or delmonico sense, or in the ethical, dutiful one) that so much of what happens in the New York music mart is, Emerson-wise, only in the ear of the listener. (This being an audible subject, we substitute the ear and the listener for Emerson's eye and the beholder.)

I became aware, in a moment of clear thought, that if Menuhin played a superb, a stellar, an incomparably eloquent Brahms, it would sooner or later be preserved in permanent form. Which is to say, as a recording. A few thousand persons in Carnegie Hall heard it as it existed; all others were dependent on word of mouth—or word of press—for the shape it had, the meaning it possessed on a particular night of a certain week in January 1950. Except as it emerged in broadcast form—and this Menuhin engagement now established as clearly Bostonian and thus non-airian from New York—, no considerable number of persons had any real contact with the thing as it happened.

What, then, is durable, discussable, demanding of comment in the musical panorama of New York and the other great centers of activity in these parts? I would say the trends and the impulses, the new personalities and the old works they illuminate, the fresh influences in thought and action, the larger segmentations of musical existence which give life and color and character to an epoch. One may cite Ezio Pinza, now enjoying the fruitful rewards of a well-spent career in "South Pacific." Did anyone realize, twenty-odd years ago when he made his Metropolitan debut in Spontini's "Vestale," that this able, forceful, intelligent, and manly singer would give New Yorkers—and through them the whole country—a new lease on the life of Mozart's "Don Giovanni" and "Marriage of Figaro," and in a lesser degree "The Magic Flute"? In this structure of six feet two inches weighing 190 pounds inhered the voice, the personality, the resource to put the Metropolitan in a new relationship to a considerable public.

This is what makes music to my ears. The potent forces, the uncommon manifestations, the live (in the purely corporeal sense) talents of those who function as more than commercial adjuncts of a stated routine. I have in mind a half dozen due next season, and some others who should come but mayn't, whose names will be exposed in due course. Some of them I have heard from records, and fresh evaluation may be in order when they engage the spaces of Carnegie Hall or the Metropolitan Opera. Some others should be on records, but aren't. A number of these are artists of American origin, who might conceivably enjoy more esteem were they not so familiar. Radio, television, and the films will be watched hopefully.

FROM all this MUSIC TO MY EARS hopes to evolve a state of mind serviceable to a larger, more dispersed public than that which gathers in Carnegie, Town Hall, or the Metropolitan. We should be ashamed not to know the abilities of those scheduled for appearance in those places. We should be equally ashamed not to know the powers and potentialities of some excluded therefrom, who might make an impression, given the chance, on the music heard by all ears.

A particular one in this category that I think of at once is Dimitri Mitropoulos. The progress of this conductor since he first appeared in this country is worth a moment of reflection. He was first heard from in Boston as a guest of Koussevitzky. He subsequently made some appearances in other cities before settling down in Minneapolis, with a certain consistent line in the informed appraisal: he was brilliant, he was unstable, he was exceptionally competent, and he was wholly unpredictable.

When a man appears who is both brilliant and competent — a man, moreover, who is, symphonically speaking, still unformed—he must be given every opportunity to mature, to smooth off the jarring elements of interpretive inclination against the grindstone of actual work with an orchestra. The image goes forward with the thought that how he "wears" will soon be determined.

CERTAINLY it was apparent in Mitropoulos's first apearance with the Philharmonic this season that he has learned one secret of distinctive conducting. That is the communication, through the pure sound of tone the orchestra produces for him, of a sense of personality. This can be grievously abused—names are scarcely necessary in this connection—but there are very few conductors of consequence who have lacked this identifying thumbprint on the ear. Resonance does not play a great part in the Mitropoulos sound; it is rather the way the choirs are blended in a solid, rather gunmetal texture that makes us know him.

Mitropoulos's mastery of the classic, standard literature is as yet unproved; it suggests somewhat the like status of Koussevitzky when he first came to Boston. But it may be the special function of Mitropoulos to organize a new standard (some would call it substandard) repertory from the music of the last fifty years, other than the areas of Strauss-Ravel-Debussy-Sibelius, etc., which have been extensively explored. This year's "Elektra" and the NBC Orchestra series of a few years back suggest that there will be much worth waiting to hear from Mitropoulos, though nobody could confidently predict from which quarter it might emerge. Mahler, Vaughan Williams, Reger, Schönberg — all of these are just a few of the many men we don't know as much about as we might. Mitropoulos can help.

It is unquestionable, in any case, that he possesses the musical and mental powers to be a Force, especially as the Philharmonic is one of the two great orchestras that go to the country regularly, via CBS. It may be congratulated on selecting him for next season's heavy-duty work. May it be granted the wisdom of utilizing his talents in the most suitable way.

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Leadbelly's Legacy

FREDERIC RAMSEY, JR.

THE Negro singer who died at sixty years in Bellevue Hospital in New York on December 6, 1949, of amyotrophic lateral sclerosis represented a perplexing medical problem to doctors who are trying to probe secrets of an uncommon but fatal disease. To a handful of internes at Bellevue who knew this patient was Leadbelly, a musician whose records they had heard and whose concerts they had attended, Huddie Ledbetter's passing meant more than just another entry in a census of fatalities that already included the name of Lou Gehrig.

Like Gehrig, Leadbelly was a man of iron. In his prime, he stood close to six feet, and every inch of them that was muscle was solid and taut. In the cotton fields he had worked up to picking 1,000 pounds a day. And in a Texas penitentiary he was, as Alan Lomax has written, "number-one man in the number-one gang on the number-one farm in the state — the man who could carry the lead row in the field for twelve or fourteen hours a day under the broiling July and August sun and then cut the fool for the guards all evening."

"The active ones usually get it," was the Bellevue doctor's comment. Leadbelly would have had his own comment, direct from the opening lines of a ballad he knew well, "John Henry": "Steel is gonna be the death o' me, Lord Lord — Steel is gonna be the death o' me." For it was hardness in Leadbelly's muscles that made him most susceptible to the disease described medically as "relentless, progressive, and destructive." He died as he lived — hard.

The toughest part was made up of the early years, covering the period from *circa* 1882, when he was born in Mooringsport, Louisiana, to the day in 1934 when his second pen sentence was reprieved by Governor Neff of Texas. When he was still a boy, his father taught young Huddie to plow, and his uncle Bob taught him to play the guitar.

He has told how he first went down to Fannin Street in Shreveport while still in knee pants, and how his father had to explain about fashions when he first saw clothes models in a store window. On Fannin Street Leadbelly learned new songs, and had his first taste of beer — it was so bitter he loaded it up with sugar.

At fifteen he was old enough to go to the sukey-jumps (parties) and breakdowns. Setting out after dark and riding alone through the bottomlands in delta country, he would arrive an hour or so later at some lone shanty set down in the wilderness: "There'd be no white man for twenty miles." For playing all night, he got all he could drink, all he could handle in the way of girls, and fifty cents in hard cash. At sixteen he was married and father of a child.

BUT rambling was strong in Leadbelly's blood. Soon he "banished away and went out in West Texas, pickin' cotton." At different times, he was lead man for Blind Lemon Jefferson, who taught him many songs; he drove mules, and he broke in horses. In Dallas in 1910 he heard a jazz band playing for the first time. He had trouble with women: "the truculent Dallas prostitutes had nearly chopped his head off," according to John A. and Alan Lomax in their book about this period, "Negro Folk Songs as Sung by Leadbelly." Then came the first stretch on a state farm.

The prison chronology is long and brutal; Leadbelly lived and played in an atmosphere of violence and lawlessness. He was sent up three different times; once on a charge of attacking a woman, twice on convictions of murder and assault to kill. He broke clean away the first time with slugs from a guard's Winchester ripping out dirt beneath his feet as he dashed across a fresh-plowed field.

Once this mold had been set, Leadbelly had to live outside society, and his outlawed person was fair game to every bully, gambler, and dance-hall tout. His life was in danger on at least three separate known occasions between 1925, the date of his release from the Shaw State Prison Farm in Texas, and 1930, date of his second conviction and confinement to the Louisiana State Farm at Angola.

Leadbelly never mentioned the first of these three fracases until a skull fracture showed up on X-rays taken years later in New York. He said then that he had felt numbness in his fingers for a whole year following the night a bottle had cracked his head open, but had never gone to a doctor. On the second occasion, he was playing "Mr. Tom Hughes's Town" on his guitar in a dancehall across the lake from Oil City when a man got a knife in his neck and had drawn it half around to the other side before his girl, Era, beat off the attacker. That time, Huddie reported to the police, "bleeding like a hog," and was told to get on out of there fast. The third time, he was attacked as he was coming home from work by members of a gang who said he had whiskey in his dinner pail. He refused to surrender it, and a fight began. So on February 28, 1930, he was sent off to Angola with a second "assault with intent to murder" against his name.

Along this rough way Leadbelly was assimilating song and experience. In the canebrake and delta lands he learned songs and dances for the Brazos Bottom and Red River Valley. On Fannin Street he picked up topical and sentimental ballads that were popular with the prostitutes, and the slow beat of blues moaned out in the barrelhouses. At work he was lead man whenever a chant was set to the slow rhythms of pushing and pulling, chopping and straining.

When he heard wandering piano players who used the bass figurations of boogie woogie, he knew they were talking his language — he had been using that same sort of bass on his twelve-string guitar. At home his mother had taught him lullabies, spirituals, and children's play songs. And in the long years in prison he renewed his acquaintance with the treasury of Afro-American music that is kept almost intact by prisoners isolated from the rest of the world. It was here that he heard and learned "Go Down, Ole Hannah" for the first time; the holler that tells the hot midday sun to "go down — and don't you rise no more!" Here, too, he learned "Take This Hammer," the work song that is punctuated by the heavy, thudding "huh!" of the chain gang's hammer stroke.

Leadbelly was released from the Shaw State Farm because he sang for the Texas Governor who had sworn never to pardon any man so long as he held office. But Huddie won out; the twelve strings, the magnificent voice, and the amazing repertoire moved Neff to do that which he had sworn never to do. And it was through John Lomax, curator of the Archive of American Folk Song of the Library of Congress, that he had his chance to sing for a second Governor, O. K. Allen, of Louisiana, and win a second reprieve.

THAT was in 1934. It was a crucial year in Leadbelly's life, and a date that every folklorist stars on his calendar. "I was born and raised i' the country, mamma, but I'm stayin' in town . . . in New York City, what I'm talkin' 'bout," Leadbelly sang prophetically on March 25, 1935. With New York as base, Leadbelly and the Lomaxes toured a circuit of college

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towns, and Huddie held forth from lecture platforms to bemused and enchanted undergraduate audiences.

It was in this period that another of Huddie's talents was nurtured. When he sang for university audiences, it was often hard for bookish students to understand his dialect, and the meaning of his songs. Always before this, he had been performing for his own people; when he sang blues he hardly had to stop and explain what it was about. But in response to questions from his new audience, Leadbelly began to weave together narrative and song, and intoned his expositions in a sort of free-wheeling recitative. Often the narrative was made up of so gentle a combination of the real and the imagined that it was impossible to separate one from the other. Nor was that ever necessary; they were always interesting.

Leadbelly's voice was not beautiful. It was rough and grainy, and some of its raw tones came up as if scraped out of his throat. It rang out with intensity because he often shouted with violence. It had a nasal twang. The excitement he engendered came from his understanding of each melody he sang and from a strong, precise sense of rhythm. He played his own twelve-string guitar, and its tempo fell in with each type of song; for breakdowns, the strings zinged at breakneck time; but he held the slow blues to an even, carefully marked beat, usually in low register.

Leadbelly was set apart from other folk singers by his extraordinary ability to tell a story, and a repertoire that included blues, work songs, slave songs, shouts, hollers, reels, railroad and prison songs, ballads, spirituals, cowboy, popular, and play songs. And, above all, he was not afraid — not afraid to slur one vocal tone fiercely against another, not afraid to run up and down a scale that took in baritone and tenor registers along the way, but didn't stick to either. The hollers he yelled out were almost impossible of notation in our occidental music scale. He was not afraid to shift pitch, and he often accelerated tempo to suit mood and action.

Leadbelly went on the air for the Columbia Broadcasting System, singing for the "Back Where I Come From" programs; he went on the air for WNYC, first in the Annual American Music Festivals, then as a regular. His arrival in New York coincided with the inception of the March of Time films, and they did an inadequate job of covering it. He gave concerts in Times Hall and in Town Hall. Later, in 1944, he went to Hollywood. Then in the spring of 1949 he sang in Paris, at the Cité Universitaire. And all that time, he made records.

The records will tell the final story about Leadbelly, but not right away. A spot check of all the companies holding masters of material recorded by Leadbelly revealed only one company, the old reliable Ethnic Folkways of Moe Asch, as having immediate plans for a Leadbelly memorial album. An M-G-M spokesman, admitting that the Leadbelly masters in their vaults (these are ones from which the album of "Sinful Songs" was made up and issued by Musicraft in 1939) are "nice, substantial pieces of business," has plans to issue only one single.

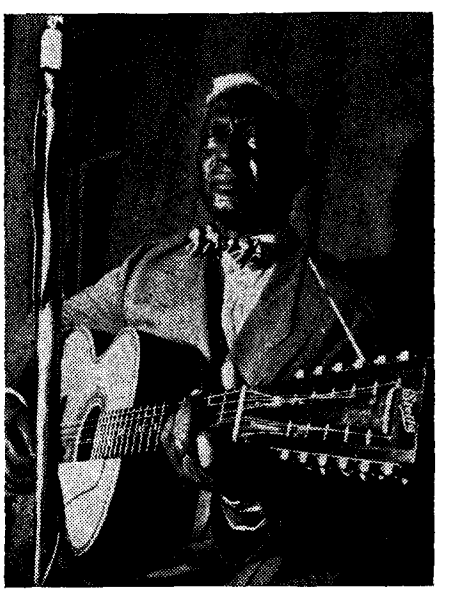
When queried, an RCA Victor informant said he would have to consult somebody. That could mean anything. The Library of Congress, pending settlement of Leadbelly's estate (whatever that is) has "sealed" all of the 140-odd sides cut by Leadbelly for the Archives. There is hope here for eventual reissue.

A great many of Leadbelly's stories and almost all his repertoire have also been recorded on high-fidelity tape; this makes the third and last "complete" recording of Leadbelly. The first was during 1935-1936, when the Lomaxes, admittedly "with malice aforethought," recorded everything of Leadbelly's they could get him to do. Then about five years later Moe Asch took down about 300 to 400 acetates of Leadbelly's repertoire. And in the fall of 1948 I recorded sixteen half-hour reels of tape covering in their entirety three evenings of song and story by Leadbelly.

One company, Columbia, has records of Leadbelly that differ from all others. They even pre-date some of the Library of Congress recordings; they have caught Leadbelly in his first moments in New York. In them his voice is younger; he is more boastful, more fierce, and at the same time more afraid. And the stories he told before the Columbia microphone (it was the American Record Company then) are priceless. It would be cultural mayhem of the first degree if Columbia Records, Inc., were to lose track of those masters, which comprise altogether about thirty-five titles, only four of which have ever been issued. As it is, the Columbia word is that new pressings may have to wait "for quite a while."

Frederic Ramsey, Jr., is co-author of three books on jazz and jazz musicians, among them "The Jazz Record Book." He compiled the discography for "Tribute to Huddie Ledbetter" and presently reviews records for Charm *magazine.*

Leadbelly: "I was born and raised i' the country, mamma, . . .



. . . but I'm stayin' in town . . .

—*Jim Chapelle.*

. . . in New York City, what I'm talkin' 'bout."

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Recordings in Review

This being the month of decision on the LP front, we are happy to acquaint our readers with such matters of continuing interest in this field as the first Beecham releases for Columbia, a new "Petrouchka" by Ansermet, a fresh Bruckner No. 5, as well as an old Mengelberg of the Tchaikovsky of same number. Not yet available on LP but definitely worthy of note are new waxings of Schumann's "Fantasiestücke" and Respighi's "Fountains of Rome."

Beecham's First LP

BIZET: *"Carmen" Suite; and* TCHAIKOVSKY: *"Capriccio Italien." Sir Thomas Beecham conducting the Columbia Symphony Orchestra.* (Columbia LP ML 4287, $4.85.)

Columbia has worked both swiftly and successfully to give us so soon such excellent results from its new contract with Sir Thomas Beecham. The old one, expiring in November, found him in this country appraising the record situation and its probable future. Some may suspect that it was largely to make long playing records that he chose Columbia. That, however, is not the case, for the decision of RCA, as contained in this month's IMPRESSIONS, was already known to him.

Whatever the reasons, the results are of a remarkable order. Taking an orchestra assembled from the best individual players to be found in New York (Bronislaw Gimpel, violin, Reginald Kell, clarinet, Julius Baker, flute, Robert Bloom, oboe, James Chambers and Julius Singer, horns, and Leonard Rose, cello, are some of the section leaders), Beecham has produced performances inimitably of his own style and zest, in two works to which that style and zest are wholly appropriate. I still do not find Escamillo's bravura air especially appropriate to an orchestra treatment, but certainly nobody has been singing it with this authority and rhythmic vigor of late.

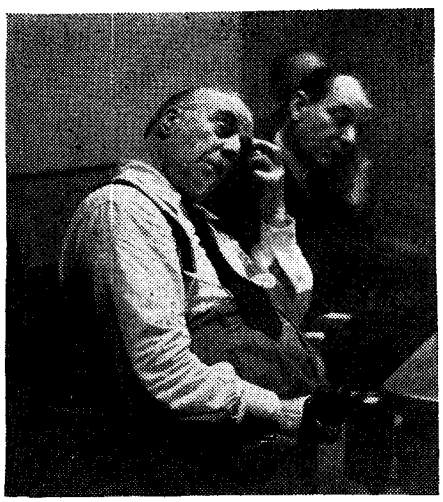
Phonophiles with long memories may recall that a previous "Capriccio Italien" made in New York was involved in the parting of ways between Beecham and Columbia in the early Forties. There is occasion for nothing but congratulations in this instance, for the manner is exuberantly enthusiastic, the detail remarkably worked in. I have said little to this point about the recording, not because I was insufficiently impressed by it, but rather because it sounded almost overpowering from the laboratory equipment on which I heard Columbia's white label LP pressing. This will be the subject of future comment, but the musical qualities of the performances are such that just ordinarily good recording will make us quite happy with them.

New Ffrr "Petrouchka"

STRAVINSKY: *"Petrouchka." Ernest Ansermet conducting l'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande.* (London LP 130, $5.95.)

As one era of phonographic contribution by London's ffrr technique dated from its superb "Petrouchka" by Ansermet, so another is signified by the appearance of this splendid new one on LP. It is in every respect as successful, allowing for the difference in orchestras and recording arenas. (No Kingsway Hall magic here, but the qualities of this Swiss studio are almost comparable.)

Why a "new" Petrouchka when the one of only three years ago occupied so bright a place in the recording firmament? The official explanation is that the masters of the previous one could not produce results of the desired quality on LP. Hence the investment of time and money in a new "Petrouchka"—on tape, and then converted for LP use.



—*Eileen Darby-Graphic House.*

Sir Thomas Beecham with Richard Gilbert, director of Columbia Masterworks Division, listening to a playback an "occasion for nothing but congratulations."

If there is any criticism of the end product, as sound, it would only be for a little glassy edge on the high strings, a tinge of flatness in massed brass. Otherwise, it is a superbly well-balanced reproduction, astonishing in clarity of detail, cleanness of texture, and precision of accent. When you have a cymbal crash followed immediately by a low phrase in the bassoon, you have a fairly exacting test of fidelity, and neither lapses from reality in this "Petrouchka." Ansermet's performance is every bit as authoritative and searching as his previous one. For those who have it, and are not immediately abandoning 78's, this "Petrouchka" is hardly a must. For others, however, it will have a priority place on any list of fine LP's. (See also page 70.)

Haydn from Vienna

HAYDN: *Symphonies No. 1 (in D), No. 13 in D, and No. 28 in A.* (Haydn Society LP 1001, $5.95.)

HAYDN: *Symphonies No. 31 in D ("Hornsignal") and No. 34 in D minor.* (HS LP 1002, $5.95.)

HAYDN: *Symphonies No. 44 in E minor ("Trauer") and No. 48 in C ("Maria Theresa"). All conducted by Jonathan Sternberg and played by the Vienna Symphony Orchestra.* (HS LP 1003, $5.95.)

This is neither a typesetter's invention nor a critic's mirage. It is indeed a fact that seven Haydn symphonies—most of them unheard by even the hoariest phonographic veteran—are now available in an audible form. For the enterprise and ambition of the Haydn Society for wanting to be so helpful, we are all gratitude; may they prosper sufficiently to give us another thirty, forty, or fifty of the 104 which are equally unknown to us!

So much for enterprise. The execution of it is hardly on a level with the aspiration. Sternberg is a young American conductor who assembled this orchestra in Vienna, and there made the tape recordings that were processed here for long playing use. Competent is a fair enough word for the playing, but, like a black and white reproduction of a Rembrandt or Corot, the performances must in almost all cases be filled out by the listener's color sense. This is perhaps preferable to the Mengelberg method (mentioned in connection with this month's issue of the Tchaikovsky No. 5) of putting in so much detail that the listening ear cannot sort out the true musical line. But it cannot be said that either is the ideal way of absorbing a musical experience. More dynamic accent, a livelier sense of

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phrase, a deeper feeling for melodic contour are minimum requirements.

Sternberg and his colleagues are apparently serious about this Haydn venture, and we can only give them our blessing and hope the treatment matures as the work progresses. An indication of the wholesome way in which the project was undertaken is the size of the orchestra employed. It is in all instances exactly as specified by the composer, with a string complement that ranges from four first and four seconds, three violas, two cellos, and a double bass in No. 1 to eight firsts, six seconds, four violas, four cellos, and three basses in No. 48. The harpsichord continuo is provided where appropriate, and the horns and trumpets are replicas of those employed in Haydn's time.

I am not antiquarian enough to know whether these latter details are advantageous or disadvantageous, but I find the quality of sound agreeable enough. Whether the impression of lifelessness in the orchestral tone is an acoustic phenomenon or a by-product of Sternberg's lack of vitalizing force is hard to say. But it bogs down almost invariably in the faster movements, and several of the slow sections likewise lose forward motion. The LP processing is excellent: no wobble or quaver in sound, amazingly silent surfaces.

The Fatuous Mengelberg

TCHAIKOVSKY: *Symphony No. 5. Willem Mengelberg conducting the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra.* (Capitol-Telefunken LP 8053, $4.85.)

Aside from the week-to-week progress on the technological front, the phonograph's most engrossing "cliff hanger" (radioese for "continued story") over the last year has been the successive instalments in the saga of Willem Mengelberg. To refresh the memories of those who were absent when this thriller began, Mengelberg is the great Dutch conductor who ruled the New York Philharmonic during the Twenties, prior to and then co-equally with Toscanini. Following his return to Holland his appearance on records was sporadic during the Thirties and a complete blank in the Forties until first Mercury and then Capitol-Telefunken began to fill in the gap.

In succession to the engrossing albums of Beethoven's "Eroica," the Strauss "Don Juan" and "Heldenleben," the "Tragic Overture" of Brahms, and last month's superb C major Symphony of Schubert, we now have this version of the Tchaikovsky No. 5. No date is specified, but to judge

from the sound it must be 1940 or after. It is, sound alone, rather impressive, but in all other respects an affirmation of all the things that have been said about Mengelberg as a wilful, headstrong, and self-opinionated conductor of anything in which he chose to be wilful, headstrong, and self-opinionated. Tempos are arbitrarily altered, phrases speeded up or slowed down indiscriminately, mooned over or snapped off at the conductor's pleasure. This is especially true in the andante cantabile, which is marvelously executed by the first-desk wind players of the Berlin Philharmonic, but at such a demonstration of fussy subtleties, minute changes of emphasis, and stylistic "niceties" that the temptation is to say, "Let's get on with it, and have the lecture afterwards."

Capitol may be commended for giving us, with scientific impartiality the fatuous as well as the formidable Mengelberg; but the excesses conveyed here have only a clinical interest. Some of the slow passages have a faint trace of waver, but not enough to disturb anyone who can tolerate Mengelberg's own distortions.

Rubinstein in the Rough

SCHUMANN: *"Fantasiestücke." Artur Rubinstein, piano.* (RCA Victor album 1335. $4.75.)

So far as available evidence is dependable, this is the first complete version of these charming pieces to appear in a dog's age—specifically, the dog of the RCA label. Yves Nat occurs to mind as one pianist who may have done them before, or Cortot, but if memory is more than a false association, there is no tangible matter to prove or disprove. Of excerpts —such as "Des Abends" or "Aufschwung"—there have been no lack, but that is hardly the same thing.

Rubinstein's sympathy for this music is beyond question, as is always his technical competence. The phrasing is invariably appropriate, in that assured give and take of emphasis which speaks eloquently of the player's comprehension of the manner as well as the matter. "Traumeswirren," in particular, is magically phrased, as well as the familiar "Warum" and "In der Nacht."

It would be a happy circumstance to add that the recording is just what is demanded, but it is curiously bleak piano sound RCA gives us here—limited in range and without the richness or power truly Rubinsteinian. Just when these sides were made I have no way of knowing, but they are certainly inferior to various others we have had in many months past from Horowitz, from Rubinstein himself, also from Ania Dorfmann. This applies to both 78 and 45 rpm, which I have checked in pursuit of ultimate justice.

Via De Sabata

RESPIGHI: *"Fountains of Rome." Victor de Sabata conducting the Symphony Orchestra of the Augusteo, Rome.* (RCA Victor album 1337, $3.50.)

Assuming that there is such a thing as a collector of Respighi, all he has to do to assure himself of maximum satisfaction is to wait for Victor de Sabata's repertory on records to accumulate. From Berlin we have had "Feste Romane" and now, from Rome, the "Fountains." One can scarcely doubt that there is a "Pini" someplace awaiting release.

Whether Berlin or Rome or elsewhere, De Sabata may be described as the Respighi conductor *par excellence*, now that Toscanini has given up that particular ghost. As an agitator of orchestral sonorities, De Sabata need defer to no one, especially as they are not merely approximate noises, but insistently exact, precise, and well modulated. Thus, whether Respighi reminds one of Smetana's "Moldau" in the opening "Valle Giulia" or of the "Götterdämmerung" Finale in the "Fountain of Trevi," De Sabata has both the eclectic and the specific sympathy required.

As may be expected, the Italian engineers have spared no decibels to make this effort an impressive one. However, they are more generous with effort than they are with skill, so that some of the louder passages are wiry and attenuated, without the easy power, the even energy that makes orchestral reproduction both impressive and believable. In sum, then, an exciting and creative performance, but not as well-sounding as it might be.

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Recordings Reports on Classical Releases

See Page 73 for Pop Report

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Brahms: "Variations on a Theme by Haydn." Eduard van Beinum conducting the London Philharmonic Orchestra. London album 116, $5.24.	Clean, well-balanced performance, superior in reproduction to the recent Ormandy-Philadelphia. However, it is in the realm of colorless performance, hardly bolstering Van Beinum's reputation in the standard literature. Not Brahms-Haydn on the level of Toscanini, certainly, or Weingartner.
Bruckner: Symphony No. 5 in B flat. Eugen Jochum conducting the Hamburg Philharmonic Orchestra. Capitol Telefunken LP 8049/50, $9.70.	Were this music worthy of its pretensions, this would be a recording feat to shout from the housetops, for it is certainly magnificent reproduction of what sounds like very recent sound engraving on the Elbe. Actually, the brass vibrations are so wide, the total impact so forceful that tracking becomes a problem near the center. Also, the master is needlessly noisy. However, if I were a Bruckner enthusiast (which I am not) I would consider this an epoch-making release, much preferable to the previous Böhm-Saxon State.
Copland: "Billy the Kid" Suite. Leonard Bernstein conducting the RCA Victor Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor album 1333, $4.75.	The earliest of Copland's audience-interesting works, it has been the latest to achieve recorded circulation, in succession to "Rodeo," "Lincoln Portrait," and "Appalachian Spring." Bernstein's direction is incisive, compelling, and assured, the reproduction notably bright and clear. On the sixth side is the well-conceived "Jingo" section from Copland's "Six Statements." Is Copland American music's Sinclair Lewis? Could be.
D'Albert: "Tiefland" excerpts. Anita Gura and Carla Spletter, sopranos, Peter Anders, tenor, and H. H. Nissen, basso, with Schmidt-Isserstedt conducting. Capitol-Telefunken, 86001, $1.25.	Something better than the "second-rate second rate" noted some time ago in these pages, but not much. To me it suggests a blend of Smetana, Strauss, and early Wagner, in which no element predominates. Those interested, recording-wise, will find it of narrow frequency range. Anders is in especially good voice here.
Dvorak: Concerto in A minor (Opus 53). Georg Kulenkampff, violin, with Eugen Jochum conducting the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra. Capitol-Telefunken LP 8052, $4.85.	Lyric, suave-sounding performance of a work which deserves greater esteem than it enjoys. Kulenkampff is not always equal to its maximum technical demands—his tone tends to shatter and break down—but it is always playing on a plane of sensitive artistry. Good sound of the prewar, or early war, period, capably transferred to LP.
Françaix: "Serenade for Twelve Instruments"; "Concertino." Eugen Jochum conducting the Hamburg Chamber Orchestra; Leo Borchard and the Berlin Philharmonic, with the composer as soloist. Capitol-Telefunken LP 8051, $4.85.	The "Serenade" takes precedence over the "Concertino" in this note because the latter piece has already been heard in this recording (on 78 rpm) and admired. How this "Serenade" of 1934 has been obscured here for so long (especially when its original conductor was Jean Paul Morel of much recent American repute) is a puzzle; but not so the work. It is a delicious concourse of agreeable sounds, with a slow section of remarkable fantasy and delicate feeling. The scoring for string quintet plus one each of the familiar winds is a triumph of deftness and charm. On the basis of these two pieces (see RECORDINGS, Oct. 1949 for comment on the "Concertino") Françaix is certainly the most talented, unexploited composer of the last twenty years. Both recordings come off remarkably well in LP transfers, especially the "Serenade."
Glinka: "Russlan and Ludmilla" Overture, "Kamarinskaya," "Jota Aragonesa," etc. Jacques Rachmilovich conducting the Orchestra of the Santa Cecilia, Rome. Capitol LP 8044, $4.85.	Whereas the whole of the Järnefelt repertory can be compressed on a single ten-inch record ("Praeludium" and "Berceuse"), it requires at least a full twelve-inch LP for the Essential Glinka. Each of these has been better played at some time or other on the phonograph ("Russlan" recently by Ormandy, "Kamarinskaya" by Reiner), but Rachmilovich's manner is assertive, his detail clean. The recording is a little harsh and flat in sound, with some quavers of pitch on side two. The fault may not be all-pervasive; a check is suggested before purchase.
Haufrecht: "Walkin' the Road" and ten other pieces. Leeds Concert Band conducted by Peter Todd. Columbia LP 4254, $4.85.	The band is the thing here, for the pieces by contemporaries ranging from Kabalevsky ("Galop" from "The Comedians") to Siegmeister's "Wilderness Road" are all brief, no more than vignettes. The Haufrecht, however, has no mean internal compulsion, and is well scored. Throughout the band has been well placed in its acoustical background, excellently served by the technicians. Some will like particularly the typical Goldman march, "On Guard," delivered with point and impact by Todd's able marchers.
Ravel: "Alborada del Gracioso." Ernest Ansermet conducting the Orchestre de la Suise Romande. London T.5233, $2.10.	Corruscating, sensitive playing which puts to shame the previously pallid, sometimes acute, but largely razor-sharp work of Rodzinski (Cleveland) and Ormandy (Minneapolis) for American makers. The conductors and associations are sufficient evidence of their antiquity. Wonderfully blended sound, of a detail and suavity that still remain 78 rpm phenomena. It is well for LP to have a few marks to shoot at.
Shostakovich: Prelude, Opus 34, No. 17. Artie Shaw, clarinet, and orchestra. Columbia LP 4260, $4.85.	One of a group of a dozen pieces (mostly of piano origin) arranged for performance by Shaw for solo clarinet and orchestra. This is a thoughtful, expressive piece of music, well played. Ravel's "Pièce en Forme du Habanera" fares less well, but Milhaud's "Corcovado" comes off brilliantly. Excellent technical work throughout.
Sibelius: "Finlandia." Fiedler and the Boston "Pops" Orchestra. RCA Victor 12-1049, $1.25. Sixten Eckerberg and the Göteborg Symphony Orchestra. Capitol - Telefunken 86000, $1.25.	As in retribution for the slighting reference to Sibelius in these pages a few months ago [RECORDINGS, September 1949] we are assailed this month by more Sibelius than in a year past. Of the two versions of "Finlandia" currently before us, there is easily the most sound if not compelling fury in the version of Fiedler and his assembled Finns of Commonwealth Avenue. It is a live, pertinent performance they offer, and much more recognizably symphonic than the tamer, more Nordic (speaking only color-wise) playing of the Göteborg boys. There is also a good deal of fervor in Fiedler's statement of the hymnal section, if not quite so much as Rodzinski managed in his effort for Columbia on a certain memorable disc and occasion. That is still *sui Sibelius*. But Fiedler makes a wonderful noise with it, nevertheless.
Sibelius: Symphony No. 2. Sir Thomas Beecham and the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. RCA Victor album 1334, $7.25.	Curiously choppy, unlyric work by Beecham in a work which had always seemed to me quintessentially lyric or nothing at all. There is justification in the score for all of the phrasings and accents of Beecham, but they still sound at variance with the character of the music. There is no logical explanation for this, just a déflection in sympathy. The sound is robust, also a little dark and shadowy for the kind of music involved. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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Selections from our musical library suitable for long-playing records will feature such great orchestras as:

The Boston Symphony under Koussevitzky and Munch, the Boston Pops and Arthur Fiedler, the NBC Symphony under Toscanini, RCA Victor Chorale and Orchestra under Robert Shaw, the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra under Pierre Monteux, Leopold Stokowski and his Orchestra, Igor Stravinsky, and such outstanding recording artists as Licia Albanese, Marian Anderson, Jussi Bjoerling, Alexander Brailowsky, Mischa Elman, Eileen Farrell, Heifetz, Vladimir Horowitz, José Iturbi, Allan Jones, William Kapell, Dorothy Kirsten, Fritz Kreisler, Wanda Landowska, Mario Lanza, Jeanette MacDonald, Dorothy Maynor, James Melton, Yehudi Menuhin, Robert Merrill, Nathan Milstein, Paganini Quartet, Jan Peerce, William Primrose, Artur Rubinstein, Set Svanholm, Gladys Swarthout, Ferruccio Tagliavini, Blanche Thebom, Leonard Warren and Whittemore and Lowe.

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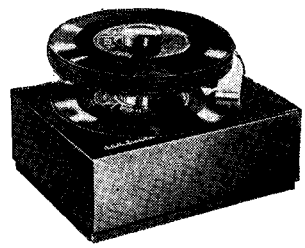

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Christoff, Tebaldi, and Others

THE appearance of such a splendid new artist as Boris Christoff is cause for considerable rejoicing. Conceivably, "I Have Attained the Highest Power" from "Boris" will eventually be available on Red Seal (he is scheduled for a Metropolitan debut next season), but the listener who values singing in the grand tradition may wish to acquire the HMV pressing immediately.

What he will hear on HMV DB 6948 is a performance immediately reminiscent of the classic one of Chaliapin, even more so than the greatly admired "Death of Boris" sung by Raphael Arie on London T.5125, issued last fall. There, at least, one was impelled to make a reservation for Arie's lack of the "tragic accent" implicit in the music, but that, certainly, is easily audible in the remarkable lean and pointed tones of this formidable artist. To say more would be to test the reader's credibility. If his interest has not been aroused by this statement, nothing more is in order. Issay Dobrowen conducts the Philharmonia Orchestra with admirable stylistic sense, and the recording is superb. In Russian, of course.

That item of stylistic sense is very much a part of the good results

—*Walter Bird.*

Boris Christoff—"to test the reader's credibility."

achieved by Eugenia Zareska (London T.5230) in the "Farewell Air" from "The Maid of Orleans." For all its French subject, this is as much Russian music as anything in "Eugen Onegin," and Miss Zareska's Slavic sympathies are much more engaged than in the most prominent thing of hers previously known to us: Mahler's "Songs of a Wayfarer" with Van Beinum. Hers is not the most disciplined mezzo there is, but it is ample in size, warm in tone, and highly suitable for the line of this very affecting scene. Jean Martinon conducts the London Philharmonic with typical Kingsway Hall results.

While with style, let us also consider the latest from Arie: "Domiro sol nel, manto mio regal" from "Don Carlos" (with, of course, its preceding recitative) on London T.5232. This has challenged most of the greatest bassos of our time, from Pinza forward, and Pinza is one of those whose recorded version of recent date is available. There is nothing but admiration to be noted for the broad, warm sound of Arie's voice, but it is very evident to the ear that the Italian syllables do not fit his established vocal method as well as the Russian ones heard in his "Boris" excerpt. There is the same musical intelligence at work, but phrases are a little pushed out of shape by the need to get the sound out, and the texture throughout is a little thick. Isidore Karr conducts l'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande ably, and the reproduced sound is excellent.

Let me add in haste the name of a new voice which comes out of the latest box to reach me. It is Renata Tebaldi, a rising soprano star in the Italian operatic firmament, whose singing of three Puccini arias—"Un bel di," "In quella trine morbide," and "Vissi d'arte"—is the greatest in this category since Licia Albanese was in her prime. The linkage of names respects the taste and intelligence Miss Tebaldi brings to her work, as did Albanese, though the voice (so far as the disc is reliable) seems richer.

These are three of the arias Miss Tebaldi sings on her introductory London LP 142, along with "Ritorna Vincitor" ("Aida"), "Tacea la notte" ("Trovatore"), and the two garden scene arias from "Faust." The latter she sings in Italian, and not so superbly as the others, though well enough. The "Aida" excerpt is a little heavy for her best qualities, but the "Trovatore" floats wonderfully, with that distinction between singing and mere vocalization which makes Erna Berger, for example, such a satisfying artist. Albert Erede conducts in his ever-admirable manner, the orchestra of the Suisse Romande performs well, and the recording is first-class ffrr as well as LP.

—I. K.

Acoustic Catalogue

THOSE who prize the recorded testimony of the Golden Age will be interested to note the recent publication of "Collectors' Guide to American Recordings, 1895-1925," by Julian Morton Moses. The compiler has restricted himself to records in the "celebrity" class which were issued, or slated to be issued, in the USA. This means that you will find all the Destinn recordings made for Victor, but none of her waxings for Odeon. Similarly, the Zenatello Columbias are listed, though not the more significant Fonotipias.

Within these limits, Mr. Moses has done a thorough job. His discographical method is to ascertain all the possible numbers that a company may have used, then to leave no document untouched until he has found the artist and selection belonging to each and every number. (Published by American Record Collectors' Exchange, 825 Seventh Avenue, New York 19, N. Y. $3.75.)

Reply from Katchen

A RHETORICAL question propounded in the review of the Brahms F minor Piano Sonata as played on London LP 122 by Julius Katchen concerning its qualities as a reproduction has brought a reply from the young man himself. Disclaiming any knowledge of the engineering technique involved, he notes that the technicians were concerned with capturing the sound as it reaches the listener, rather than the sound the pianist fancies he hears. Between the "fictional ideal" imagined by the player and the "reality" that reaches the listener was evolved a "satisfactory compromise" produced by "considerable experimentation," says Katchen.

Even more illuminating is the period of work involved. "We originally spent a full day recording on 78 rpm. At the end of seven hours of work we achieved an approximation of the results we were seeking. The following day, after five hours of gruelling work . . . I was asked whether I would like, for fun, to play the Brahms through as in a concert performance, just to see how it sounded on tape. It is this . . . transferred, of course, to LP, which was finally used."

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10 Classics judged among best recordings of 1949

The ten Capitol-Telefunken Classics listed here were ranked among 1949's best recorded items by the Recordings Editor of "Saturday Review of Literature" (December 31 issue).

Hear these and other outstanding Capitol-Telefunken Classics at your favorite record store. Enjoy Europe's finest artists in recorded performances of unsurpassed fidelity, clarity and brilliance. All are available at both 78 and 45 rpm; many on 33⅓ rpm records, as well.

CAPITOL-TELEFUNKEN

ALBUMS

Beethoven—Symphony No. 3 in E Flat, Op. 55 ("Eroica")
MENGELBERG—*Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra*—78 rpm—$8.75; 45 rpm—$6.20; 33⅓ rpm—$4.85

Hindemith—Mathis der Maler
HINDEMITH—*Berlin Philharmonic*—78 rpm—$5.00; 45 rpm—$3.35; 33⅓ rpm—$3.85

Schubert—Quintet in A Major, Op. 114 ("The Trout")
FRANZ RUPP AND STROSS QUARTET—78 rpm—$6.25; 45 rpm—$4.30

Haydn—Symphony No. 94 in G Major ("Surprise")
SCHMIDT-ISSERSTEDT *conducting Berlin Philharmonic*—78 rpm—$5.00; 45 rpm—$3.35; 33⅓ rpm (includes Mozart's "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik")—$4.85

Tchaikovsky—Ouverture Solennelle, '1812', Op. 49
MENGELBERG—*Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra*—78 rpm—$3.75; 45 rpm—$2.40

Stravinsky—The Card Game (Jeu de Cartes)
STRAVINSKY *conducting Berlin Philharmonic*—78 rpm—$5.75; 45 rpm—$4.25; 33⅓ rpm—$3.85

SINGLE RECORDS

Gluck—Overture to Alceste
FURTWÄNGLER—*Berlin Philharmonic*—78 rpm—$1.25; 45 rpm—.95

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MENGELBERG—*Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra*—78 rpm—$1.25; 45 rpm—.95

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THE OTHER SIDE

(IMPORTED RECORDINGS)

LONDON.

WHILE the more clearheaded among us quite rightly point out that, since the year 0 A.D. never existed, the first half of the twentieth century does not finish until Dec. 31 next, 1950 sounds a better landmark to most people than 1951. I note that a current Decca advertisement plays up to this popular misconception. "As one decade merges into the misty dawn of another, Decca are proud to announce these outstanding new recordings of music that has triumphed over the test of time. Whatever the coming years may bring, we can be sure that they will be enhanced by the solace and inspiration of recorded music. . . . *Living Music* thrillingly re-created in all its concert-hall magnificence by the exclusive technique of Decca ffrr." I suppose it would have been too much to expect them to inaugurate the new "decade," with the first LP discs instead of giving us "the mixture as before."

The slight post-Christmas lull gives me the opportunity to write about some RCA Victor recordings, mainly of the NBC Orchestra, that have recently reached me from the USA. Once again the tragic discrepancy between the magnificent performances and the often woefully inadequate quality of the recording stands out above all else. Years of reviewing have blunted my appreciation of good or even excellent recording as an end in itself; a great performance, however poorly engineered, remains great long after today's full-frequency-range miracle ("listen to the overtones of that tambourine") has become tomorrow's commonplace. For this reason I treasure sets such as the Traubel "Götterdämmerung" Finale, the remarkable Rubinstein Beethoven C minor Concerto, and the incomparable Symphony No. 98 of Haydn. I recently heard a Decca set of that symphony, conducted by Sargent, and my only feeling was that this work's neglect was, after all, justified. Yet when Toscanini conducts it, a masterpiece of the highest order emerges. Unfortunately, most gramophiles in this country do not share my comparative indifference to recording quality, and as a result many of the finest Toscanini performances of recent years have not been released here by HMV, and even the few selected ones that find their way into our monthly lists generally receive rough treatment from our critics.

Thus it is with Schumann's "Manfred" Overture, released this month. Here is what Lionel Salter writes about it in *The Gramophone* (after giving high praise to the remarkable performance):

> The recording is much what we expect from the NBC, though it is a good deal better than some which have emerged from the treacherous studio 8-H. I was recently taken to task by an American colleague for complaining of this hard orchestral tone, which he assures me is perfectly satisfactory when played on American machines. I am ready to believe most things of American gadgetry, but—unmechanical mere musician that I am—I like to be able to enjoy an orchestral record without having to juggle with variable condensers, slide rules, and the like.

Now, I do not agree with Mr. Salter's condescending attitude towards "variable condensers, slide rules, and the like." After all, even the most inspired of "mere musicians" has to pay more than a little attention to the mechanics of voice or instrument. But I must admit that with the best will in the world, not to mention a considerable experience in the handling of all manner of reproducing gadgetry, I cannot make even the best NBC disc sound like a good recording, comparable to the better Decca and EMI discs of recent years. To begin with, there is the absence of the third dimension, of perspective; every wind instrument sounds as if it has a microphone of its own whenever it has a solo passage to play. Admittedly, this two-dimensional quality often means greater clarity of texture, but the concert-hall atmosphere is completely lost.

Recent improvement, noticeable in the "Midsummer Night's Dream" set as well as in "Manfred," makes one hope that by the time the Maestro reaches his ninetieth year his records will sound as real and alive as those of many of our competent hacks in this country. Meanwhile I have to remain an ardent supporter of "low fidelity" (the cause of which was so eloquently pleaded in a recent issue of *SRL*), for hi-fi equipment might give one the impression that Basil Cameron is capable of securing a much lovelier sound from the

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strings of the London Philharmonic than Toscanini from the NBC Symphony.

After this most unwarranted meddling in domestic American affairs—though I would plead in extenuation that artists like Toscanini belong to the world and that those who perpetuate his performances have a great responsibility to music lovers everywhere (especially to those out of range of his broadcasts) and to posterity—I will dutifully return to my beaten track to give some news of the latest releases. The Decca company has released a new set of Haydn's "London" Symphony (No. 104 in D), Josef Krips here conducting the London Philharmonic. An otherwise excellent performance is marred for me by the trivial manner in which Krips treats the beautiful Andante, one of the most inspired of Haydn's movements. Columbia's list also features a well-known Haydn symphony, No. 100 in G, known as the "Military." The performance by the Liverpool Philharmonic under Hugo Rignold has plenty of dash but little finish and the recording is insufficiently brilliant to bring out the pages of "military" scoring in the second and last movements.

Barbirolli and the Hallé Orchestra can generally be relied upon for a performance that is both spirited and finished, and they do not disappoint us in Schubert's "Rosamunde" Overture. Though I could have done with a little more rhythmic flexibility in the main Allegro theme, Barbirolli makes up for this with a truly magnificent coda in which the kinship to the C major Symphony has never been more apparent. The Scherzo from Mendelssohn's Octet, which fills up this set, is, however, most disappointing. The chamber-music section features only one set of note, Beethoven's Sonata in D, Op. 102, No. 2, which is magnificently played by Schnabel and Fournier. I was much happier with this than with their earlier recording of the A major Sonata, where Schnabel somewhat eclipsed his partner.

Elisabeth Schwarzkopf is nothing if not courageous. The aria "Traurigkeit ward mir zum Lose," from Mozart's "Entführung" may not be as spectacularly difficult as the more famous "Martern aller Arten," but it is scarcely less exacting to sing. Her sound technique combined with first-rate musicianship here stands her in excellent stead and she is finely supported by Krips and the Vienna Philharmonic; the recording, by Columbia, is of average quality. Decca are responsible for one of the most satisfying vocal records in many months, on which Demetrio's aria from Handel's "Berenice" is coupled with Beethoven's "In questa tomba oscura." The French baritone Gerard Souzay sings these two Italian arias superbly, finely backed up by the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra and flawlessly recorded. Kathleen Ferrier is always welcome, but her singing of Brahms's two "Bratschenlieder," Opus 91, is a slight disappointment. She is not in her best form, and Max Gilbert's obbligato viola sounds rather ungracious.

Finally we come to two importations from America. Mario Lanza was, I understand, "discovered" by Hollywood, but if his first record ("Celeste Aida" and "Mamma mia, che vo' sapete") is a fair sample of his singing, they can cover him up again as far as I am concerned. It is rumored that he is to star in a film of Caruso's life, an idea that must surely fill one with horror. A singer of quite a different genre, who has arrived on our records without the publicity ballyhoo of Signor Lanza, is John Langstaff, who has so far delighted us with four records of English and American folk songs and Dutch nursery rhymes. His is the kind of art that conceals art, and I hope that we shall have many more such charming discs from this rare artist. —THOMAS HEINITZ.

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PETROUCHKA — (Stravinsky)
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Conducted by ERNEST ANSERMET

• LPS-137 — $4.95 — 10" Red Label Record
FANTASIA IN FUGUE IN G MINOR ("The Great") (Bach)

FANTASIA IN C MAJOR FOR ORGAN, OP. 16 (Franck)
MARCEL DUPRÉ, Organ

• LLP-143 — $5.95 — 12" Red Label Record
KALMAN AND WALDTEUFEL MEMORIES
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AIDA—Ritorna Vincitor (Verdi) • FAUST—Chanson Du Roi De Thule & Air Des Bijoux (Gounod) • MADAMA BUTTERFLY—Un Bel Di Vedremo (Puccini) • MANON LESCAUT—In Quelle Trine Morbide (Puccini) • TOSCA—Vissi D'Arte Vissi D'Amore (Puccini) • IL TROVATORE—Tacea La Notte Placido (Verdi)
RENATA TEBALDI (Soprano) with
L'ORCHESTRE DE LA SUISSE ROMANDE under ALBERTO EREDE

• LPS-147 — $4.95 — 10" Red Label Record
SUITE No. 3 IN D MAJOR (Bach)
THE STUTTGART CHAMBER ORCHESTRA
Conducted by KARL MÜNCHINGER

• LLP-144 — $5.95 — 12" Red Label Record
BRANDENBURG CONCERTO No. 4 IN G MAJOR (Bach)
THE STUTTGART CHAMBER ORCHESTRA
Conducted by KARL MÜNCHINGER
Solo Violin: REINHOLD BARCHET
Solo Flutes: ANDRE PEPIN, ALPHONSE ROY

BRANDENBURG CONCERTO No. 6 IN B-FLAT MAJOR (Bach)
THE STUTTGART CHAMBER ORCHESTRA
Conducted by KARL MUNCHINGER
Solo Violas: HEINZ KIRCHNER, FRANZ BEYER
'Cello: SIEGFRIED BARCHET

• LLP-151 — $5.95 — 12" Red Label Record
PETER AND THE WOLF, OP. 67 (Prokofiev)
FRANK PHILLIPS, Narrator
LONDON PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA
Conducted by NICOLAI MALKO

• LPB-126 — $3.95 — 10" Blue Label Record
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THE DONKEY SERENADE • JOURNEY INTO MELODY (Farnon) • A STAR IS BORN (Farnon) • CARIOCA • HOW BEAUTIFUL IS NIGHT (Farnon) • PERSIAN NOCTURNE (Stolz)
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Report on LP: Random Notes

EVERYONE knows by now that RCA Victor is going to manufacture 33 1/3 rpm microgroove records, and the advantages to all concerned need not be labored, but a brief indication of the principal ones could perhaps be useful. A substantial part of the huge Victor repertory will be put on LP's. Musicians now recording for RCA Victor will make LP's as well as 78's and 45's. The stimulation of this most formidable of rivalries will certainly improve the quality of the recording of the companies already committed to LP. It is not improbable that Victor, which issues fewer discs substandard technically than any other company, will introduce in March records of a quality obtained elsewhere only after months.

Second in importance to the Victor announcement, but very important as a portent, is the London issuance on LP of Stravinsky's "Petrouchka" by Ernest Ansermet and the orchestra of the Suisse Romande, Geneva (see page 62). Certainly this is the most striking LP made by London, and in one respect it strikes me as the best orchestral record known. The value given to each instrument, the timbre which makes an instrument exactly itself, is here realized with unprecedented ripeness and lucidity for all the instruments of the orchestra. The multiple detail emerges individually right out of the tonal mass, and we realize suddenly that hitherto we have been taking a lot for granted. The record has the defect of a harmonic swish accompanying the high instruments, which has plagued other LP's. It is not severe, but it can cause some intermittent annoyance.

Comparisons between LP's and 78's were discontinued here three months ago because it was believed in the case of Columbia that the output had become uniformly good in LP and comparisons would merely confirm an expected LP superiority; and where the other companies were concerned it would be wise to give them time to master the new technique before insisting on the shortcomings of adolescence. However, there have been some additions so notably good in the texture of their sound that it might be injurious not to point them out. No doubt there are others besides those mentioned here as exceptional; there are many this writer has never heard. The following, considered only on the basis of reproductional quality, are above the expected standard:

BEETHOVEN: *"Eroica" Symphony. Walter and N. Y. Philharmonic - Symphony Orchestra.* (Columbia ML 4228.)

BEETHOVEN: *Symphony No. 9. Walter and N. Y. Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra, with soloists and Westminster Choir.* (Columbia SL 156.)

BEETHOVEN: *Ten Irish and Scotch Songs. Helen Traubel.* (Columbia ML 2035.)

BEETHOVEN: *Triple Concerto. Walter and N. Y. Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra.* (Columbia ML 2059.)

BEETHOVEN: *"Waldstein" Sonata. Claudio Arrau.* (Columbia ML 2078.)

BIZET: *Symphony in C. Artur Rodzinski and the N. Y. Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra.* (Columbia ML 2051.)

ENESCO: *"Roumanian Rhapsody," No. 1. Artur Rodzinski and the N. Y. Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra.* (Columbia ML 2057.)

MOZART: *Piano Concerto No. 21. Robert Casadesus, with Munch and the N. Y. Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra.* (Columbia ML 2067.)

STRAUSS: *"Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme." Fritz Reiner and the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra.* (Columbia ML 2062.)

WAGNER: *"Die Walküre," Act III. Artur Rodzinski and the N. Y. Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra, with Traubel, Janssen, et al.* (Columbia SL 5.)

Two LP editions are strongly recommended although neither is an extraordinary success as recording. First is the four-disc set of twelve Concerti Grossi of Handel by the Busch Chamber Players (Columbia SL 58). These LP's are a remarkable improvement over the rough and murky 78 equivalents. Second is the Schubert Symphony No. 7 by Mengelberg and the Concertgebouw Orchestra on Capitol-Telefunken, LP 8040, a recording ranging from fair to very good, but with so much interest in the interpretation that it calls for comment.

The LP of Beethoven's Fourth Concerto (Columbia ML 4074) used as a basis for study of LP wear a year ago, has now been played 180 times and is still capable of pretty fair reproduction. LP's kept clean and played with a proper stylus present negligible problems of durability.

THE reference to a "proper stylus" in the note above requires a word of enlightenment. A proper stylus is one that retains its proper shape, and hence delivers a proper sound without undue wear on record surfaces for a period of use long enough to justify its initial cost. Casual experience convinced this writer long ago that diamond points alone satisfy these requirements, and he began an investigation to determine how great the superiority of these styli to others would prove to be. This investigation is in its ninth month and may continue indefinitely, for one of its purposes is to determine a reliable coefficient of relative durability between diamonds and other points, particularly sapphire. The trouble is that the diamonds, under the conditions of these tests, which require an *auditor* for each disc played, have as yet shown no signs of deterioration, under the microscope or to the ear. Until their life span can be computed, there can be no computation of their relative merits in exact mathematical equations.

Still, certain incomplete but striking conclusions may be offered. The most arresting discovery has been that needle-wear caused by LP is at least three times as great as that produced by 78. Thus a sapphire point capable of twenty-odd hours of use without obvious detriment to records or sound on 78 would in its one-mil equivalent be capable of no more than a third of this efficiency (seven or eight hours). As a needle deteriorates it produces a progressive deterioration on records; a deteriorating LP represents an investment in dollars four times as great as an investment in 78 and a deterioration in dollar-product (at least) three times as fast. Thus the use of a worn sapphire or other point is at least twelve times as critical in dollars on LP as it is on 78. This applies equally to all pickups. The writer uses Pickering, Clarkstan, and G. E. employing diamonds or sapphire points of all conventional radii, leading to identical conclusions on wear. It seems incontrovertible (1) that the use of diamond as stylus for 78's is preferable to the use of any other available material; (2) that the use of diamond points for LP is imperative.

—C. G. BURKE.

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Some Highs and Lows

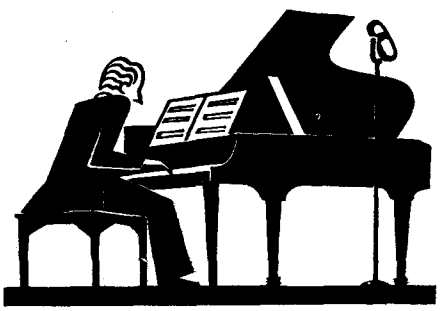
SOUND EDITING

IT TAKES a long while for the significance of a new technique like sound editing to get itself firmly into all of our heads. Most of us know that things can be done with recorded sound that might be described as editing. They've been editing it for years in the movies. But now, suddenly, the editing of recorded sound has taken on enormous importance, both in broadcasting and in the making of phonograph records, because when sound is spread out on a magnetic tape an editor can practically snip up time itself into pieces and patch it in a new pattern—nor can the ear detect the changes.

Look at speech. Speech is technically beside the point for this column. But the implications in speech editing are tremendous for all recorded music, since virtually every record you buy today has been at some point in its processing a tape recording (even the reissues of older recordings, which go through a tape stage in their modernization treatment). Many of the broadcasts you now hear are actually tape records. Because a "taped" broadcast is indistinguishable from a "live" one, radio now uses tape to bring you broadcasts at convenient hours, often the same for each time zone. Time stands still awhile and we can all hear the Whooziz program at the "same" hour. Fine—provided the tape is unretouched. But is it? How can you tell? The temptation to edit is tremendous. Not only can censorship be applied to remove bodily whole slices of program, but meanings can be subtly changed, paragraphs, words, syllables may be shuffled to make new sentences that never were spoken. In good hands, this sound editing is a marvelous help in condensing, tightening up, removing mistakes, unwanted sounds, accidents, pruning out time-wasting irrelevancies. In bad hands the same technique could be deadly—since there is not the slightest chance of your knowing where changes have been made.

What protection can we have? The printed word has been hedged in with reasonably workable safeguards. We have the " . . . " to indicate a cut, the quotation mark, the bracket to indicate words added or interpretations made, the footnote for source references. A responsible writer makes it perfectly clear what editing he has done and where. Not so the sound editor. A recent law requires a "beep" periodically to sound whenever a telephone conversation is being recorded. That's the only systematic approach to this kind of problem I know of. What, then, of edited music?

Yes, we can edit music, too, perhaps even more ingeniously than with speech. And we do. Just as easily as in speech, a musical performance can



now get the undetectable third degree; repeats may be omitted, slices of various performances patched together into a "whole," individual notes may be cut short or cut out, coughs, mistakes, falsities removed. We would be silly not to take advantage of these possibilities. But how far can we go? How far *ought* we to go? The human urge to correction, once a performance is frozen in a recording, is undeniable! Let a performer make a slip in concert—time flies on and it is forgotten. But record that slip, and he is in agony. Sometimes, too, the performance cannot be repeated; then sound editing is priceless. But dangerous. Take a few cases in point.

A very well-known soprano of the Met—so the story goes among tape recording folk—recently hit a whale of a false high note in a broadcast opera performance. It was all over in an instant and nobody minded. The trouble was that the opera was to be rebroadcast later from tape. That, the lady couldn't take. The tape editors were called in, the squawk was snipped out; a search was made through the opera for another high note of the same pitch which was patched into place—and a "perfect" performance went on the air.

I discovered to my astonishment recently that many a popular song-with-accompaniment is recorded in two separate pieces. First, the instrumentalists record their parts on tape. Then, perhaps weeks later, the vocalist comes along, listens to the recorded accompaniment (via earphones, I suppose) and records a separate vocal sound track. Finally the engineers re-record both into a blend, juggling the volume levels as they wish for background and foreground effects. Vocalist and instrumentalists may never meet in the flesh, and there never is an "original." Seems they like it this way—more chance to edit. It is slightly appalling to think what might happen were this fine technique applied to larger music. Imagine a Liszt concerto with, say, the Vienna Philharmonic recorded in Austria and Gyorgy Sandor doing his pianistic bit in New York a few months later.

—EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

Reprint from N. Y. Times
Friday, December 23rd

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HITS AND MISSES

SO MANY are the compelling young talents in popular music that it is easy to forget the gifts of some of the long-established masters. Besides which, established masters in any art have a tendency to petrify in one of their successful postures until all artistic life goes out of them. This month it has been a delight to find Jimmy Dorsey stepping from his niche in commercial bandsmanship to lead some of the most rousing small-band jazz on the wax. "Dixie by Dorsey" is an LP record of eight classics (Columbia CL 6095, $2.85). The band's outstanding feature is the dazzlingly ebullient trumpet of the veteran Charlie Teagarden, but all the boys are dandy and they play together with electric sympathy. The remainder of the cast, in addition to the clarinetist-leader, are Cutty Cutshall, trombone; Frank Mayne, tenor saxophone; Dick Carey, piano; Carl Kress, guitar; Bill Lolatte, bass, and Ray Bauduc, drums. They are particularly fine in "Strut-tin' with Some Barbecue" and "High Society," but they approach everything with tonic authority.

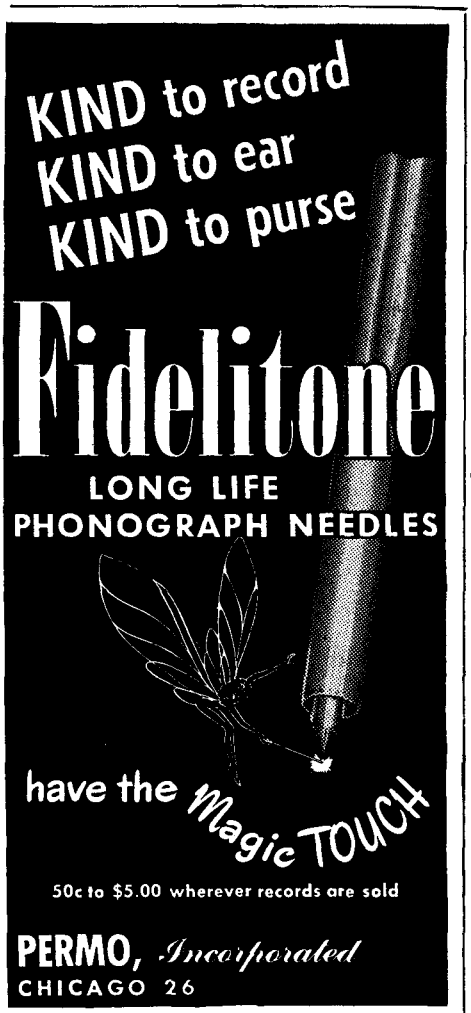
In the same musical area, a fourth album appears from the radio program "This Is Jazz" (Circle S-19, $3.94), consisting of four twelve-inch sides by the excellent All Star Stompers: Wild Bill Davison, cornet; Jimmy Archey, trombone; Edmond Hall and Albert Nicholas, clarinets; Ralph Sutton, piano; Danny Barker, guitar; Pops Foster, bass, and Baby Dodds, drums. The numbers range in mood from "Clarinet Marmalade" to "Lonesome Road," with the blues shouter Bertha "Chippie" Hill, and the marked abilities of all present are on warm display. From New Orleans come two sides by that pillar of syncopated fundamentalism, Sharkey Bonano: "Bourbon Street Bounce" and "Pizza Pig Boogie" (Capitol 795, 75¢). Here the hoary cornetist is surrounded by a band so relentlessly orthodox as to include a tuba player—and what a tuba player! From Princeton, New Jersey, comes a rendering of "That's a Plenty" and "Charleston Rag" by a group of Princeton undergraduates who have had the felicity to describe themselves as The Intensely Vigorous Jazz Band (Marquis MR 95-96, $1.25). The disc gives plain proof of Southern influences at Princeton and a ceaseless striving toward better things.

All of the foregoing music is polar to bebop. The latter is represented this month by the admired English pianist George Shearing, leading his quintet in a version of "The Continental" and "Nothing But D. Best"—the title refers to the fact that the composer is Mr. Shearing's drummer, Denzil Da Cosa Best (M-G-M 10596, 60¢). This chamber music, in the familiar harmonic idiom of bebop, seems to us skilfully and lovingly made but of little special musical impact; Mr. Best's composition is a pretty scherzo with Cuban rhythmic influences, but "The Continental" is so cool, to use one of the beboppers' favorite terms, as to be almost mortuary.

As the advertisements state, a long playing device allows one to keep a lot of fine music in very small space. Or poor music, for that matter. All kinds of popular efforts are appearing on LP discs, most of them containing eight selections. "Ethel Merman: Songs She Has Made Famous" (Decca DL 5053, $2.85) can safely be called a triumph; it includes among its joys "You're the Top," "I Got Rhythm," and the immortal "I Get a Kick Out of You," and the recording of the trumpet-voiced queen of the pluggers is superb in its clarity and fidelity. "Songs by Sinatra: Volume I" (Columbia CL 6087, $2.85) is a pleasure for admirers of the man, as we are, especially "That Old Black Magic," minus the girlish squeals which used to accompany Frank's personal appearances in the necromancy. Xavier Cugat has produced some rattling good rumba performances in his time, but in the "Xavier Cugat Dance Parade" (Columbia CL 6077, $2.85) the band is mostly at its worst, lacking in rhythmic vigor and prettified as to orchestration. The mechanical riffing in the "Harry James Dance Parade" (Columbia CL 6088, $2.85) is almost unbearable; to play eight successive numbers built on riff formulas is to risk the impression that life has become a foundry. If rhythmic monotony is James's great sin, that of the pianist Hazel Scott is stereotyped ornament in the right hand, with a use of rubato which works against any kind of syncopated life—as witness her "Great Scott!" (Columbia CL 6090, $2.85). It is also possible to tire speedily of the mock-rustic humors of Dorothy Shay, "The Park Avenue Hill Billy," but she is a highly effective singer when the material is sound and her "Comin' Round the Mountain" collection (Columbia CL 6089, $2.85) includes at least one first-class song, Loesser's and Schwartz's "Love Isn't Born (It Is Made)."

—WILDER HOBSON.

Jimmy Dorsey—"stepping from his niche in commercial bandsmanship."



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Recordings Reports on Current Pop Releases

PERFORMER, SONG, DATA	REPORT
Bailey, Pearl: "Not Tonight." Columbia 1-438, 60¢.	The last time we looked, Miss Bailey was on the Harmony label, but that is a small matter in a world of change. What Miss Bailey declares is not available "Tonight" is certainly neither fish, fowl, nor good red-herring, but, in Mercutio's words, "'twill do." Overside, Jackie Mabley cooperates in a lively version of "Saturday Night Fish Fry." The orchestra, in both instances, is directed by Raymond Tunis, and good.
Carlisle, Kitty: "The Desert Song." Decca LP 7000, $3.85.	Another, and welcome, reissue from Decca's extensive catalogue of musical comedy "re-creations"—this one with Miss Carlisle singing suavely and with style "Romance," "The Desert Song" ("Blue Heaven and You and I"), and "The Sabre Song," with Wilbur Evans operating expertly on "One Alone." The recording is not the most powerful, but a twist of volume will help. Felix Knight is the able tenor, and the direction is expertly executed by Isaac Van Grove. For those who don't know, the tunes are by Romberg, the words by Hammerstein and Harbach.
Crosby, Bing, with Fred Astaire: "Blue Skies" and seven other songs by Irving Berlin. Decca LP 5042, $2.85.	Affable work by Crosby and Astaire, preserved this long while in perfect condition in the same "icebox" which conserved the item above. Crosby's "Blue Skies" and Astaire's "Puttin' on the Ritz" are *sui generis*, as is their dual version of "A Couple of Song and Dance Men." Otherwise, Crosby sings "All by Myself," "Getting Nowhere," and several other lesser Berlin songs. John Scott Trotter is the conductor of record.
Eddy, Nelson: "Riders in the Sky," etc. Columbia LP 2061, $3.85.	With "Riders in the Sky" at one extreme and "Shadrack" at the other, this is a collection reasonably in the popular field. However, I do not recommend Eddy's "Laughing Song" as any tonic for the risibles (it is, unfortunately, reminiscent of the worst guffaws in his "Song of the Flea"). There is otherwise some hearty baritoning along the way, and Robert Armbruster assists more than somewhat.
Green, Larry: "Sunshine." RCA Victor 20-3624, 75¢.	This tune from "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" could have been written any time in the past twenty years ("Have your fun, fill your heart" is one strain of sentiment) but 1950 can use it. Pleasant delivery, in a neo-Duchin manner. "C'est la vie, it's a gai la vie" may be mentioned as another Robin rhyme. Able vocalization here by Ray Dorey. Overside, Green and his verdant crew make a draughtsman's holiday of "We'll Build a Bungalow."
Horne, Lena: "I've Got the World on a String." M-G-M 10165, 60¢.	Not many popular songs deserve the terminology "great," but this Koehler-Arden rumination on the related themes of life, love, and the biological future of the race is certainly so entitled. If Miss Horne isn't in love, she should be sued for perjury, so believable is her testimony at the bar of public opinion. Overside, another of those beautiful Alec Wilder tunes turns up, sung just as beautifully as its more venerable partner. "Is the World Like This?" is the title. Lennie Hayton conducts this, Luther Henderson the other (could the initials be suggestive?). A real record, any side you consider.
Morales, Noro: "110th Street and Fifth Avenue." M-G-M 10616, 60¢.	Only those acquainted with New York geography will comprehend the focus and implication of this title. The area designated is, of course, the center of Afro-American life in our greatest city, and aptly memorialized by this apt fancy. The companion side is "Ponce," which might as well be called "115th Street and Fifth Avenue" but is no less good a Cuban piece.
Martin, Freddy: "Let's Put Out the Lights and Go to Sleep." RCA Victor 47-3120, 65¢.	Probably the sleepiest version of this engaging Herman ("As Time Goes By") Hupfield tune yet to engage the attention. If you credit its lullaby implications, they are supported by this rendition. Something called "Hometown Band" disturbs the atmosphere on the overside.
Martin, Tony: "I Said My Pajamas, and Put on My Prayers." RCA Victor 47-3119, 65¢.	Considering the matter above, the Martins can't seem to agree what happens after 11:00 P.M. The tenor of this tune (or is Martin a baritone?) is just about the same as the foregoing, on a much cuter and more reprehensible level. Fran Warren provides the female interest. Not too interesting at that.

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Letters to the *RECORDINGS* Editor

Clurman and "Johnny Johnson"

SIR: In your editorial footnote to the article by Harold Clurman on Kurt Weill [RECORDINGS, January 1950] you say that Mr. Clurman directed "Johnny Johnson," . . . This play was directed by Lee Strasberg. Mr. Clurman at that time was one of the directors of the Group Theatre, which produced the play, the other two directors being Mr. Strasberg and Cheryl Crawford.

SIMON LIPPS.

New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The statement in Mr. Lipps's last sentence was substantially what Mr. Clurman conveyed on the telephone when the editorial note was assembled. Unfortunately, it sounded to the editorial ear otherwise than it was meant to. Our apologies to Mr. Strasberg, whose contribution to the quality of "Johnny Johnson" is decidedly his own.*

Music in *SRL*

SIR: At long last I am getting around to writing that "I have bought 'Chants d'Avergne'" and do like it very much. . . . Also bought "Gurrelieder" and wish that we might have more of Schönberg. I could stand a full-sized department of music in each issue of *SRL* instead of just once a month. In fact, I could almost do without the rest of the magazine—I said "almost."

DORA B. ELLIS.

South Bend, Wash.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Reader Ellis's letter was received prior to the decision recently taken, as noted on page 59. We hope to comply with her request to the best of our abilities, and as often as our readers desire.*

Basic Library

SIR: From time to time you have printed columns entitled "The Basic Library," and at one time you mentioned that a compilation of these would appear in pamphlet form. Is one available now?

L. J. DUHL.

Topeka, Kan.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *For Mr. Duhl and others who have inquired about "The Basic Library," it should be mentioned that we have no intention of discontinuing it or discriminating against it. Recently it has been bypassed in favor of the feature called "Looking Backwards." Since they both bear on aspects of music in which the phonograph has a quality of permanence, of artistic durability, we intend to continue both, on an alternating basis. The pamphlet may follow.*

Beecham on LP

SIR: Now that the miracle of LP has been perfected to the point that works recorded many years ago at conventional speeds are being transferred with great success to 33 1/3 rpm records, I think the following question to be in order. Where are the many miraculous recordings accomplished by Sir Thomas Beecham in the old days when this peerless conductor was among those artists performing under the Columbia banner? . . . Your comment on the unavailability of Beecham's artistry on LP records would be appreciated.

WILLIAM E. NEWHAUSER.

Pasadena, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The LP situation in so far as Sir Thomas is concerned may be noted at "Bulletin" pace on page 62. Inasmuch as Columbia issued the Beecham version of the Sibelius No. 7 before he came back to the company, there seems no unwillingness to cooperate with Mr. Newhauser's request. However, Columbia has a program of re-recording under way, and it is conceivable that many of the performances to which Mr. Newhauser alludes will be duplicated, with the advantage of improved recording. To judge from the identity of musical content in the new "Carmen" compared with the old suite, we can expect a reasonably close standard to prevail in other instances.*

New "Guide"?

SIR: The latest edition of your "Guide to Recorded Music" which I can find in Chicago is dated 1947. Have you published a new one, or are you contemplating a new publication? I would appreciate a reply.

R. H. JOHNSTONE.

Chicago, Ill.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *A new edition of the "Guide to Recorded Music" is now in proof and will be available in March. It includes both foreign and long playing records, and is described as the "international" edition.*

Best of the Year?

SIR: Is there any particular reason why your "Best of the Year—1949" list [RECORDINGS, January 1950] does not include HMV releases? The exclusion of these causes the omission of some of the splendid new Flagstad recordings, which should certainly be on your list—particularly Wagner's "Wesendock" cycle. How can your list be taken seriously when there is any exclusion at all? Although I ask for an explanation, I frankly do not think that any reason you may give can be valid.

BYRON LIBHART.

Marietta, Pa.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The "valid reason," which Reader Libhart doubts exists, is a simple one. Our list is based on records generally available in the domestic market. When RCA makes them available on such terms we will consider them, as we do, for example, the Beecham records, the Capitol-Telefunken, the London, and the other labels that are distributed and promoted in the American market.*

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Records Over the Nation

A Dealer Survey of Top Record Sellers

City and Store	*Popular Singles*	*Popular Albums*	*Classical Singles*	*Classical Albums*
BERKELEY, CALIF. (*Berkeley Music House*)	Lovely Bunch of Coconuts (D)	South Pacific (C)	Un bel di—Sayao (C)	Beethoven Eroica (C-LP)
BOSTON (*Boston Music Co.*)	Sleigh Ride (RCA)	South Pacific (C)	Polonaise—Iturbi (RCA)	I Can Hear It, II (C)
(*Mosher Music Co.*)	Open Door (D)	Dick Contino (Heidt)	Sleigh Ride (RCA)	French Organ Music (C)
CHICAGO (*Hudson-Ross, Inc.*)	I Just Go Nuts at Christmas (Cap)	South Pacific (C)	Some Enchanted Evening (C)	That Midnight Kiss (RCA)
CINCINNATI (*Steinbergs, Inc.*)	Rudolph (C)	Crosby Christmas (D)	Donkey Serenade (RCA)	Gliere Symphony ♯3 (Cap-LP)
DALLAS (*The Record Shop*)	Mule Train (M)	South Pacific (C)	Butterfly Entrance—Albanese (RCA)	Madame Butterfly (C-LP)
(*Whittle Music Co.*)	Dear Hearts (D)	Crosby Christmas (D)	Ave Maria (RCA)	Psalmus Hungaricus (RCA)
DETROIT (*Campus Record Shop*)	I Can Dream, Can't I (D)	South Pacific (C-LP)	I Vespri, Overture (HMV)	Beethoven Eroica (C-LP)
(*Doubleday Book Shops*)	Lovely Bunch of Coconuts (D)	South Pacific (C)	Clair de Lune (RCA)	That Midnight Kiss (RCA)
LOS ANGELES (*Birkel-Richardson Co.*)	Jingle Bells (C)	South Pacific (C)	Butterfly Entrance—Albanese (RCA)	Christmas Hymns—Shaw (RCA)
MEMPHIS (*Words & Music*)	I Can Dream, Can't I (D)	South Pacific (C)	Un bel di—Kirsten (RCA)	Sved-Pagliughi Duets (CS-LP)
MINNEAPOLIS (*Don Leary's Inc.*)	Wunderbar (Cap)	South Pacific (C)	Clair de Lune (RCA)	Suite Française (C)
NEW ORLEANS (*Doubleday Book Shops*)	I Can Dream, Can't I (D)	South Pacific (C)	Jalousie (RCA)	That Midnight Kiss (RCA)
NEW YORK (*Doubleday Book Shops*)	Marta (RCA)	Lost in the Stars (D)	Bachianas (C)	Hamlet (RCA)
(*Dynamic Electronics*)	Music, Music (L)	South Pacific (C)	Fedora—Gigli (RCA)	Rachmaninoff Concerto ♯2 (C-LP)
(*Heins & Bolet*)	I Can Dream, Can't I (D)	South Pacific (C)	Sleigh Ride (RCA)	Monteverdi Madrigals (V-LP)
(*Liberty Music Shop*)	I Can Dream, Can't I (D)	South Pacific (C)	Sleigh Ride (RCA)	Beethoven Eroica (C-LP)
(*Rabson's*)	Wedding Samba (D)	South Pacific (C)	Bachianas (C)	Bloch Sacred Service (L-LP)
PHILADELPHIA (*Jacobs Bros.*)	Rudolph (C)	South Pacific (C)	Warsaw Concerto (RCA)	Beethoven Eroica (C-LP)
(*The Record Shop*)	Rudolph (C)	South Pacific (C)	Shropshire Lad (HMV)	Christmas Hymns—Shaw (RCA)
PITTSBURGH (*Record & Gift Center*)	Rag Mop	Holiday for Strings (MGM)	Dream of Olwen (C)	South Pacific (C)
PORTLAND, ORE. (*Sherman, Clay & Co.*)	Jingle Bells (Cap)	South Pacific (C)	Clair de Lune (RCA)	Mormon Tabernacle (C)
ST. LOUIS (*Doubleday Book Shops*)	Rudolph (C)	South Pacific (C)	Lord's Prayer (RCA)	That Midnight Kiss (RCA)

Compiled as of January 13, 1950.

Key: C—Columbia Cap—Capitol CS—Cetra-Soria D—Decca HMV—His Master's Voice L—London M—Mercury RCA—RCA Victor V—Vox

Leaders: No strong trends are observable in the popular single column, a usual condition during the post-Christmas lull. "I Can Dream, Can't I?" (Andrews Sisters) and "Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer" (Gene Autry) rank highest among those reported. "South Pacific" leads again in the popular album category. As for classical choices, it's a "Madame Butterfly" month, with five entries distributed between singles and albums. Note also votes cast for RCA's "That Midnight Kiss" (Mario Lanza) and Columbia's "Eroica" (Bruno Walter).

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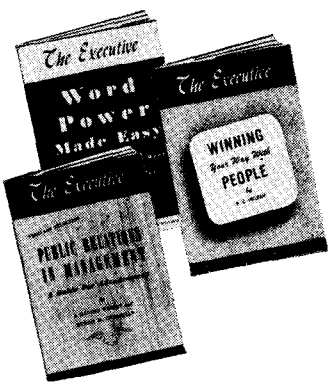

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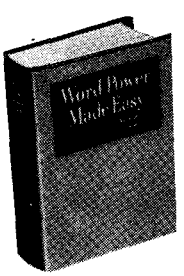

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